

VOL. 271 NO. 1

JANUARY 1993

The Atlantic

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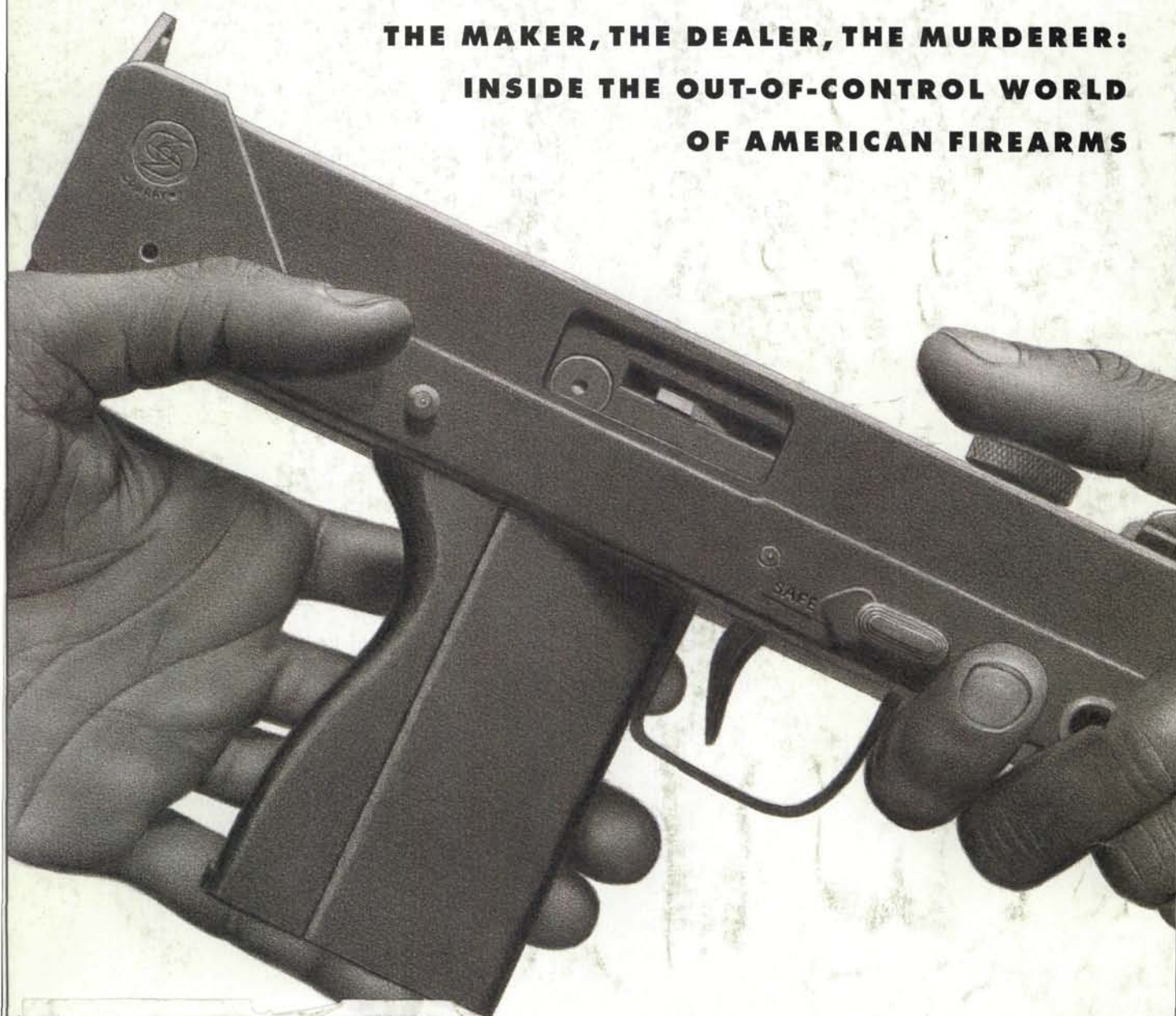
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BLACK NATIONALISM ON CAMPUS / JEFFERSON'S OTHER BUILDINGS

THE STORY OF A GUN

**THE MAKER, THE DEALER, THE MURDERER:
INSIDE THE OUT-OF-CONTROL WORLD
OF AMERICAN FIREARMS**



BY ERIK LARSON

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This year we benchmark

Since its introduction, the Honda Accord has impressed both the automotive critics and enthusiasts. For three years in a row, car buyers have made it America's best-seller.*

No wonder it is the example for others to follow. So with a resumé like this, we decided to follow up with a different kind of Accord.

This is the new Accord SE Sedan. It has a special interior. A special sound system. A special set of alloy wheels. In other words, a remarkable car made even more so.

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them. Contoured seats offer the right balance of support and comfort.

Inside, you will appreciate the openness. And the quiet. Unless you prefer a little music. Which comes to you courtesy of the exclusive Honda/Bose® Music System. It's not just any music system, mind you. But one acoustically tailored for this passenger compartment.

Engineers even took into consideration the reflective qualities of the leather surfaces. Speakers, amplifiers and equalizers are tuned to deliver optimum sound. Listen and your ear will immediately appreciate the full clarity.



covered the in leather.

As you would expect, fit and finish of the Accord SE Sedan are exemplary. Seams line up straight. Body panels meet together with unbelievable precision.

Equal attention to detail can be found in the engineering of this car. The design of the multi-valve engine minimizes vibration. You can hear what a difference this makes. The advanced four-wheel double wishbone

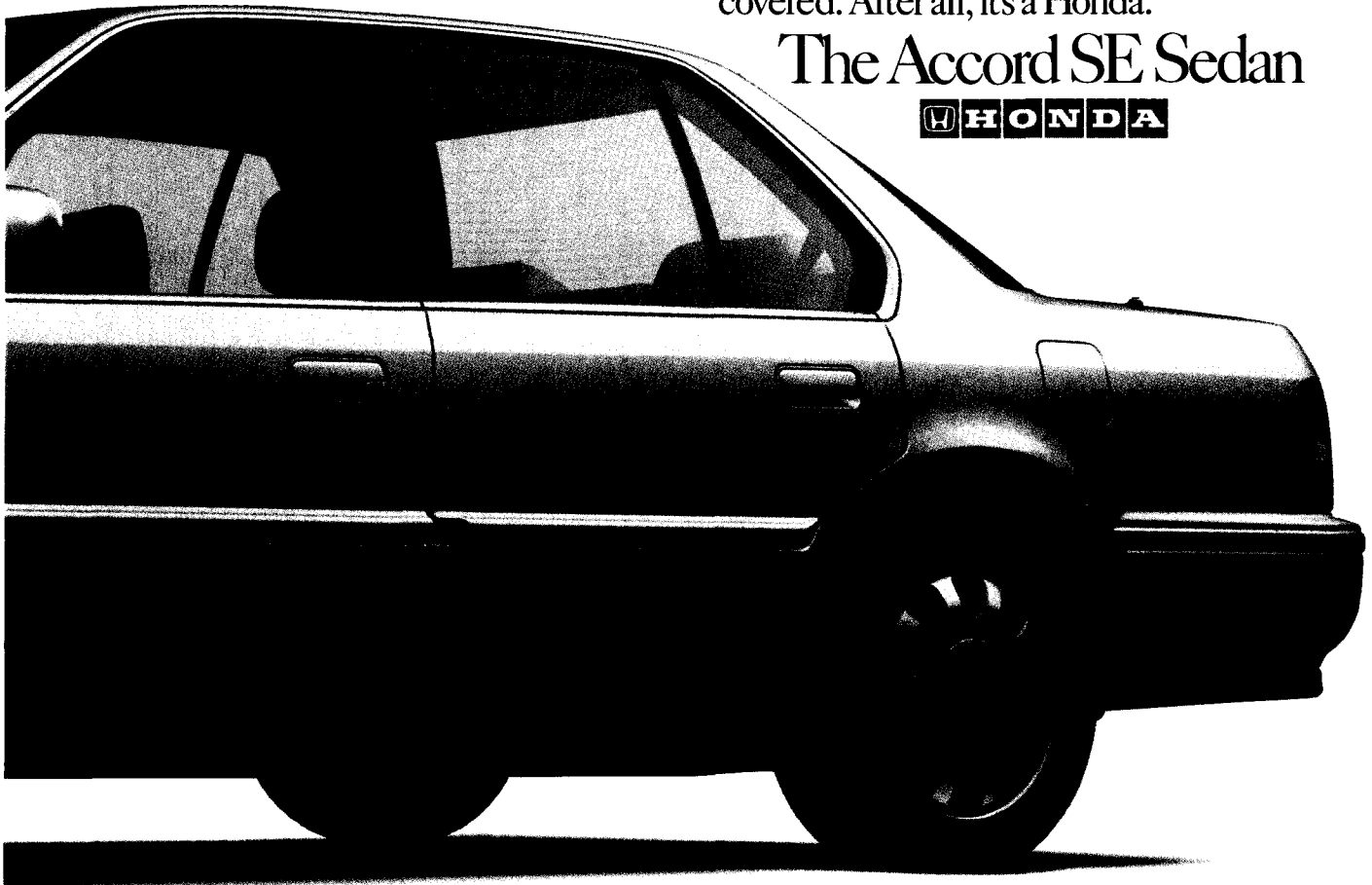
suspension smoothly absorbs mile after mile of curves, hills and straightaways.

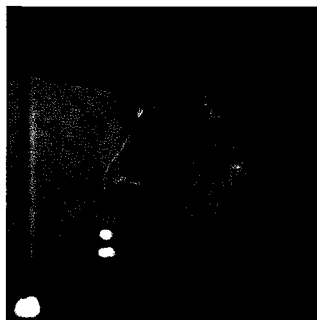
For your reassurance, there are anti-lock brakes and two airbags. One on the driver's side. The other on the passenger's. As always, please don't forget to fasten your seat belt.

And if things like value, reliability and quality weren't mentioned earlier, don't worry. The new Accord SE Sedan has those easily covered. After all, it's a Honda.

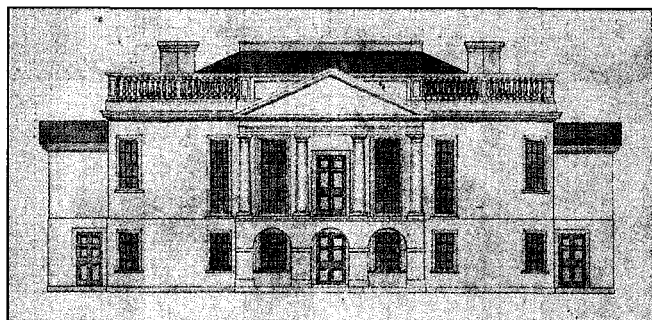
The Accord SE Sedan

H H O N D A

*1989, 1990, 1991 Ward's Automotive Reports. © 1992 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



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Most Americans know something about Monticello. But several more modest buildings were also important in Jefferson's life, and each offers "a special angle of entry into Jefferson's world, an opening into his mind."

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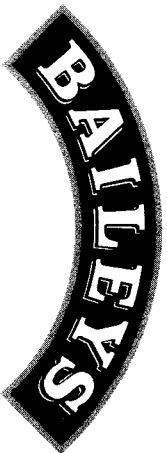
Introducing racquets, the diabolically difficult ancestor of most indoor racquet sports. "Top players often begin their strokes not knowing exactly where the ball is."

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Ralph Giguere*



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ART OF THE HOLIDAYS.™



745 BOYLSTON STREET

DURING ITS 135-year history *The Atlantic Monthly* has used every major kind of typesetting technology, making the evolution of this magazine a rare true case of ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny. When the magazine was founded, in 1857, steam-powered machine presses were replacing hand presses, but typesetting was still a manual endeavor. If in the magazine's first decades Johann Gutenberg had walked into Riverside Press, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where *The Atlantic* was produced until 1918, he would have been able to set type in a manner very similar to the way he had done four hundred years earlier—that is, by selecting and aligning small blocks, each crowned with a raised character.

Riverside adopted mechanical composition in the 1890s. Instead of arranging premolded blocks, a typesetter would sit at a large keyboard and produce a perforated paper ribbon, like a player-piano roll, that directed a machine to cast letters from scratch, in hot metal. As before, the raised metal characters were inked and pressed to paper to create an impression.

In the 1960s and 1970s many magazines switched from this relief printing process to a chemical one: offset lithography. Offset, as its name implies, transfers an image from plate to paper by means of an intermediary surface, and is

still the method of choice for most print runs. In the same era magazines began to set type by means of phototypesetting, a much quicker, cheaper, and more accurate alternative to the hot-metal process. The new technique used televisionlike cathode tubes to expose an image of the type on photosensitive paper. Galleys of the type were then cut and waxed into place on a cardboard dummy page. It was from film of this dummy page that a plate was prepared.

With the issue now in your hands *The Atlantic* completes its first year under yet another typesetting regime, in which type and other graphic elements are positioned on a desktop computer screen to produce magazine pages. We have yet to receive a letter commenting on any of the barely visible alterations that ensued willy-nilly—and that's fine with us.

Technological transitions, unlike artistic and editorial ones, often don't (and usually shouldn't) call attention to themselves. Unfortunately, the people responsible for them may also remain in the shadows. Preparation of the new digitized typefaces was overseen by Judy Garlan, *The Atlantic's* art director. The task of setting up the computer system was the work of Jan Morris and Michael Jones. Betsy Urrico, Leslie Cauldwell, and Lowell Weiss then taught themselves how to use it and produced the February, 1992, issue without a trial run.

—THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

ALISON BAKER ("Better Be Ready 'Bout Half Past Eight") lives in Rogue River, Oregon. A collection of her short stories, *How I Came West, and Why I Stayed*, will be published this spring.

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INA FRIEDMAN ("The Middle East: Lions in Winter") is a correspondent for the Dutch newspaper *Trouw*.

RALPH GIGUERE (cover art) has been a contributor to *The Atlantic* since 1984. He attended the University of the Arts, in Philadelphia, and lives and works in Glenside, Pennsylvania. Giguere's work has been recognized by the Society of Illustrators, *Communication Arts*, *Graphis*, and *American Illustration*.

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CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN ("The Talk of Dublin") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. He is the author of many books, the most recent of which is *The Great Melody: A Thematic Biography of Edmund Burke* (1992).

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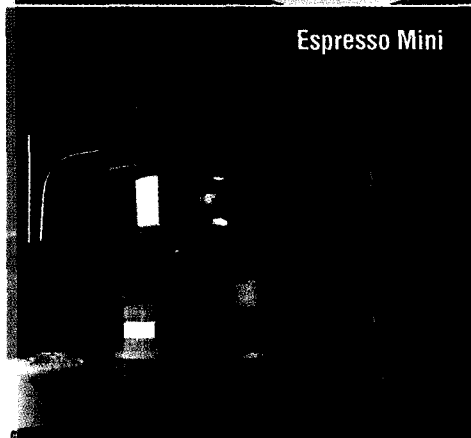
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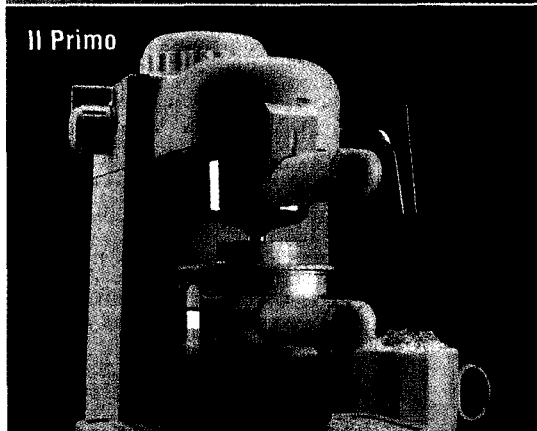
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



BLACKS VS. BROWNS

Jack Miles's October cover story "Blacks vs. Browns" raises many interesting questions regarding the causes of the recent riots in Los Angeles and the competition for unskilled jobs between native-born blacks and newly arrived Hispanic immigrants.

However, after placing the blame upon immigrants the story proposes few solutions to the problems suffered by blacks. Somewhat tentatively, Miles adopts the highly questionable notion propounded by the anti-immigrant Federation of Americans for Immigration Reform that a "temporary" moratorium on immigration to the United States would help blacks secure employment. Miles quotes FAIR and its spokesmen throughout his article, and concludes that "an American moratorium on immigration might be a defensible temporary expedient. . . ."

As a former prosecutor for the Los Angeles office of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and a current member of the Board of Governors of the American Immigration Lawyers Association, I submit that such a moratorium is misguided, unfairly scapegoats immigrants, and would further damage our already ailing economy.

Most observers believe that the number of illegal immigrants into the United States far exceeds the number of people who immigrate through legal means. Yet a moratorium would affect only legal immigration, leaving untouched the more difficult task of controlling illegal immigration. Not too helpful, since it is the illegal immigrants, vulnerable precisely because of their illegal status, who are most likely to compete with blacks for low-wage jobs.

Miles never mentions who the legal immigrants are: primarily they are spouses, parents, and sons and daughters of U.S. citizens, and, to a lesser extent, refugees and people who are able to perform professional and highly skilled jobs for which no American

worker is ready, willing, and qualified. Such persons include scientists, investors, health-care professionals, and internationally renowned researchers and professors. Annually, legal immigration amounts to less than one half of one percent of the U.S. population, hardly a blip in the employment statistics. These immigrants are more likely to be Asian than Hispanic. They include a substantial number of Europeans, Canadians, and people from English-speaking nations.

Before endorsing a moratorium on immigration, thoughtful readers should consider whether U.S. citizens of whatever race are better off economically in states with few immigrants, such as West Virginia, New Hampshire, and Kentucky, than in states with many immigrants, such as California, New York, and Florida. Unless Miles or FAIR can demonstrate that they are, it is irresponsible for them to propose an "immigration solution" to an economic problem.

CARL SHUSTERMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

I appreciated your principled look at the immigration question. A high level of legal immigration combined with high illegal immigration is a critical and undiscussed national issue. Jack Miles took on the labor-market and social-conflict angle, but what about the population and environment angle? The "population explosion" is a household word. Puzzled, we Americans review our reproductive choices. Are we breeding to excess? American women have averaged two children apiece for twenty-five years, so zero population growth should be at hand. Where are the rewards of restraint? Where are all the people coming from?

Population growth would be slowing dramatically were it not for high recent levels of immigration and the high fertility rates of new immigrants, especially Hispanics. About half of the annual U.S. population growth of three million or more is attributable to recent immi-

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grants and their children. Yet environmentalists and Zero Population Growth, terrified of being called racists, avert their eyes from the facts.

BILL WARD
Olympia, Wash.

I am so impressed with Jack Miles's courage in reopening the immigration debate from the liberal perspective that I quite forgive him for describing my June 22 *National Review* immigration cover story as solely concerned with the way in which current policy is shifting the U.S. ethnic balance.

Actually, I mostly focused on the economic argument about immigration (including academic research to support his thesis that the post-1965 unskilled-immigrant inflow must be hurting the American underclass). The crucial point is that immigration is a luxury, not a necessity. The extensive accounting-for-growth literature shows that *increases in labor and capital together are never responsible for as much as half, and sometimes responsible for as little as a tenth, of increased output.* Innovation, technology, different ways of doing things, are overwhelmingly more important. Within quite wide ranges the economy can operate with or without immigrants—above all, unskilled immigrants. Current policy cannot be justified on economic grounds. Its defenders must make a political case.

PETER BRIMELOW
Forbes
New York, N.Y.

Although Jack Miles covered much of the clash between blacks and Latinos, he omitted one hotly contested battleground: affirmative action.

When formal affirmative-action programs began, in the sixties, the focus was clearly on blacks. This made sense morally: no other group has been subjected to slavery and the aftermath of nearly a century of segregation. It also made sense economically, since no other group has so consistently landed at the bottom of barometers like family income, and demographically, since more than two thirds of everyone eligible for affirmative action was black.

Enormous shifts in the U.S. population since then have resulted in a smaller number of blacks than of Asians and Latinos combined. Most of this change is due to immigration, both legal and illegal.

Affirmative-action programs are beginning to reflect the declining demographic role of blacks. The most important affirmative-action program in the country, the Small Business Administration's 8(a) program, once a black bastion, now awards most of its contracts to other groups.

Affirmative action, even more than the Los Angeles economy described by Jack Miles, is essentially a static pie; every contract given to a Latino is a contract taken away from a black.

JOHN SULLIVAN
Baltimore, Md.

Jack Miles suggests that the influx of low-skilled Hispanic and Asian immigrants is leading to higher unemployment for low-skilled blacks in Los Angeles. Fortunately, a huge body of scientific studies examines the issue of how immigrants affect wages and job opportunities. With very few exceptions the research shows fairly conclusively that immigration is unrelated to unemployment. It also shows that minorities are not hurt by newly arriving immigrants. For example:

- Research by Julian Simon, Rick Sullivan, and myself (*Journal of Labor Research*, forthcoming) on immigration flows and subsequent changes in unemployment rates in seventy large U.S. cities from 1960 to 1977 found that two to four years after the immigrants arrived, cities with high rates of immigration did not have higher unemployment than cities with low rates.

- The economist George Borjas, the author of *Friends or Strangers: The Impact of Immigration on the U.S. Economy*, concluded his book by saying, "The entire methodological arsenal of modern econometrics cannot detect a single shred of evidence that immigrants have a sizeable adverse impact on the earnings and employment opportunities of natives in the U.S."

- The economist David Card, of Princeton University, examined the labor-market impact of some 125,000 Mariel Cubans who settled in Miami in 1980 (*Industrial and Labor Relations Review*, January, 1990). Despite short-term disruptions from an immediate seven percent increase in workers in the Miami area, Card concluded, "The influx of Mariel immigrants had virtually no effect on the wage rates of less-skilled, non-Cuban workers. Similarly, there is no evidence of an increase in unem-

ployment among less-skilled blacks or other non-Cuban workers. . . ."

- The U.S. Department of Labor published a comprehensive study in 1988 titled "The Effects of Immigration on the U.S. Economy and Labor Market." This review of more than a hundred studies on the employment effects of immigrants concluded, "Neither U.S. workers in complementary jobs nor most minority workers appear to be adversely affected by immigration—especially during periods of economic expansion."

In short, there is no empirical validity for the argument that immigration causes higher unemployment. Yet the myth persists that immigrants are stealing jobs from disadvantaged U.S. workers. (With all due respect, relying almost entirely on the work of FAIR, the major anti-immigrant group in America, and its affiliates hardly constitutes an objective analysis of the evidence.)

Why are immigrants, who for more than a century have played such a vital role in building and sustaining our major industrial cities, now viewed as the source of their decline? It could be that immigrants have become the ultimate scapegoats for the problems of poverty and urban decay.

STEPHEN MOORE
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

Jack Miles suggests that it may be illegitimate to oppose immigration out of fear that waves of Third World newcomers are changing the European character of the United States. Change, as he points out, has been astonishingly rapid. In just a few decades Los Angeles has changed from a mainly white "Iowa by the Sea" to what David Rieff calls the capital of the Third World. In Miami, immigration has driven down the white population from 90 percent in 1960 to 10 percent in 1990. In more and more areas of the country it is the white English-speaker who feels like an alien in his own land.

Why is it wrong for the heirs of the Anglo-European tradition to look upon these changes with dismay? Is it not natural, normal, and healthy to wish that one's people and one's culture should flourish? It is the wordless acquiescence by whites in the steady occupation of their country by aliens—who insist on remaining aliens—that is unnatural and unhealthy.

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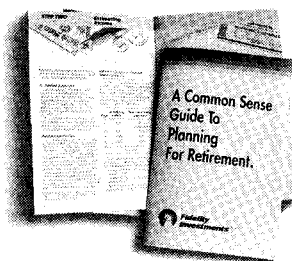
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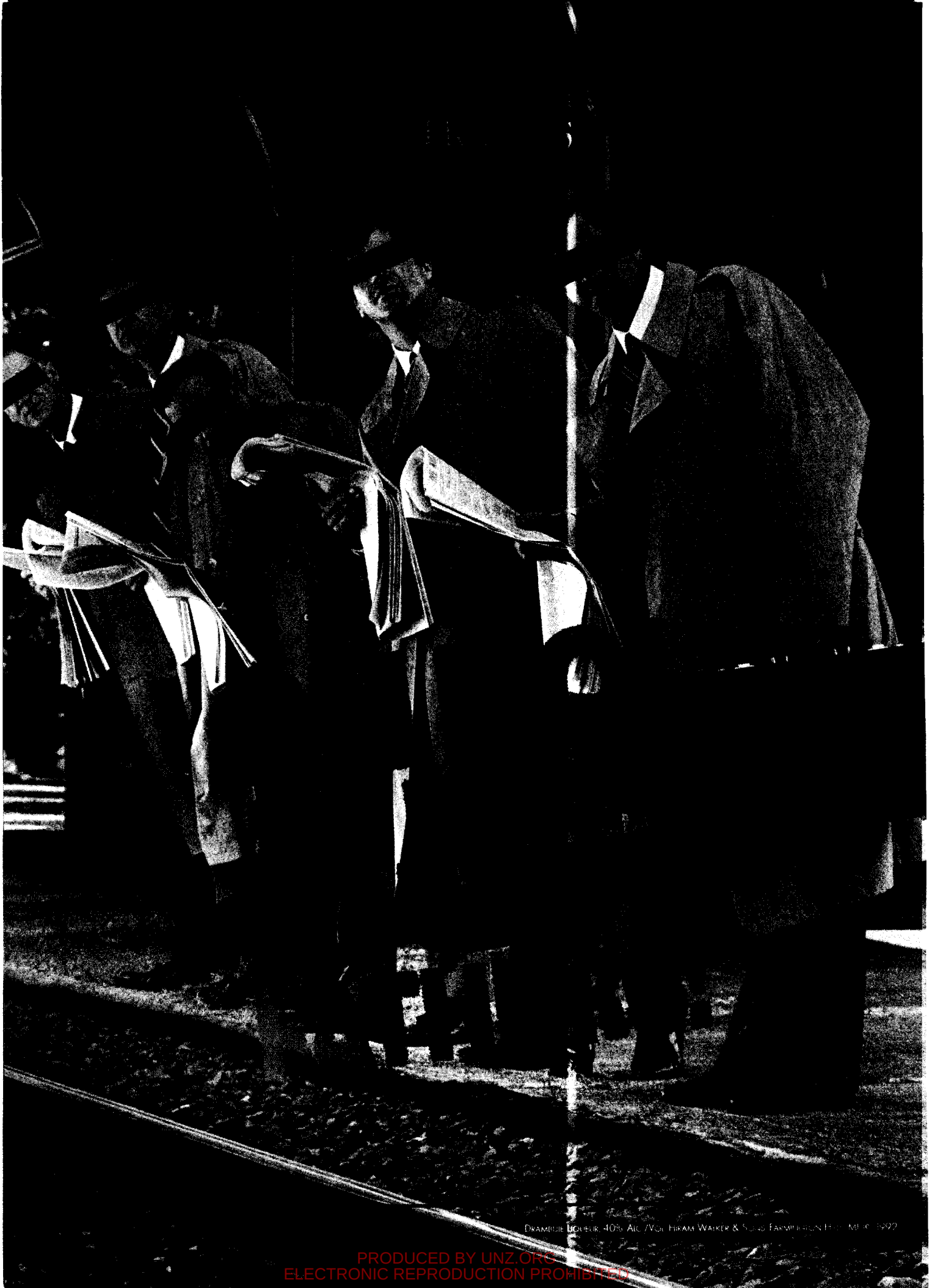
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Let us imagine that the shoe were on the other foot—that America were sending its poorest, least-educated citizens by the millions into Mexico, where they were going on welfare, insisting on public education in English, benefiting from affirmative action, celebrating the Fourth of July rather than Fiestas Patrias, displacing Mexicans, and even talking of establishing a separate Anglo nation. Would the Mexicans not be justified in putting an end to this national and cultural invasion?

Miles seems to think that the only legitimate reason to oppose Third World immigration is that it takes jobs away from blacks. I am reminded of Robert Frost's definition of a liberal: someone who is incapable of taking his own side in an argument.

SAMUEL TAYLOR
American Renaissance
Louisville, Ky.

The National Association of Hispanic Journalists, a nonprofit organization of 1,300 members nationwide, vigorously protests the *Atlantic* article "Blacks vs. Browns." At its best, the article was anti-Hispanic and anti-Asian. At its worst, it was a naive apology to the African-American community, and a weak one at that.

Among other things, the article was replete with unsupported statements, such as: "blacks are the most oppressed minority. . . ." Even if Miles were to provide evidence to back up this point, relative degrees of oppression among groups on the lowest rung of the U.S. economic ladder are unproductive measures aimed at dividing those groups. The article also was offensive to both Hispanics and blacks. At one point Miles questioned "whether or not Latinos are completely trustworthy." In another instance, on the same page, he implied that a school was unresponsive to the community because it was led by a black principal.

The NAHJ also takes issue with Miles's interpretation of the March 8, 1991, *Science* research report on Mexican immigration. The impression Miles left is that Mexican immigrants entering the United States in the 1970s and 1980s were taking jobs from low-skilled African-American workers already living in California.

In fact the *Science* article states unequivocally: "The studies found no evidence that this influx of immigrants af-

fected native workers' job opportunities adversely. Blacks as a group were not more affected than whites, and consistent with the national pattern, immigration had the largest wage-dampening effect on the immigrants themselves."

Furthermore, Miles ignored a July 13 *Business Week* cover story stating that immigration had a negligible impact on U.S.-born citizens with at least a high school education. Although high school graduates saw their real wages drop by approximately 10 percent in the 1980s, *Business Week* attributed almost all of the loss to import competition and the demand for better-skilled workers, rather than to competition for jobs from foreign immigrants.

Miles went on to contradict himself completely. He said that "if there were no Latinos—and no other immigrants—around to do all the work that is to be done in Los Angeles, would blacks not be hired to do it? I think they would be. Wages might have to be raised." So, in Miles's view, just get rid of the brown folks and their pitiful-paying jobs, and those same jobs will rise to a wage level that U.S.-born blacks will accept. But he later analyzed the *Science* research report saying that if the cheap foreign labor stops coming to the United States to take these jobs, the jobs will move offshore to the cheap foreign labor.

Miles can't have it both ways.

MELITA MARIE GARZA
The National Association
of Hispanic Journalists
Chicago, Ill.

Jack Miles replies:

I agree with Carl Shusterman that illegal immigration has done more than legal to worsen competition for low-skilled work. FAIR's agenda, however, which I endorse only as a list of topics for debate, includes not just a moratorium on legal immigration but a serious attempt to halt illegal immigration altogether.

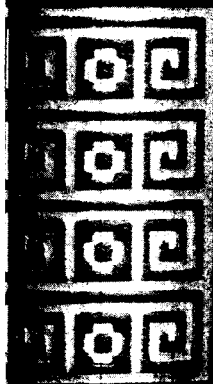
The life of a highly developed country would be unimaginable without the immigration (and emigration) of the "scientists, investors, health-care professionals," and so forth whom Shusterman mentions. The question is how many should come, from which countries, and to which parts of this country.

Peter Brimelow's argument in *National Review* is indeed in the main an

economic one. I alluded only to its cultural component because this was, as I saw it, the most interesting point of difference between us. I am worried about unrestricted immigration without the kind of sentimental allegiance that Brimelow, an Englishman, seems to me to have to the aboriginally (or residually) English character of the United States. Not much of an Anglophile, I am more sentimental about Mexico.

I agree with John Sullivan about the unlegislated transformation that has occurred in affirmative-action programs, government-mandated and voluntary alike, since the late 1960s. But I would take his observation a step further. In effect, what this redirection has done is turn affirmative action into, in some measure, an immigrant reception and absorption program. Even if it perverts affirmative action as originally conceived, this redirection has met a need in a society accepting large numbers of immigrants. Once admitted, immigrants have an inherent claim on the attention of the admitting country, particularly if that country intends to be a nation of citizens, in which no significant resident group is assigned permanently to any other political status. The goal of turning immigrants into citizens is not one appropriately pursued, however, through a program intended to correct the 200-year-old effects of the enslavement of Africans.

Stephen Moore represents what I take to be the majority position within American conservatism on immigration—Peter Brimelow representing the minority position. He presents a mini-bibliography in support of his position that immigration, at whatever level, is without direct economic consequences for the native population. I counter first by drawing the reader's attention to Vernon Briggs's forthcoming *Mass Immigration and the National Interest* and second by noting that the past two years of high immigration may have pushed California over some line of tolerance which Moore's kind of retrospective analysis would easily miss. There may be, in other words, something like a straw-that-broke-the-camel's-back syndrome at work. Coupled with the recent recession, which has been particularly severe in southern California, immigration may lately have had an effect on this region that earlier it did not. This would explain



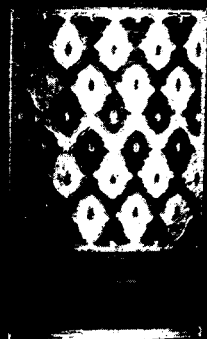
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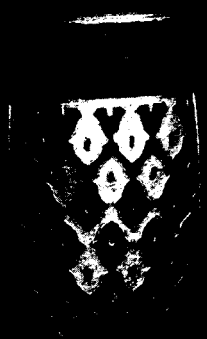
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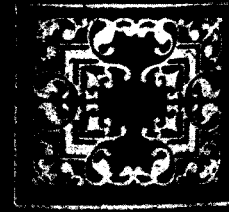
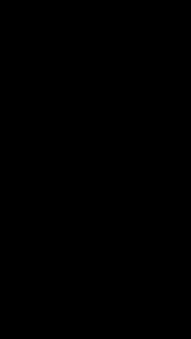
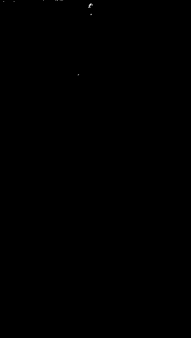


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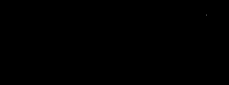
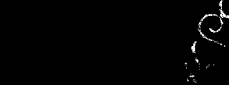
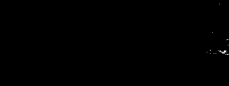
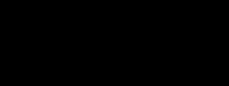
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A TALE
OF
TWO
CITIES

CHARLES
DICKENS



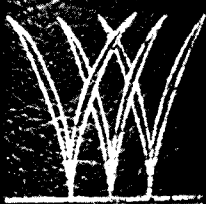
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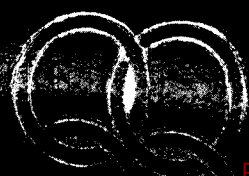
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DEMOGRAPHICS

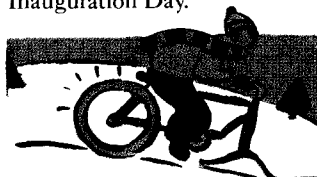
Department-store sales will be at their annual nadir this month and next, but retailers will keep busy with activity of a different sort: the volume of returns is higher now than at any other time of year, owing in large part to Christmas gifts that missed their mark. The pattern may be particularly pronounced this year, because the recession has led many stores to liberalize their returns policies in an attempt to attract and hold customers. What are the items most frequently returned? According to Michael Russell, an assistant manager of one of Sears's more than 800 stores nationwide, appliances such as food processors and coffee makers often come back, usually because of duplication. Even more frequently returned is women's lingerie, generally bought by husbands who have misjudged their wives' size or taste.

GOVERNMENT

January 1, as of today those states with permanent disposal sites for low-level radioactive waste (generally, nonradioactive material that has been contaminated with small amounts of radioactivity, such as a rag used to wipe contaminated equipment) can legally refuse shipments of such waste from other states. The United States currently has only three permanent disposal sites. One, in Beatty, Nevada, will immediately exercise its right of refusal; another, in Richland, Washington, will accept waste only from 11 western states;



the third, in Barnwell, South Carolina, will continue accepting waste across the board, but only until June of 1994. Last June the Supreme Court ruled that liability for low-level waste does not rest with the governments of the states in which the waste is generated. Until states come up with their own permanent disposal sites—a process fraught with obvious political difficulties—the more than one million cubic feet of commercial low-level waste generated annually will build up in temporary storage areas at individual originators: nuclear-power plants, medical-supply companies, hospitals, and universities. 20, Inauguration Day.

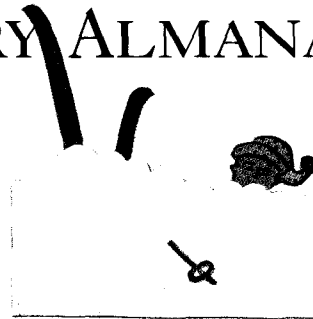


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THE SKIES

January 3, Mars makes its closest approach to Earth all year. It reaches opposition to the Sun on January 7, meaning that it rises at sunset and is visible all night. Around midnight it can be found high above the southern horizon, near the twin stars Castor and Pollux. 8, Full Moon, also known this month as the Old or Broken Trees Moon. 19, Venus reaches its greatest elongation east of the Sun. It will be up longer tonight than on any other night of the year, and all month will generally be visible in the evenings—a brilliant orb in the southwestern sky. It will be joined there on the 26th by the crescent Moon.



FOOD

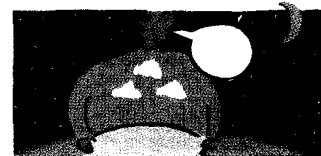
January 23, Chinese New Year, festivities for which will involve the consumption worldwide of vast quantities of shark-fin soup. The delicacy, which can cost \$50 or more per bowl, is said to bring good luck and strength; to U.S. marine biologists, however, it augurs the depletion of many shark species in offshore waters. Because of declining populations elsewhere, U.S. fishermen are now the primary suppliers of the Asian market; last year exports to Hong Kong alone amounted to 9 million pounds of fins, worth \$117 million. The disproportionate prices commanded by fins—\$5 to \$13 per pound, as against only \$.30 to \$.60 per pound of shark meat, is paid to U.S. fishermen—have given rise to "finning," in which the shark itself is thrown back to die. The situation is of particular concern because shark populations are slow to recover—the animals have long maturation and gestation periods and produce few offspring—and because a scarcity of one of the ocean's primary predators would reverberate profoundly through the food chain.

HEALTH & SAFETY

January is the peak month for avalanches in the United States and, consequently, for deaths and injuries resulting from them. Some 15 people annually perish in avalanches; another 125 are caught in them but survive. The use of explosives to disperse accumulated snow safely has all but eliminated the threat of avalanches

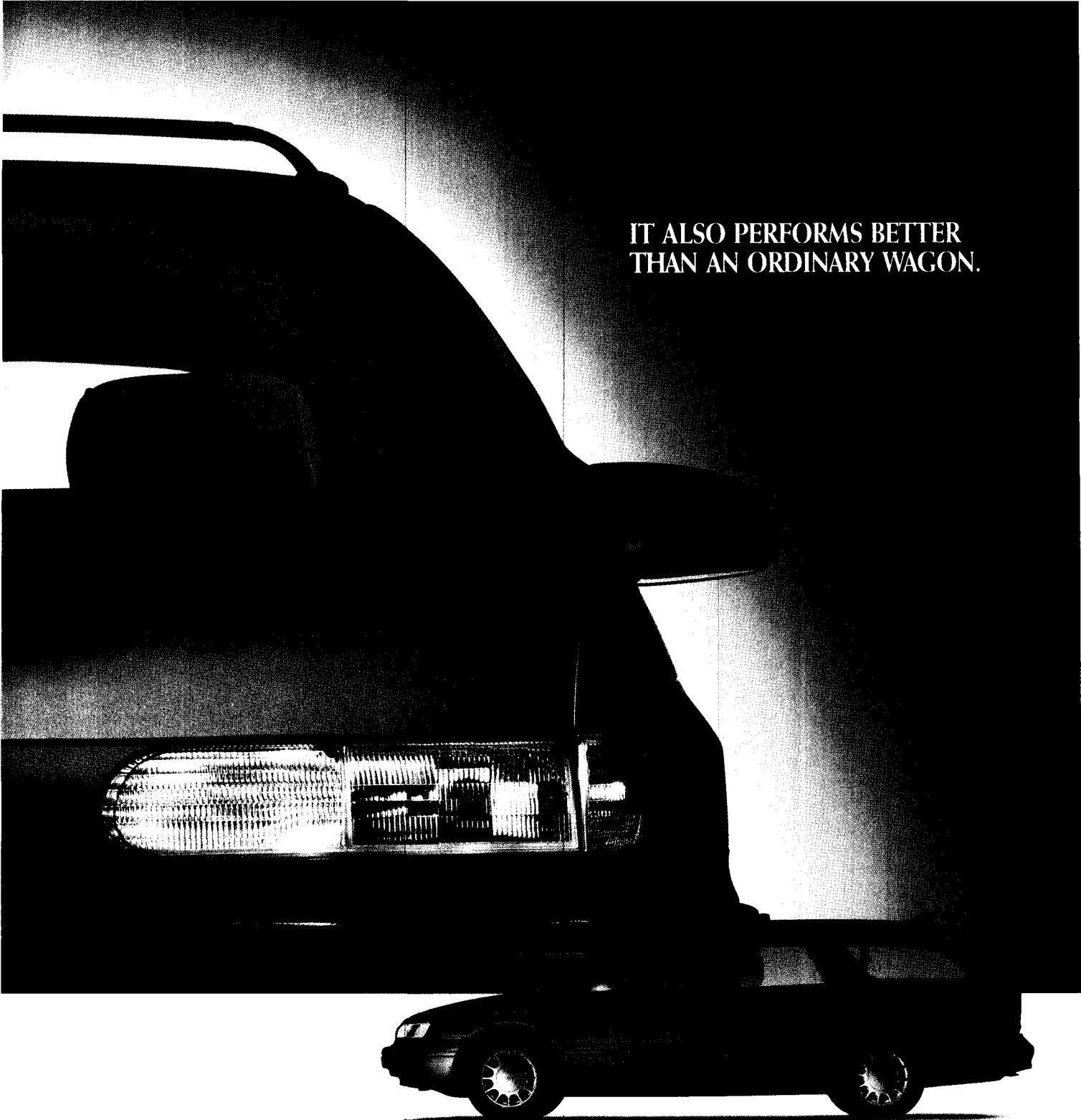


in managed recreational sites; in the past seven years only one person has died in a snowslide at a major ski area. The overwhelming majority of avalanches—estimated at some 100,000 a year—occur in the backcountry, where increasing numbers of skiers, climbers, snowshoers, and other thrill seekers are venturing, directly causing most of the slides in which they are engulfed. What should a person do if caught in an avalanche? Recommended tactics include maneuvering to the edge, where the snow's speed and force are less, and dropping all equipment and flailing one's arms—in effect, swimming with the moving snow—to raise the body to the surface and avoid complete burial.



125 YEARS AGO

Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing in the January, 1868, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Lights and shadows are continually flitting across my inward sky, and I know neither whence they come nor whither they go; nor do I inquire too closely into them. It is dangerous to look too minutely into such phenomena. It is apt to create a substance where at first there was a mere shadow. . . . If at any time there should seem to be an expression unintelligible from one soul to another, it is best not to strive to interpret it in earthly language, but to wait for the soul to make itself understood. . . . I have often felt that words may be a thick and darksome veil of mystery between the soul and the truth which it seeks. Wretched were we, indeed, if we had no better means of communicating ourselves, no fairer garb in which to array our essential being, than these poor rags and tatters of Babel."



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Stay the Course

state of mind—one that simply refuses to accept the “death program.” “Most people,” James Strole was quoted as saying, “actually encourage each other to die, not consciously but unconsciously. We program each other, even from a small child, that you have to die some day, and we prepare ourselves for that because we live in a belief system that death is inevitable.” Strole also said, “There is a support system for death, and most people don’t realize that.”

The existence of a support system for death does seem hard to deny. Looking beyond the obvious—the funeral parlors and cemeteries and crematoria—we see the insurance companies, the doctors, the lawyers. And it gets worse. Examine almost any facet of social organization at all and you come to realize that it is actually *premised* on people's dying at fairly regular intervals. Consider the job market. The real-estate industry. The Social Security trust fund. Family structure. Organized religion. Much has been made of the ability of powerful interests in Washington—bankers, dairy farmers, the oil industry—to keep congenial policies invio-

IS PHYSICAL immortality in fact possible? The article I read in the *Register*, which had been picked up from a Tucson newspaper, quoted two doctors in Arizona who were skeptical of the idea, and I'd probably put myself in the same camp. On the other hand, how do we know that some people haven't been immortal all along—changing jobs, changing languages, changing civilizations, millennium after millennium, even as they maintained a more or less constant appearance? This is the case with the protagonist of Leoš Janáček's opera *The Makropulos Affair*, who, in a life prolonged by an elixir, has had to change her identity with each new generation: from Elina Makropulos to Ellian MacGregor to Eugenia Montez to Emilia Marty. I would not be surprised to learn that Ralph Nader was also such a survivor—indeed, that he was the



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turn-of-the-century personage we know as John Harvey Kellogg, the inventor of flaked cereal and a promoter of colonic irrigation. I would also not be surprised to learn that Ed McMahon, George Hamilton, and Cher had been alive since the dawn of time, or that Jeane Kirkpatrick was previously the people known to history as Catherine de Médicis, Caligula, and the Maid of Kent. So it may be that immortality has been around for a long while, and most of us just never knew it.



If physical immortality were possible, would it also be desirable? This is one of those questions on which snap judgment and mature reflection may never be reconciled. As an abstract proposition we would all, I guess, like to live forever, but what happens when one gets down to cases? A considerable portion of the world's literature has in fact been devoted to the subject of immortality, and I spent a few days recently conducting an informal survey. The results were in an odd way reassuring. Although some of the literature, including much recent science fiction, turns out to be in favor of physical immortality, most of it focuses on the darker side of living forever and at least implicitly makes the argument for life—and death—as we know it. Message: Stay the course.

From antiquity to the present day, the dark literature has spoken with one voice. Tamper with the rhythms of nature and something inevitably goes wrong. Consider the oft-cited story of Tithonus, in Greek mythology. Eos, the goddess of dawn, asks Zeus to make Tithonus, her lover, immortal. Zeus complies. Eos has forgotten, however, to request perpetual youth for Tithonus in addition to immortality. Tithonus, though immortal, becomes progressively more feeble and senescent. The problem of immortality without perpetual youth shows up again and again. It is the fate, for example, of the struldbrugs in *Gulliver's Travels*, and after an encounter with these hideous creatures Lemuel Gulliver writes, "The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated."

Still, there are a lot of characters in literature who have been endowed with immortality and who do manage to keep their youth. Unfortunately, in

many cases nobody else does. Spouses and friends grow old and die. Societies change utterly. The immortals, their only constant companion a pervading loneliness, go on and on. This is the pathetic core of legends like those of the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew. In Natalie Babbitt's *Tuck Everlasting*, a fine and haunting novel for children, the Tuck family has inadvertently achieved immortality by drinking the waters of a magic spring. As the years pass, they are burdened emotionally by an unbridgeable remoteness from a world they are in but not of. In one scene Pa Tuck tries to explain to a girl named Winnie, who is not immortal, that living forever is no great blessing. Winnie has just stated stoutly that she does not want to die:

"No," said Tuck calmly. "Not now. Your time's not now. But dying's part of the wheel, right there next to being born. You can't pick out the pieces you like and leave the rest. Being part of the whole thing, that's the blessing. But it's passing us by, us Tucks. Living's heavy work, but off to one side, the way *we* are, it's useless, too. It don't make sense. If I knowed how to climb back on the wheel, I'd do it in a minute. You can't have living without dying. So you can't call it living, what we got. We just *are*, we just *be*, like rocks beside the road."

To the loneliness one must surely add weariness. In Japanese mythology the character Wa-Sō goes out fishing one day and is suddenly caught in a storm. His boat washes up on a distant shore—the Land of Immortality—whose inhabitants know neither illness nor death. What they do know is a boredom so intense that they pray desperately to the god of death to put an end to their lives—desperately, and in vain. George Bernard Shaw eloquently argued the merits of ever greater longevity in his *Back to Methuselah*, but the playwright himself, age ninety-four, waiting impatiently to die, could be overheard muttering in his garden about "this damned vitality of mine."

The prospect of being overcome by an unbearable weariness runs through much of the immortality literature, and I suspect that few will find the notion implausible. Most of us have had experiences that offer a fleeting hint of what eternity could hold. I have scarcely completed my fourth decade, and yet

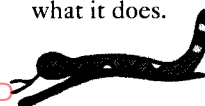
already certain regular occurrences unfailingly bring on a grim languor, a sense of having been worn down as if by drops of water. I experience such feelings, for example, every time a joyous beer commercial is shown on television. I experience them when exposed to imitations of James Cagney, to the sound of the snooze alarm going off for a second time, to the discovery on the radio of yet another redoubt of classic rock. For some reason I experience them whenever I hear aging actors on talk shows refer coyly in anecdotes to "Larry" ("Larry and I were doing *Coriolanus* in Shropshire, and—well, he had this scarf—and our little joke was . . ."). I could no doubt endure another hundred years or so of all these things. But an eternity?

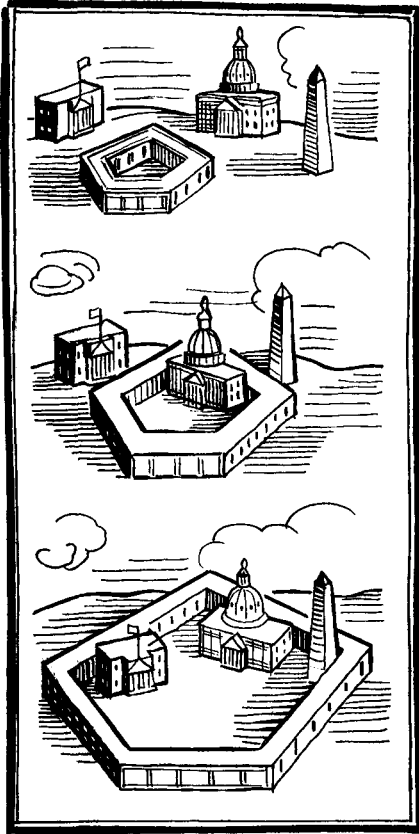
COMING TO THE conclusion that physical immortality could be something we don't really want may, of course, be making a virtue of necessity. Judging from material I was sent by the group CBJ, at least 15,000 people on five continents have not come to that conclusion. Those people have taken the pledge—have just said no to death. Last summer many of them gathered in Arizona for a Convergence to celebrate "an awakening of the body to its true and natural state of being"—that is, physical immortality. Whether the future they are heading into is one of happiness and fulfillment or dystopian anomie remains to be seen. They will certainly have plenty of time for second thoughts.

As for the leaders of CBJ, I hope they can be prevailed upon to keep the overall numbers down. Immortality may be a manageable life-style option for some small percentage of humanity, but if embraced by the species as a whole, it would obviously wreak havoc. Even leaving aside the most obvious drawbacks—overpopulation, resource depletion, pollution—think of the potential strain on personal relationships of every kind. Think of how arduous certain tasks would eventually become—remembering names, planning a wedding, breaking into show business. Think of what successive editions of Gail Sheehy's *Passages* would be like as we surpass age 100, 200, 1,000.

You can say what you will about the "death program," but it sure is good at what it does.

—Cullen Murphy





WASHINGTON

Colonel Dunlap's Coup

A fictionalized essay that has been circulating within the Pentagon offers a blunt warning on several fronts

IT IS THE YEAR 2012. The American military has carried out a successful coup d'état. Jailed and awaiting execution for resistance to the coup, a retired military officer writes to an old comrade, explaining how the coup came about.

So begins a treatise entered last year in the National Defense University's Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Strategy Essay Competition. Titled "The Origins of the American Military Coup of 2012," and written by an active-duty Air Force officer, the essay went on to be selected as one of two winners of the competition. The author, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Dunlap, was honored by General Colin Powell at the awards ceremony.

Looking back from a vantage point supposedly twenty years in the future, Dunlap writes that after years of being handed the tough jobs the rest of the government seemed incapable of handling, the military simply decided to step in and run the show. Like all science fiction, Dunlap's essay is really about the present. His coup entices the reader to his real subject: the worrisome drift of the U.S. military into civilian affairs.

"Faced with intractable national problems on one hand, and an energetic and capable military on the other," Dunlap's condemned prisoner warns, "it can be all too seductive to start viewing the military as a cost-effective solution. We made a terrible mistake when we allowed the armed forces to be diverted from its original purpose." The prisoner sees a kind of inevitability to the coup. Amid rising crime, failing schools, a stagnant economy, and a gridlocked political system, the can-do U.S. military stood out in a no-solution society. Having remade themselves in the aftermath of Vietnam, the armed forces emerged from the Gulf War as "America's most—and perhaps only—trusted arm of government."

And so it was that the military was given the hard tasks that had defeated the civilian side of government. By 1991 the Defense Department was spending \$1.2 billion a year on drug intervention; the military was also becoming heavily involved in education. Abroad, the U.S. military had jumped into humanitarian missions in Bangladesh, the Philippines, and northern Iraq. From there, recounts the prisoner, it was only too easy for the military to begin taking over environmental clean-up jobs, providing air transport to regions abandoned by bankrupt airlines, and further expanding its vast medical system into civilian health care.

Dunlap's fictional prisoner describes what happened as a result:

When Iranian armies started pouring into the lower Gulf states in 2010, the U.S. armed forces were ready to do anything but fight.

People in the military no longer considered themselves warriors. Instead, they perceived themselves as policemen, relief workers, educators, builders, health care providers, politicians—everything but war-fighters. When these philanthropists met the Iranian 10th Armed Corps

near Daharan during the Second Gulf War, they were brutally slaughtered by a military which had not forgotten what militaries were supposed to do or what war is really all about.

In Dunlap's essay it is America's defeat in this war that helped precipitate the coup. By then, the military had long become accustomed to having a significant role in civilian policy-making. And, owing to the consolidation of the armed forces in the year 2007 into a single unified service—a move that Pentagon reformers had long promoted as a sensible and economical alternative to "wasteful" service rivalry—military power was concentrated in fewer hands than ever before.

Dunlap does what a good essayist should do: he makes his reader see familiar phenomena in a new light. As my newspaper's Pentagon correspondent, I pick up the Defense Department's "Early Bird" compendium of newspaper clippings and, since reading Dunlap, almost every day find myself taken aback. In the wake of the military relief mission to victims of Hurricane Andrew, the editors of the *Tulsa Tribune*, the *Anniston (Alabama) Star*, and dozens of other papers across the country urge the military to take over the government's disaster-relief operations. I read about the U.S. military's humanitarian mission to Somalia. Over the fax machine comes news of the Pentagon's plan to nearly double the size of its Junior ROTC program, to include almost 3,000 high schools. The announcement quotes President George Bush as saying that Junior ROTC is "a great program that boosts high school competition, high school completion rates, reduces drug use, raises self-esteem, and gets these kids firmly on the right track."

Then I think of the warning issued by Dunlap's prisoner: "Even back in 1992 we should have seen this coming."

IS "THE ORIGINS of the American Military Coup of 2012" something to be taken seriously? Yes, it is, even if one may be skeptical about just how likely to occur the developments that Dunlap points to really are.

In his book *The Soldier and the State: The Theory and Politics of Civil-Military Relations*, the Harvard political scientist Samuel P. Huntington identifies a

strong streak of antimilitarism in American politics. It has typically manifested itself through one of two impulses: the impulse to cut military budgets and the impulse to use the military "to further other socially desirable objectives." That is to say, the historical tendency in America has been to attempt either to reduce the military or to transform it. Obscured somewhat by the fifty years of the Cold War, this pattern is now re-asserting itself. Dunlap has read Huntington and cites *The Soldier and the State* in his treatise.

As iconoclastic as it may appear for a U.S. military officer to raise the prospect of a military coup, Dunlap's essay, which has just been published in the Army War College's journal, *Parameters*, is actually a conservative document. Many officers worry with Dunlap that the military's new missions are placing it on a slippery slope that will degrade its ability to fight. For years, students at the services' war colleges have had hammered into them that the lesson of Vietnam is that "we must once again become masters of the profession of arms," as the retired Army Colonel Harry Summers wrote in *On Strategy*, an analysis that has been enormously influential in the post-Vietnam military. Harry Summers doesn't see a coup in our future, but he does believe that Dunlap is right to be concerned about loading up the military with ancillary missions. "I think we've got to constantly be on guard against any military intrusion into the civil sector," he told me recently. "We always have to nip these things in the bud."

There are buds aplenty these days. I have mentioned some of them above. Dunlap's paper is crammed with footnotes citing news reports of other nonmilitary initiatives already proposed for or undertaken by the U.S. armed forces. Some senior officers still spooked by Vietnam are eager to take on popular missions like drug interception and disaster relief. Many of their subordinates are only too happy to go along. In Florida, Andrew Baer, an enlisted man from Dumas, Texas, told a *Washington Post* reporter, "I'm glad we're here doing something good for Americans in America rather than off in some God-forsaken place around the world fighting a war for somebody else that nobody here supports. Everyone appreciates what we're doing, and it gives you a real good feeling." You can

almost hear Clausewitz roll over and scream.

Congress has happily supported the search for new missions. Indeed, in its report on its defense bill for 1993, the Senate Armed Services Committee stated plainly to the Defense Department that "the post-Cold War environment means that the armed forces will have a much greater opportunity than in the past to assist civilian efforts to address critical domestic problems." Of course, the biggest reason for mission expansion these days is pure Willie Suttonism: that is where the money is. This year's defense budget of \$275 billion isn't far below Cold War levels, and it remains the biggest pot of free-flowing money in a deficit-frozen government. Dreaming up new ways to justify maintaining expenditures at Soviet-era levels in the post-Soviet world occupies more than a few Pentagon planners.

It is unlikely, however, that military spending will remain at anything like the present level, and this fact is the surest obstacle to a literal playing-out of Dunlap's scenario. Unwilling to cut defense jobs in the midst of a near-recession, congressional liberals held their noses last year and treated the defense budget as a second-rate jobs bill. In any event, they could not raid the

defense budget for their own pet programs, because the Budget Enforcement Act of 1990 prohibits applying to domestic purposes money saved through cuts in defense spending. However, that prohibition expires with the 1994 budget. As the nation winds down from five decades of preparedness for global war, Congress this year can and will start trading guns for butter. The stronger the economy, the deeper the defense cuts will be. Absent any new security threat, the defense budget could slide to \$180 billion within a decade. At that level the generals and admirals will be so nervous about maintaining their "core-mission" war-fighting abilities that they will turn their backs on the feel-good missions they now embrace. Training for high-tech war consumes enormous amounts of time and money, and will take everything the military has.

Indeed, it can be argued that the U.S. military is already withdrawing from its most significant social mission—that of forming human capital out of kids who otherwise would be a drag on society. "We're going to be smaller and better—we're going to pick and choose our people," says Rear Admiral James Lair, in a typical comment. "I don't have time to be a rehabilitation society. It used to be jail or the service. Now most of these kids are high school graduates."

The present situation may closely resemble that during the First World War era, when the military attempted to become more involved in society, only to retreat as its budget dwindled. General Leonard Wood, the Army chief of staff from 1910 to 1914, searched for new missions, from training American youth to improving sanitation in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. When race riots tore apart Omaha, in 1919, General Wood commanded the 1,000 armed soldiers used to restore order—an interesting parallel to last year's military deployment to Los Angeles, dubbed Operation Garden Plot by the Marines. In 1920, backed by the soap-selling savvy and fortune of William Procter, Wood made a run for the White House, losing the Republican nomination to Warren G. Harding only on the tenth ballot. His political career ended there. His military innovations, however, played out for several more years, with the National Defense Act of 1920 expanding his camps for youths





and broadening the Reserve Officers Training Corps. But as investigations unearthed information about industrial profiteering during the First World War, and as a series of treaties made it appear that an era of lasting world peace was at hand, the military was forcibly slimmed down. The turning point came in 1926, when the Army pushed for a bigger budget and the President stood in the way. So ended, Samuel Huntington observes, the military's "abortive identification with society."

FOR ALL ITS improbabilities, Dunlap's exercise in civic imagination is likely to be widely discussed within the U.S. military. Besides being published in *Parameters*, it will appear in the annual collection of essays on strategy published by the National Defense University Press. Indeed, I am told that the university is holding up the colonel's essay as a model for the kind of unfettered thinking that it wants for a professional magazine it is now developing.

The essay is one that our officers need to read. Although many of them perceive at least some of the trends that worry Dunlap, they generally worry more about the effect that those trends will have on the military's war-fighting ability than about the possible erosion of distinctions between the military and civil society. Like other Americans, military officers don't dwell on the civilian-military relationship—they take it for granted. The official reading list for Marine officers, for example, includes Thucydides, Alexander Solzhenitsyn (*August 1914*), Paul Kennedy (*The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*), and the memoirs of Vietnam's General Giap, but not Huntington on the role of the military in American society.

Moreover, few active-duty officers have the nerve, as Dunlap has, to deviate publicly from current Pentagon dogma that emphasizes "jointness" among the services above everything. The idea of consolidation, like that of new missions, has obvious appeal at a time of tight budgets. But it may be, Dunlap suggests, that maintaining checks and balances among Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force isn't so bad if it enables a democracy to keep a large military establishment in line.

—Thomas E. Ricks

THE INFLUENTIAL AGENDA

The message, by now, is quite clear: The American people *are* ready for change. The 1992 presidential election provided ample evidence of this deep popular desire, whether expressed through the sharp increase in voter turnout, the serious attention paid to the debates, the one in five voters who backed Ross Perot, or, of course, the decision to send a new administration to Washington.

Yet the question remains: What motivates this desire for change? And what kind of change do Americans want?

It is no secret that one basic issue—the economy—essentially drove the presidential election. Less well understood, however, is exactly why voters were so nervous about the economy, and why they remain uneasy today. The short-term numbers for unemployment, inflation, interest rates have not been all that bad, but this is beside the point. Unlike in previous recessions, Americans are less concerned about the immediate, day-to-day impact of the economy on their personal economic situations. Instead, they are increasingly anxious about the long-term prospects for the economy generally, and for themselves and their families specifically.

For the first time in many years, Americans are afraid of the future. Two quintessential American characteristics—optimism, and a belief in material progress—are being challenged. There is a widespread sense that certain fundamental parts of the American system are in dire need of repair.

What, then, is the new national agenda? To a significant extent, it is one that has been articulated over the past few years by Influential Americans—the 10 to 12 percent of the U.S. population who are the opinion leaders and local activists in communities across the nation. Influentials have been stressing these key themes since the late 1980s:

The economy. Increase investment and spending on R&D, in both the public and the private sectors. Continue to improve quality standards throughout American business. Reduce the federal deficit through higher taxes on the wealthy, an increase in corporate income taxes, and a one-time Federal tax amnesty.

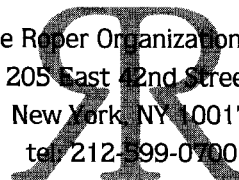
Education. Make education the top priority for greater government spending, because it is the key to personal affluence and national competitiveness. Encourage more and deeper partnerships between the public schools and local businesses.

Health care. Institute some kind of stronger national system, both to control costs and to ensure more complete, if not universal, coverage.

The environment. Implement aggressive but pragmatic measures to improve the environment, because environmental protection is a health and safety issue—not an ecological issue.

These are only a few of the thoughts of Influential Americans, who—like other Americans—are ready to address our country's long-term problems. The Roper Organization tracks the attitudes, values, and behavior of Influential Americans in surveys conducted monthly. If you would like more information about these studies, please write or call The Roper Organization.

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THE MIDDLE EAST

Lions in Winter

*Three men, old enemies all,
realize that they must soon compromise
on matters they have always held
sacred if any is to leave his
mark on the region*

A SMALL ARMY of diplomats—some sixty people, not including spokesmen, advisers, and aides—is engaged in the Middle East peace negotiations. But whether or not those negotiations will end the long and brutal Israeli-Arab conflict essentially rests in the hands of just three people: Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Syrian President Hafez al-Assad, and Chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization (or, as he is currently called by many Palestinians, President of the State of Palestine) Yasser Arafat. All three are longtime foes. All three sense that their peoples cannot bear another war or pay the price of victory, to say nothing of the cost of defeat. All three are at the end of their political careers and know that they have little time left to make an indelible mark not just on the history of the Middle East but, more to the point, on its future.

Rabin, who turns seventy-one this year and is a chain smoker but an avid

tennis player, is reportedly in good physical, but uncertain political, health. Assad, sixty-four, has long suffered from a mild form of diabetes, which is now compounded by arteriosclerosis. Though neither disease seems to impair his ability to function, his doctors have ordered him to cut back on his work schedule. Arafat, sixty-three, recently underwent brain surgery and has yet to stabilize fully. (His erratic behavior continues to alarm his closest aides, who have not recovered from his sudden marriage, in November of 1991, to a Christian woman thirty-four years his junior.)

The three men are well acquainted with one another from intelligence reports. Each has unsettled scores with the other two. Assad, who was the commander of Syria's air force and Defense Minister in 1967, when Rabin was chief of staff of the Israel Defense Forces, still rankles at the taunts of his enemies that he turned the Golan Heights over to Rabin's soldiers. Rabin was a close friend and confidant of Golda Meir, whose government Assad, as Syria's President, took by surprise on Yom Kippur in 1973. Arafat was jailed by the Syrians in 1966 and hunted by them in Lebanon in 1983. For a decade or so he and Assad were not even on speaking terms, and a wall of enmity still divides them. Arafat also managed a narrow, dead-of-night escape from Israeli security forces in the West Bank at the end of 1967, the year of Rabin's great victory. Arafat transformed that triumph into the seeds of the Palestinian "armed revolution" and changed the PLO from

a despised terrorist organization into a political body internationally recognized as the sole representative of the Palestinians.

Rabin has never exchanged a single word with either of the other two. He would like to meet with Assad but has so far been turned down flat. Arafat has tried unsuccessfully to meet with Rabin. All three, however, have recently made certain overtures to one another. Assad has patched up his quarrel with Arafat—at least for appearance' sake—and has declared his readiness to make a "peace of the brave" with Israel. Arafat has recognized Israel's existence and has put the armed struggle pretty much on hold. Rabin has made the achievement of a peace settlement a national priority, agreeing to consider both a partial withdrawal from the Golan Heights and broad autonomy for the Palestinians. Each of the three can of course trip the others up. But alongside their residual antagonism is a growing sense of dependence on one another and a desire to reach at least tacit understandings, especially since each faces domestic opposition and needs the others to combat it.

For Rabin and Arafat, the negotiations concern far more than territory; the results could be a matter of life and death for their small, vulnerable populations. Rabin fears that by withdrawing from occupied territory he might tempt the Arabs to mount a sudden attack that would wipe out the State of Israel. Arafat fears that missing the present opportunity to negotiate with Israel would put paid to the dream of an indepen-

dent political entity for the Palestinians and leave them forever dependent upon others. He also knows that it is entirely possible that the PLO will be pressed far onto the sidelines if free elections are held in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. In any case, it is clear to Arafat that the organization he has built and led for so many years must undergo far-reaching changes or risk being destroyed by a political settlement. Assad has the least to lose from the outcome of the peace process. Topping his agenda is, naturally, the return of the Golan Heights and the removal of the Israeli army from within striking distance of his capital. But no less important to him are the struggle for hegemony over the Middle East, which the negotiations represent, and his own status as the leader of the Arab world.

NONE OF THESE calculations and considerations is particularly novel. What has brought these players to the bargaining table is a change in perception about where they stand, in light of a number of signal international and regional events. After some thirty years of trying to destroy Israel by military means, Arafat finally grasped that his goal was no more than a pipe dream. The uprising in the occupied territories—which was a spontaneous outburst, not a strategy sired by the PLO—earned the Palestinians broad support for their desire to rid themselves of Israeli control and persuaded many Israelis that their rule of another people must end. That achievement largely went up in smoke when Arafat allied himself with Saddam Hussein after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait and the Palestinians cheered from their rooftops each time Iraq rained missiles down on Israel. Even worse than fueling Israelis' mistrust of their closest neighbors, such behavior antagonized the PLO's chief financial backers, Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf oil states.

Given their sagging fortunes, the Palestinians were glad of the opportunity to hold direct talks with Israel. To get them invited to the bargaining table, however, Arafat had to give considerable ground. He was forced to agree that his representatives to the talks would come from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip only—not from Tunis or from East Jerusalem, which the Israelis consider sovereign territory. He

also had to settle for an invisible role in the peace process, and not just for the duration of the November, 1991, Madrid Conference. Above all, he had to concede that the negotiations would initially be over self-rule for the Palestinians in the occupied territories, not the creation of a Palestinian state.

The clock is ticking faster for Arafat than for the other two players—and well he knows it. The immigration during the past several years of some 400,000 Soviet Jews to Israel shook the Palestinians' self-confidence and shattered the belief, which Arafat had vaunted so brashly, that it was enough for them to sit by and wait till the Israelis were defeated by demography. Too late Arafat saw that his political languor during the two-year tenure of Yitzhak Shamir's right-wing government had helped to create additional Israeli "facts on the ground" in the territories: dozens of new settlements and the rise of the Jewish population there to more than 100,000. The settlers are unlikely to pull up stakes, regardless of what the Palestinians might wish.

Thus the first item on Arafat's agenda is to get serious negotiations going with the Israelis as quickly as possible. Yet it has often proved difficult for him to move as fast as he would like. If he focuses the talks on his far-reaching objectives rather than on the nature of the interim arrangements, or provokes the Israelis by sanctioning further acts of terror, he will lose more time. He must also take into account that Rabin's left-leaning coalition, one of whose parties is actually amenable to the establishment of a Palestinian state, is already showing signs of instability. It is not inconceivable that one or more right-wing parties could be wooed in to shore it up—at the price of a tougher Israeli bargaining stance.

The problem is that Arafat has been unable to forge a uniform position among the constituent groups of the PLO, leaving his negotiators in a state of near paralysis. He fears that making any concession to Israel—which is inevitable in the course of negotiations—will lead to a bloodbath among rival factions. He also knows that he will be courting trouble if he tries to strike a bargain with the Israelis without first getting Assad's approval. Arafat wants Assad to be involved in the political process, but not to the point where he has veto power over Arafat's decisions.

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Arafat is also afraid that Assad may cut a quick deal with Rabin, leaving the Palestinians behind.

Like Arafat, Yitzhak Shamir wholeheartedly believed that time was on his side—a feeling that was enhanced by the allies' drubbing of Iraq, the influx of Soviet Jews, and the disintegration of the Soviet Union. All that needed to be done, the conventional wisdom had it, was to create more and more "facts on the ground," draw out the negotiations with the Palestinians, and finally accord them, at most, a form of autonomy patterned after the homelands created for blacks in South Africa.

Rabin does not dispute that the immediate threat to Israel was reduced by the defeat of Iraq. But rather than concluding that time is working in Israel's favor, he sees the Middle East as enjoying a kind of breather while an arms buildup goes on in the background. He also sees little hope of slowing the arms race, which has intensified considerably since the Gulf War, and is particularly skeptical that efforts to produce nuclear and other nonconventional weapons in the region can be halted. If the United Nations fails to keep Iraq from resuming its nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons programs, Iran will certainly step up its efforts to produce a nuclear arsenal; the going assessment is that in any case Iran has already begun building one. At the same time, the introduction of ballistic missiles has changed perceptions of geopolitics in the Middle East. Countries such as Iran, Pakistan, and other Muslim republics, which Jerusalem once regarded as distant states, are or will be capable of direct involvement in a military confrontation with Israel, which still lacks the means to cope with this challenge. The odds of a nuclear confrontation have only risen as a result. Thus Rabin has concluded that Israel must shield itself behind a wall of peace agreements.

The changes in Assad's view were likewise prompted mainly by developments outside his country. Assad read his situation more realistically and arrived at more sober conclusions than did Saddam Hussein. The crumbling Soviet economy left Syria deprived of its strategic partner well before the collapse of the Soviet Union itself. Assad suddenly found that he no longer had a "strategic umbrella" to protect him from defeat at Israel's hands. Also

blocked was the possibility of a quick and large-scale re-armament should Syria's arsenals be depleted by a war. Not only was there but one power left in the world, but it happened to be Israel's friend, and it would do everything possible to prevent another conflagration in the Middle East.

Assad further understood that with no hope of reviving the so-called eastern front against Israel, the Arab military option would have to be shelved for the present—and evidently well into the future. Despite his differences with Saddam Hussein, he had always regarded Iraq as an ally that could be relied upon in any clash with Israel. That premise was cast into doubt both by Syria's "perfidy" in joining the anti-Iraq coalition and by Iraq's punishing defeat in the Gulf War. Egypt had long been ruled out as a likely partner in a showdown with Israel, and Jordan could not be taken for granted. Unable to reach genuine "strategic parity" with Israel, as his slogan went, Assad found that he would have to concentrate on maintaining at least a deterrent to minimize the chances that Israel would exploit its advantage and attack.

In the twelve years between the signing of the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty and the Gulf War, the notion of reconciliation with Israel gradually gained legitimacy in the Arab world, leading Assad to conclude that rather than shrinking from direct talks with the "Zionist interlopers," he might be better off pursuing them—on his own terms. Besides providing whatever immediate advantages he could squeeze or wheedle out of the Israelis, such talks could serve as Syria's way out of international isolation and onto a path of badly needed economic revival.

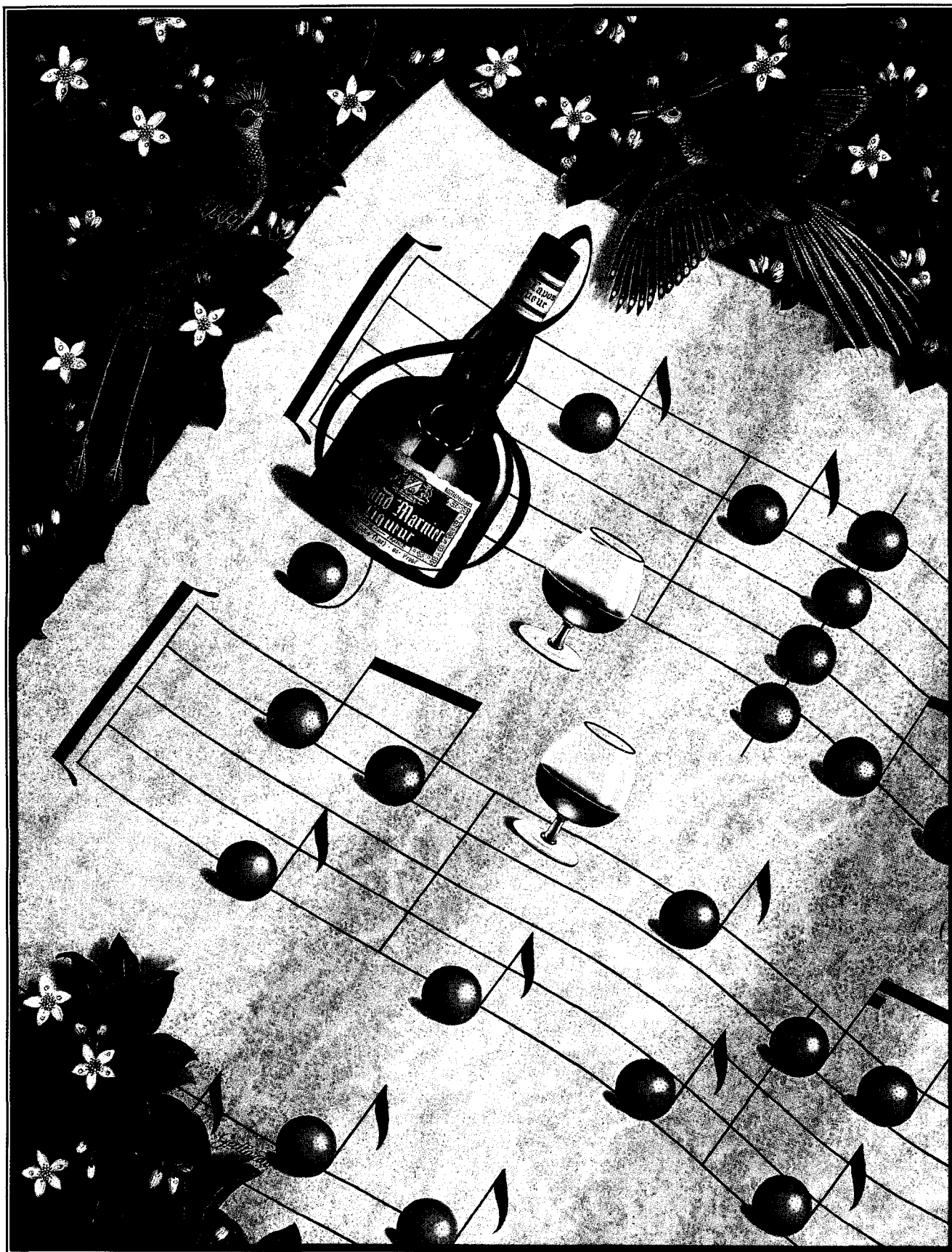
IT IS THESE points of contact between the three leaders that have finally made negotiations possible. But each of the three is restricted by a number of lines that he will have great difficulty crossing. Rabin is truly prepared to make territorial compromises with both the Syrians and the Palestinians, though he insists that the Palestinians must go through a trial period of self-rule before any boundaries are drawn in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. He is even prepared to share control of state lands and water sources with the Palestinian administrative council during that period, and also re-

sponsibility for internal security in the territories—to the degree that the proposed Palestinian police force proves willing and able to handle this difficult and sensitive challenge.

There are two points, however, on which Rabin is unlikely to yield a single inch. The first is the PLO's demand that Israel recognize the Palestinian "right to return." Arafat says that this "right" would essentially translate into the return of a specific number of refugees, to be negotiated by the two sides. A broad consensus in Israel holds that any such concession would create a new demographic problem right away and guarantee the outbreak of a Yugoslavia-style ethnic conflict at some time in the future. The most Rabin may allow is that some of the refugees living in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, or elsewhere in the Arab world (and beyond) will be permitted to settle within the bounds of the Palestinian entity established as part of the final settlement.

The other matter on which Rabin can be expected to be adamant, at least for the duration of the interim period, is that the Jewish settlements in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip remain exclusively under Israel's control. These settlements—or rather their inhabitants—are a collective time bomb, especially since many of the ultra-nationalist settlers have proclaimed their determination to foil the constitution of Palestinian autonomy at all costs. Thus contending with the settlers will be one of the more difficult tests for Rabin and a self-governing Palestinian authority alike.

On two further points Rabin will be flexible only if others make concessions first. He will be unwilling to commit himself to any withdrawal from the Golan Heights before Assad reveals precisely the nature of the peace he is offering in return. It is here, more than on any other front, that the old chestnut "a piece of land for a piece of peace" is likely to apply. If Assad is not talking about a "full peace," including the exchange of ambassadors, open borders, and commercial relations, Rabin will not consider a full withdrawal from the Golan. If what Assad has in mind boils down to an end to belligerency, Rabin will be even less disposed to relinquish territory. Still, unpromising as the latter possibility may sound, it would not necessarily spell an end to the peace process. On the contrary, it could open



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the way to an interim agreement with Syria that would obtain until a permanent solution had been reached with the Palestinians—which would presumably render Assad more agreeable to an Egyptian-style peace with Israel.

The other position from which Rabin will surely not budge pertains to arms control. Under no circumstances will he sign the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty—especially after the unsatisfactory experience with the effectiveness of that treaty in Iraq—before a comprehensive political settlement in the region is concluded and the threat from conventional and nonconventional weapons and ground forces is reduced. Rabin is prepared to have the Middle East declared a nuclear-free zone. But he will insist that all the details of such an arrangement be worked out in direct negotiations between Israel and the Arab states, rather than within broader international frameworks, and that the inspections provided for in any arms-control agreement are both rigorous and mutual, rather than being delegated to a third party. He will also demand that any settlement on arms control include *all* the Arab states *and* Iran; otherwise it will not be sufficiently secure.

Assad has some uncrossable lines of his own, and they concern more than the territorial question. In the past he has come out strongly against any Arab country's reaching a separate peace with Israel. He led the campaign to punish Egypt for doing so and sabotaged the agreement signed between Israel and Lebanon in May of 1983. In practical terms this means that he will not now sign any treaty with Israel unless Rabin reaches settlements with all the other parties engaged in the peace talks and withdraws from all the territories captured in 1967. An Israeli withdrawal from the Golan Heights would not be enough. It might earn Israel an end to belligerency, but the conclusion of a bona fide peace treaty would be conditional upon coming to terms with Lebanon, Jordan, and the Palestinians. And that, of course, would mean tackling the thorny problem of Jerusalem.

Arafat finds himself in the toughest position of all, for he must maneuver within narrow limits set not only by the Israelis but also by his fellow Palestinians. From the very outset fundamentalist groups in the territories, such as Hamas and the Islamic Jihad (which

are not members of Arafat's PLO), made it known that they were against negotiating with Israel as a matter of principle. Even before the Madrid Conference they had been joined by veteran nationalist factions that do belong to the PLO, and do not oppose negotiations in principle, but regard the present talks as a sellout, because they are about the establishment of self-rule rather than of an independent state. Which of these two forces—the PLO-appointed negotiators or the anti-negotiation camp—represents the majority view among the Palestinians is a matter of pure conjecture. The answer might emerge from a general election. But although Arafat is on record as backing an election in the territories, and it is on the agenda as a possible condition for establishing a self-governing authority, he knows that a vote might well be carried by the opposition—and thus undo the whole elaborately constructed peace process.

To help avert such a calamity, Arafat will strive to invest the autonomy regime with as many features of an independent political entity as he can possibly get Rabin to agree to. Yet he will also insist on a guarantee that the interim solution will not become a permanent one. Neither can he permit the present negotiations to end without establishing a tenable political status for the 147,000 Palestinians living in East Jerusalem, including the various quarters of the Old City, and reaching an acceptable understanding on control of the mosques in the Haram al-Sharif, or Temple Mount.

THE TASK facing these three men—to end the century-long conflict between Arabs and Jews once and for all—runs counter to their natural inclinations to maneuver, demur, and always leave themselves a means of escape. They will not be able to meet the historic challenge without placing every one of the region's problems on the table and compromising on them all. If they leave unfinished business behind them, wittingly or otherwise, they will only invite the conflict to persist. They must forge a settlement on which it will be unprofitable to renege in the future. In fact, they are better off avoiding a settlement than concluding a poor one. The lack of an agreement would leave open the possibility that other leaders can resolve

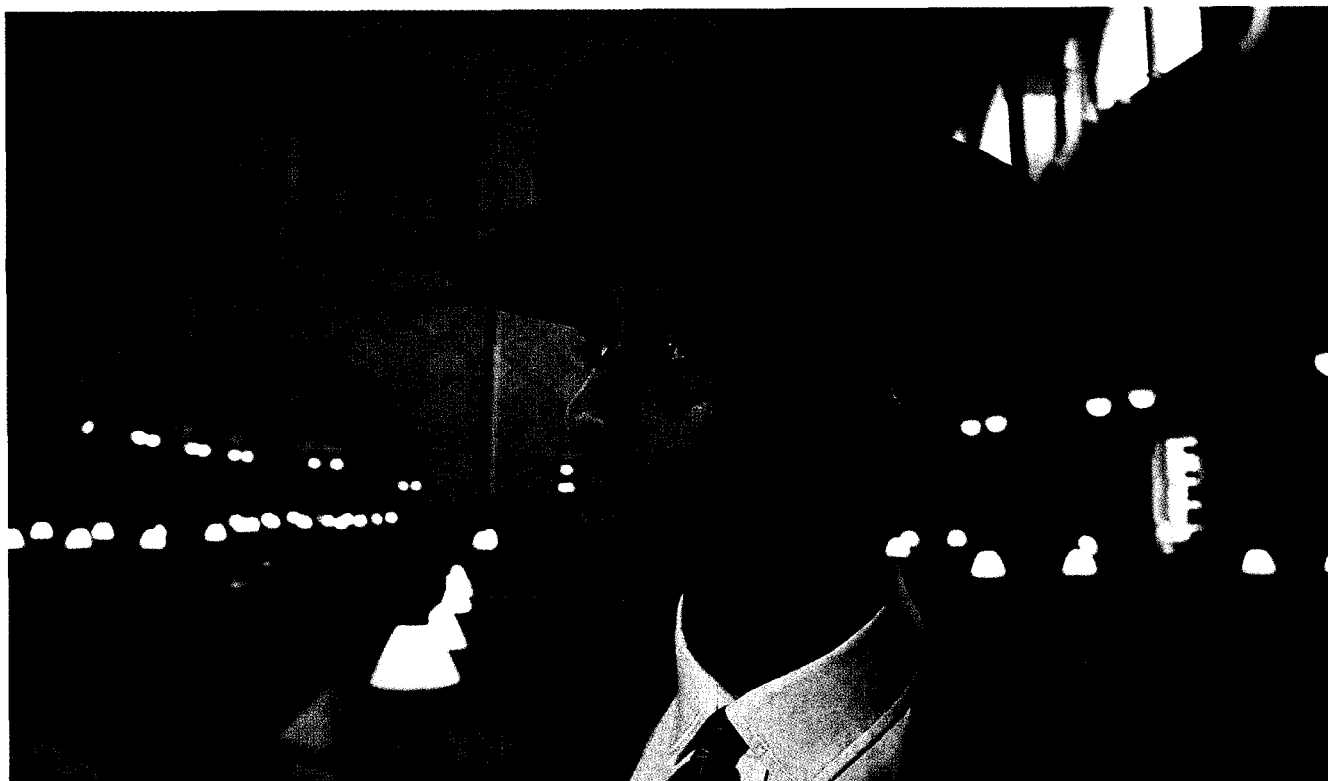
their own differences in the future. A poor one would inevitably self-destruct, making the conflict seem an incurable disease.

All three leaders will have to discard some sacred principles along the way. Rabin will have to acknowledge the imperative of solving the Palestinian refugee problem and accept that to tackle it he will have to deal with the PLO. Assad will have to admit that peace means a relationship of cooperation, not merely the absence of hostilities. Arafat will have to recognize that autonomy is not axiomatically the prelude to a Palestinian state, if only because the principle of reversibility will be invoked if the Palestinians violate their commitments. And just as Rabin will have to sacrifice strategically valuable territories to the cause of peace, so Arafat will have to sacrifice the right of return and Assad the dream of a "Greater Syria."

To complete the picture and make their peace a stable one, the three will also have to agree on a plan for saving Jordan. The most viable proposal making the rounds is to include the Hashemite Kingdom in a confederation with Israel and the Palestinian entity. This framework would be built on a number of treaties and conventions and a constitution protecting Jordan's status against any change. In return, King Hussein would have to close his territory to any foreign Arab forces that could pose a threat to Israel, and to rehabilitate a portion of the Palestinian refugees on Jordanian soil. More than being just a necessary component of the peace, an understanding among Rabin, Assad, and Arafat on Jordan's place in a comprehensive settlement could be the axis on which the entire settlement revolves.

Finally, Rabin, Assad, and Arafat must work out a treaty on arms control. Ideally, it would turn the region into a nuclear-free zone and reduce the size of the Syrian and Israeli armies. Failing that, however, the three men might arrive at a serviceable arrangement that would actually prove the strength of their new relationship. If Iran refused to join a treaty on nuclear disarmament, for example, it is entirely possible—fantastic though it sounds today—that Israel's nuclear umbrella would be extended to protect all its Arab neighbors.

—Ze'ev Schiff and Ehud Ya'ari,
translated by Ina Friedman



Robert Smith: "I'm not interested in being assistant vice-president for liaison human-resource personnel"

PHILADELPHIA

Black Nationalism on Campus

Conversations with students at Penn and Temple show that black nationalism and assimilation are not the opposites they appear to be

FROM A WHITE perspective, what looks like a sensible way to evaluate the thinking of black America is to imagine an axis with a cluster of views at each end. One cluster is politically liberal and culturally separatist; the other is conservative and assimilationist. Individual blacks' views can be plotted somewhere along the axis, with black-power and welfare-rights advocates falling near one cluster and conservatives who preach self-help near the other.

Something like this model informs a great deal of the public discussion of black issues, so that the inner life of black America comes across in the

white press as being dominated by an argument between positions roughly corresponding to white liberalism and white conservatism. But quite often bits of information emerge that indicate that the white categories aren't neatly applicable to black thought.

After President George Bush nominated Clarence Thomas for the Supreme Court, it emerged that in his college days this emblem of black conservatism had been a fan of Malcolm X. A few months later Vice President Dan Quayle came upon the Nation of Islam and commended it as an example of family values. In contrast to prominent Republicans' strange receptivity to black nationalism, Democrats seemed to go out of their way to condemn it. Back in the days when he was politically on the ropes, Bill Clinton helped revive his campaign by picking a fight with Sister Souljah, a nationalist lecturer and rapper. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., practically the embodiment of the post-Second World War liberal tradition, wrote a book attacking black-nationalist excesses in the education system.

What's really going on in black America, then, doesn't fit the white categories. The main event intellectually for blacks seems to be ethnic and cultural identity, not the tensions between

rich and poor, government and business, or labor and capital. To some extent it was ever thus. But black America traditionally was a thing unto itself, mostly poor and almost completely segregated. Its internal debates didn't matter to whites. The never-ending argument over black identity continues on its own terms, not the outside world's—only now it will probably have a growing effect on the outside world.

Today black America is, as it always was, substantially poor, working-poor, and working-class, and substantially segregated, but its college-educated, white-collar middle class has grown significantly. This growth is the good news in American race relations. In the old days, before civil rights and before the mass migration to the North, it could be argued that better-off blacks had less contact with whites than poor blacks did: the poor often worked for whites as domestics and farm laborers, whereas the middle class often ran all-black institutions like churches, segregated schools, and funeral parlors. Now the reverse is true. Poor blacks are likely to be unemployed and to live in all-black ghettos, while many middle-class blacks work, study, and even live side by side with whites.

The middle class's drama of ethnic



assimilation has been accompanied by an unmistakable rise in cultural nationalism. This would seem paradoxical: if you're going to be living a whiter life, wouldn't the subject of blackness be less consuming? But members of every rising group feel intensely conscious of their ethnic identity at the moment that they enter the majority culture: they have to wrestle with social prejudice and with self-doubt. That is why in the black middle class, which would appear to be fulfilling Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream, not Malcolm X's, Malcolm X is now a much more important cultural icon than King. King's rhetoric of justice, delivered in a southern preacher's cadences, seems to have far

nic variation on the theme of the cheap, quick hot lunch, and that collectively underscore Temple's working-class aura. Temple has what might be the largest number of black students of any predominantly white university in America—nearly 5,000 in a student body of 33,000—and it is in North Philadelphia, a black neighborhood.

The University of Pennsylvania is an Ivy League school, much smaller, much more prosperous, and populated mainly by the children of college-educated, upper-middle-class parents; among its black students last year were the sons of William Gray, the head of the United Negro College Fund, and Harold Ford, the congressman from Memphis. Out of

Houston Baker Jr., an English professor who, in addition to being the founder and head of Penn's Center for the Study of Black Literature and Culture, is the current president of the leading mainstream organization in his field, the Modern Language Association. Temple's is Molefi Asante, the leader of the Afrocentrist movement, who is revered within his discipline and generally scorned outside it.

The people I spoke with at the two schools were not really a representative sampling, because I picked people with nationalist inclinations; I wanted to parse nationalism, not conduct a survey on its popularity. For these students, the power of nationalism is that it addresses all their major preoccupations, intellectual, psychological, and economic: it can be studied as an academic subject, it is a natural part of the adolescent identity crisis, and it provides a way of framing career decisions. I got the feeling, though, that in the long run nationalism, which appears to be a rejection of assimilationism, will bring most of them closer to the center of American life.



Major Jackson: "I rebelled with my fist. That's what led me to leave that school"

less to do with the current situation than Malcolm's rhetoric of the psychological meaning of blackness. It seems almost inevitable that the first big heroic film biography by a black director would be about Malcolm X, not King.

WANTING TO look at the attitudes of upwardly mobile African-Americans on their own terms, rather than viewing them through the lens of national political debate, I recently spent some time talking to black students at two universities in Philadelphia: Temple and Penn.

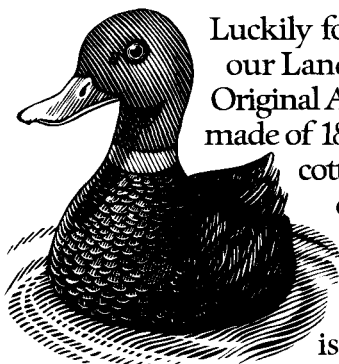
Temple University is a big, state-supported school that has always catered to ambitious people from modest backgrounds. Its campus is encircled by trucks that serve every conceivable eth-

a total of 11,000 undergraduates, Penn has only 700 who are black. Its campus is on the edge of West Philadelphia, which is generally thought of as a black ghetto. Whereas Temple has the feeling of being part of a black neighborhood, Penn has the feeling of being threatened by a black neighborhood. Temple's race-relations problems have a brawling, blue-collar cast—for example, the school was briefly home to a white student union that was sympathetic to David Duke's National Association for the Advancement of White People—whereas Penn's are played out more politely but may be more severe. Each school is home to one of the most famous black professors in the country, but the difference between them is emblematic: Penn's black superstar is

THE OUTSIDE world probably views black nationalism as an anti-white, separatist ideology that grew out of the black-power movement of the 1960s and posits a withdrawal by blacks from the language, culture, values, and economy of white America. Actually, prominent black-nationalist figures had emerged by the middle of the nineteenth century (the novel *Blake, or The Huts of America*, by Martin Delany, is a nationalist riposte to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), and a nationalist strain can be discerned in the thinking of many or even most of the leading actors in African-American history. For example, Wilson Moses, in his book *The Golden Age of Black Nationalism, 1850–1925*, refers to Booker T. Washington's views as "technocratic black nationalism," and also devotes a chapter to arguing that Washington's archrival, W.E.B. DuBois, was a nationalist too: after all, DuBois was involved in Pan-African movements for most of his life, and died a citizen of Ghana. The peak of nationalism as a mass movement came more than three quarters of a century ago, during the heyday of Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association.

The reason nationalism is so confusing from the point of view of traditional white political divisions is that on the

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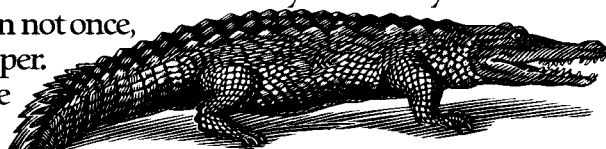


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one hand, it attempts to promote black businesses and other forms of self-help, resists the notion that the federal government can help blacks, and is uninterested in liberal causes like civil rights and integration, but on the other hand, its world view would strike most whites as being left-wing. The nationalist tendency would be to mistrust white society and to celebrate political-liberation movements around the world, especially in Africa. Thus Elijah Muhammad, the founder of the Nation of Islam and a mentor to both Malcolm X and Louis Farrakhan, was legendary among blacks as a proponent of traditional values, an opponent of drugs and alcohol, a nurturer of ghetto small businesses, and a savior of habitual criminals, prostitutes, and other hard-core members of the underclass—but he was perceived by the larger world, not inaccurately, as a preacher of hatred.

Mass-movement nationalism—Garvey's, Elijah's, and Washington's, too—was aimed at a constituency ranging from the very poor up to about the independent-artisan or small-farmer level; the black elite was more integrationist. But during the late 1960s and early 1970s college-educated blacks embraced nationalism, and mass-movement nationalism withered. The net re-



sult was that nationalism became more a matter of intellectual and cultural attitude and less a precise life blueprint. Today there isn't much going on in the way of ghetto nationalist organizations striving to create entirely black economic institutions—hence the famous lack of black-owned grocery stores. The home of nationalism is the campus, and for the first time in history many of the leading nationalists are tenured profes-

sors at majority-white universities rather than leaders of black organizations. This creates a difficulty: what are black students who embrace nationalism supposed to do after they graduate, since there isn't much of a black economy for them to join?

NEARLY ALL the students I met stoutly insisted that they were going to find black careers. It seemed that the students at Temple were more likely than the ones at Penn actually to do this, because many Temple graduates find work in municipal bureaucracies—school systems, welfare departments—where the work force is substantially black, whereas Penn students are likely to be headed for the professions, which are overwhelmingly white. What was noteworthy was the impulse: remaining within black America was the right thing to do, and integration was the wrong. The rough equivalent for white students, at least at eastern liberal-arts colleges, would be the choice between working for “social change” and pursuing a business career. You hear allegiance pledged to the former but find that the path actually followed in most cases is closer to the latter.

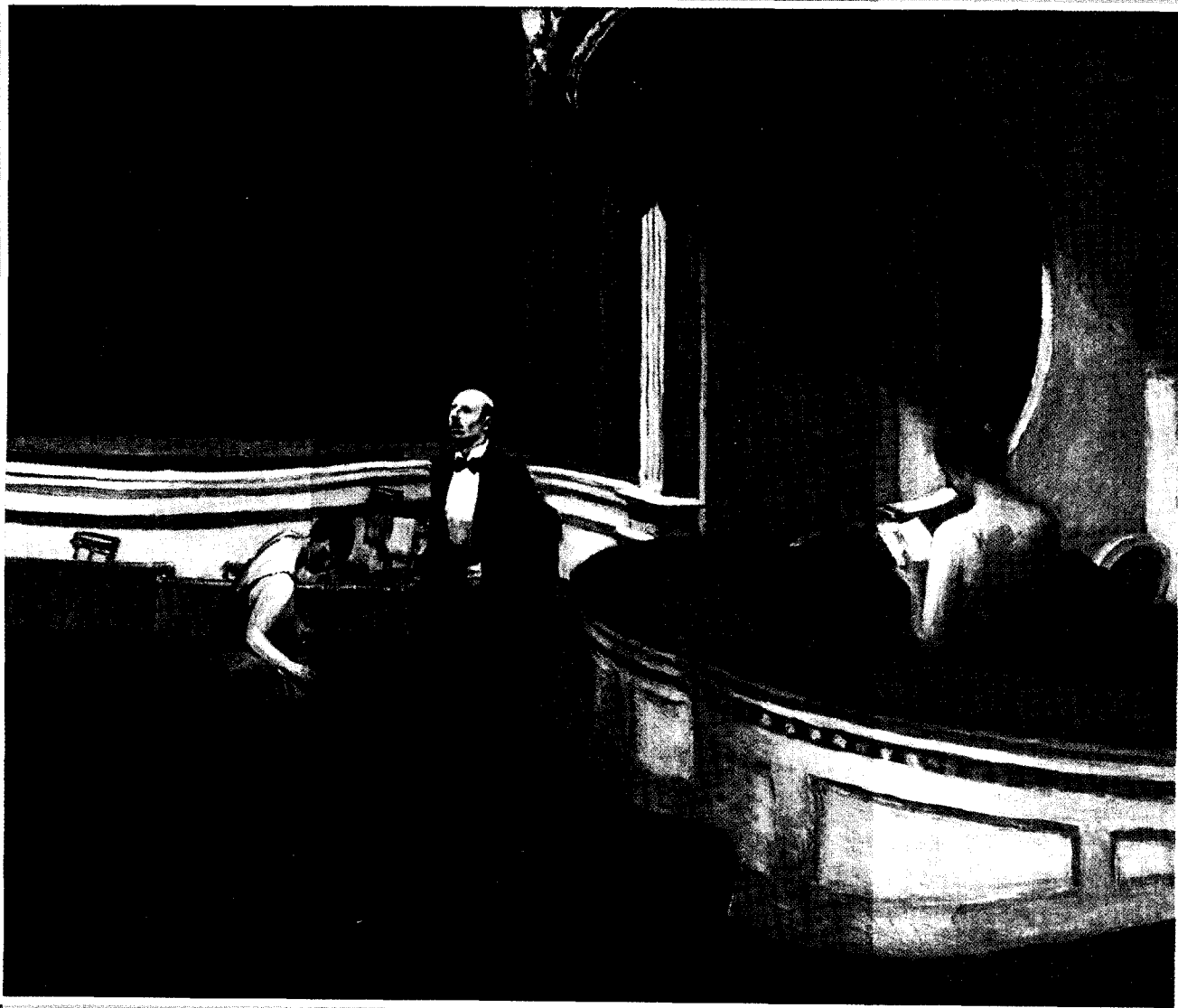
Why is integration perceived as bad?

(Continued on page 43)



Cecil Gray: “For a number of years I have been talking about building a school. I’m going to do that”

arts & PREVIEW ENTERTAINMENT



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DANCE AND THEATER

by Laura Jacobs and Austin Baer

JACK VARTOOGIAN; GEOFF DUNLOP; COURTESY THIRTEEN/WNET



DANCING ON COFFEE TABLES



Dancing covers everything from Russian ballet to Javanese court dancing

Like a mountain range in the background, there are always a range of large, long-term projects going on in the dance world: new encyclopedias that mean to list every last date, dance, and dancer; historical reconstructions that sleuth out steps and breaths thought lost (Millicent Hodson's re-creation of Nijinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps* jumps to mind). This year, the long-awaited *Dancing* steps out. A book and a broadcast, *Dancing* looks at dance not as a linear history but as an anthropological and aesthetic phenomenon. It's a series of ideas: dance as religious expression, as classical art, as cultural fusion, as future shock. The book (Abrams), available now, is a colorful guide to the four-part series, to begin airing on PBS in April. —L.J.

WEBSTER'S IMMORTAL DUCHESS

Ignoring the prohibition of her two brothers, a young widow remarries, in secret. When her condition is discovered (three babies later), the brothers visit upon her the torments of the damned. By the time the tragedy is played out, not only has the duchess met a hideous death, so have her brothers, her blameless husband, and the spy who has been the couple's undoing. If tidiness of dramatic construction were all, *The Duchess of Malfi* would lie buried in oblivion along with many of the other plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries. As it is, the extravagance of John Webster's characters and the sul-

phurous splendor of his language have won the play a sort of immortality. The duchess's truth to her own nature, one brother's self-lacerating obsession with her chastity, the other's glacial lust for power, not to mention the spy's melancholia, with its gravity of an imploding star: these are dramatic inventions of a high order, and their clash is awesome. Beginning this month, San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater, one of the country's leading custodians of the world's classic drama, gives Webster's nightmare masterpiece a rare revival (at the Marines Memorial Theatre). —A.B.

IN BECKETT'S FOOTSTEPS

Steve Tesich's *On the Open Road*, set in a place of civil war at a time of civil war, walks a tightrope over the chasm between slapstick and mystery play. If the image suggests the Beckett of *Waiting for Godot*, no doubt that is partly Tesich's intention. The range of reference is vast (Plato, Kant, Heisenberg, Goya, the Pope Gregory of the Gregorian calendar, the Pope Gregory of Gregorian chant ...), and the themes are ambitious: the meaning of suffering, the meaning of friendship, the uses of culture, moral courage and cowardice, the price of freedom. In an appalling interlude, a wordless Jesus appears, playing the cello (this is the Second Coming), and is murdered onstage. But it is Tesich's odd-couple antiheroes who end up crucified: Al and Angel, an opportunist intellectual and an ex-prize-fighter nobody, hustling their way towards the Land of the Free, pushing a cart of looted art treasures. Time will tell whether they deserve a place in the pantheon beside Vladimir and Estragon, forever waiting on Beckett's country road. Maybe they do. (At the Joseph Papp Public Theater, New York.) —A.B.

BRINGING UP BABY



From *I Can Dance!*

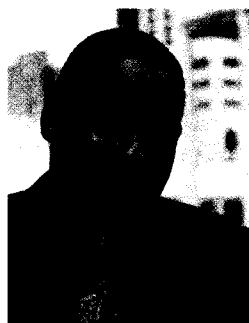
Was the dance boom tied to the baby boom?—there's a dissertation for you. Maybe boomers, now raising their own broods, can launch a nineties dance craze with a baby Baryshnikov, a micro

Makarova. For those with ballerinas in the backyard, Kultur Video's *I Can Dance!* arrives just in time (800-458-5887). It's a clear, caring portrayal of a little girl's first ballet class, from plié to révérence (nervous giggles included, you provide the chair/barre). I asked a three-year-old Pavlova to review the tape. The verdict? She sat rapt through the entire 30-minute video (high praise indeed), then performed a pirouette. —L.J.

Laura Jacobs is the editor-in-chief of Stagebill and a dance critic for The New Leader. Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

MARSALIS MEETS MARTINS: A POTENT MIX

No stranger to the loops, blares, and blue notes of up-to-the-minute music, Peter Martins, master-in-chief of the New York City Ballet since George Balanchine's death, in 1983, has made ballets to the work of Ray Charles, Michael Torke, John Adams, and Charles Wuorinen. This month, he mixes it up with Wynton Marsalis, the coolest hottest commodity at Lincoln Center. (Marsalis is the artistic director of the newly created Jazz at Lincoln Center.) So far, the collaborators have been maddeningly discreet.



Wynton Marsalis

We know Marsalis submitted the score to Martins in October—they're the only two who've seen it to date—and that it's written for a septet plus four guest artists. We also know Marsalis will play the trumpet at each performance of the six-movement production. Little else is known, but two more things are for sure: the dates are January 14, 16, 17, 20, and 21 at the New York State The-

ater—and in Marsalis's silky, stealthy trumpeting the dancers have a model of witty, with-it classicism. —L.J.

KULTUR VIDEO

STEPHANIE BERGER

POPULAR MUSIC AND JAZZ

by Charles M. Young and Francis Davis

NEWEST KIDS ON THE BLOCK

As rap has grown from male boasting to a source of news and analysis, the first rap opera has become inevitable. And with the Goats' debut album, *Tricks of the Shade* (Ruff House/Columbia), it has arrived as a "hip-hopera." In the tradition of most opera plots, the story line displays more imagination than coherence (let us not forget that the revered *Tommy* made no sense at all). The action proceeds mostly between the songs as a series of skits in which Chicken Little and his brother



The Goats

Hangerhead wander through Uncle Scam's Federally Funded Well Fair and Freak Show. It's hard to keep the characters straight, but the sentiments are clear enough: "Money makes me happy/I ain't unique—it's a philosophy that's crappy." Musically, the Goats rely more on live instruments—mostly bass and drums—than on samples, creating an aural environment less confrontational and funnier than Public Enemy, even as their revolutionary politics converge. —C.M.Y.

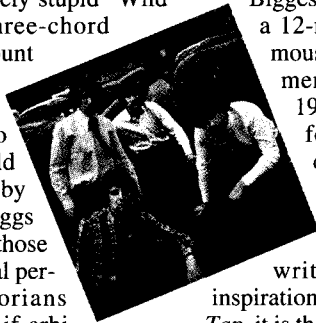
THE FUTURE ACCORDING TO COHEN

One of the most poetic of the prophets in popular music, Leonard Cohen has created a vast body of first-rate work (11 albums, two novels, and a whole lot of verse) without quite achieving the mythic status of Bob Dylan. On *The Future* (Columbia), he joins the ever-burgeoning trend of musicians usurping the role of political commentator from the network pundits. He stands out among the legions, who are mostly enamored of doomsaying, with a humorous message of hope about "Democracy coming to the U.S.A." Cohen balances this happy prospect with "The Future," which he describes as "murder"

with things "going in all directions." And when he's not prophesying, he's singing about sex with the clarity of a male who genuinely likes females and is more fascinated by the mystery of "other" than by anatomical detail. His voice seems to have developed more rasp and less basso profundo as he's aged, so now he sounds an awful lot like Mark Knopfler, of Dire Straits. Or maybe that's vice versa. In any case, it's a very relaxed rasp that puts the listener in an equally relaxed state, just this side of a nap, and receptive to whatever vision of the future Cohen wants to pour into your brain. —C.M.Y.

DIGGING UP THE TROGGS

The Troggs left an indelible mark on rock-and-roll history in 1966, when they released the exquisitely stupid "Wild Thing," one of those three-chord wonders (four, if you count the chorus) that inspired a million other garage bands to say, "I could do that!" And they did. "Wild Thing" has been covered by almost everyone. The Troggs recording remains one of those happy accidents of musical perfection that make historians believe in a benevolent, if arbitrary, God. The surprise of *The Troggs: Archeology* (1966–1976) (Fontana), a three-CD retrospective, is how much other hilariously simple-minded rock and roll they produced. If you're a baby boomer with any capacity to laugh at your child-



hood, most of these 52 cuts offer major yuks (remember "Love Is All Around"?). Biggest yuks come from the third CD, a 12-minute excerpt from the infamous "Troggs Tape," a studio argument surreptitiously recorded in 1970. It has circulated on the sly for two decades among musicians and is available here legally for the first time. For sheer absurdity, it beats anything Samuel Beckett has written, and as one of the main inspirations for the movie *This Is Spinal Tap*, it is the Troggs' second indelible mark on rock-and-roll history. —C.M.Y.

Charles M. Young is the executive editor of *Musician* magazine. Francis Davis is the author of a forthcoming biography of John Coltrane.

CURATING JAZZ

Although recordings provide an unreliable history of jazz, they are the only thing we have. This places record companies in the unlikely position of curators, and since 1983, the label that has set an example for all the others has been a small mail-order operation with (excepting Dean Benedetti's Charlie Parker recordings) no vaults of its own to dip into.

Mosaic Records is the ultimate collectors' label, perhaps because its owners—Charlie Lourie, a former major-label executive, and Michael Cuscuna, a freelance record producer—are collectors themselves, with their own lengthy "want" lists. Leasing their material from other labels, Lourie and Cuscuna produce limited-edition, "definitive" reissues: multidisc retrospectives typically containing a musician's entire output (complete with previously unreleased takes) for one label over a



Art Blakey

given period of time. Their catalogue covers the entire spectrum of jazz, with performers ranging from the New Orleans clarinetist George Lewis to the avant-garde pianist Cecil Taylor. Undeservedly obscure figures, such as Grant Green, Herbie Nichols, and Freddie Redd, are represented, along with many familiar names. The booklet for each set includes informative critical and biographical essays, a complete discography, and revealing session photography.

The prize among Mosaic's recent releases is *The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Art Blakey's 1960 Jazz Messengers*, 10 LPs (or six CDs) celebrating the legacy of the most eruptive edition of the Messengers, with trumpeter Lee Morgan and tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter. There is a set devoted to the trumpeter Woody Shaw, and another to the pianists who recorded unaccompanied for Master Jazz, a short-lived label of the 1960s.

To request a free catalogue, write Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, CT 06902, or call 203-327-7111. —F.D.

FILM

by Henry Sheehan

FROM THE RUBBLE, A HOPEFUL VISION

After 14 years of crafting low-budget action features (with titles like *Ms. 45* and *Fear City*) that, in the bluntest possible terms, explore the limits of human endurance, degradation, and vengeance, Abel Ferrara doesn't make the kind of movie



Harvey Keitel as the bad lieutenant

you recommend lightly. Yet for all the grime and sleaze that form his raw material, Ferrara's visions of hope surrounded by squalor are strangely optimistic.

In *Bad Lieutenant*, Harvey Keitel plays a New York homicide detective in the final days of a personal and professional crack-up. Addicted to and dealing cocaine, an alcoholic and compulsive gambler, the detective is losing a series of disastrously miscalculated bets on a Mets-Dodgers World Series (I know, it sounds ridiculous, but well-crafted play-by-play and video

clips make it plausible, if not persuasive). When he investigates the rape of a nun, the lieutenant finds himself embarked on a *via dolorosa*, in which whippings and crucifixions are replaced by drug abuse and mob hits.

Ferrara's camera gazes unflinchingly upon scenes in which the sacred and profane, in their most extreme manifestations, exist side by side. His visions have an honest power that transcend their sensationalism, for example in the lieutenant's first view of the nun lying nude on a hospital examination table, flashbacks of her rape intercut with hallucinogenic images of Christ on the cross. Holding the seething mass together is Keitel's performance, the drug-induced glaze a thin membrane over his psychic hurt. An NC-17 experience for the daring.

INTERNATIONAL TAKE-OUT

If you're tired of the hamburger-and-fries taste displayed on the racks at your local video store, World Artists Home Video may have some temptations for your visual palate. This small but feisty and creative company has assembled several intriguing lines of titles, including works of Belgian *femme terrible* Chantal Akerman, eight Swedish films starring a pre-Hollywood Ingrid Bergman, a pair of meditative action films by Japanese filmmaker Hideo Gosha, and, most recently,

four films by Mikio Naruse, still the least-known (in the U.S.) of the truly great Japanese directors.



Mikio Naruse, 1935

Naruse's late works, his best, are represented by a pair of his masterpieces, *Late Chrysanthemums* (1954) and *When a Woman Ascends the Stairs* (1960), both of which deal with the fate of women who, after youthful careers of pleasing men, have entered middle age. *Chrysanthemums* is an episodic study of four retired geishas trying to earn meager livings that alternately mitigate and emphasize the

poignancy of their lonely maturity. *Woman* is a more straightforward tale of a bar hostess who tries to harbor both her honor and her affections as her looks and appeal fade.

Among the other titles, *Walpurgis Night* (1935) shows Ingrid Bergman at her most sensual in a story of illicit love and social hypocrisy; the fascinating romantic relay race *Tout une nuit* presents the comic, warm side of the often-austere Akerman; and *Wolves* is one of Gosha's fascinatingly ornate tales of Yakuza wars, circa 1929. If your local video store doesn't stock World Artists titles, call 800-821-1205 to find out who does.

DANCING DOWN UNDER

Can a shrinking violet find true love and self-fulfillment on the dance floor with an arrogant, rule-breaking ballroom star? You bet she can, if the movie's a musical like Australia's *Strictly Ballroom*. This nonsinging musical story of terpsichorean rebellion on the competitive ballroom circuit was clearly fashioned as a vehicle for Paul Mercurio (a principal dancer of the Sydney Dance Company), who plays a would-be Astaire chafing in the straitjackets of cha-cha and foxtrot. And the young Mercurio, despite a case of dancer's narcissism, is a sufficiently graceful, agile presence. However, it's the warm-eyed Tara Morice, as Mercurio's determined partner, moving from flat-footed to winged-toed, who gives this good-natured and comfortably rambling film its heart and soul. All successful musicals derive their power from the transformation



Paul Mercurio and Tara Morice

of the routine into the extraordinary, and Morice's emergence from her cocoon enables *Strictly Ballroom* to transcend its sentimentalities, broad Down Under humor, and rhinestone design. The film, Baz Luhrmann's directorial debut, was a surprise hit at the 1992 festival in Cannes.

Henry Sheehan writes on film for L.A. Weekly and The Hollywood Reporter.

UPCOMING: BODIES HOT AND COLD

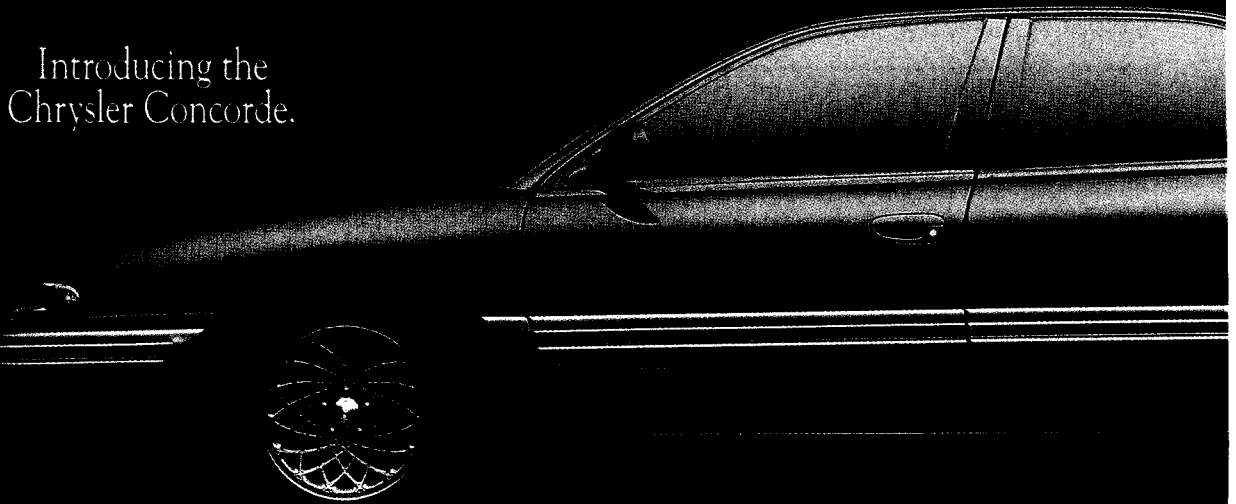
Madonna promises a steamy starring appearance in what till now at least has been called *Body of Evidence* (tag line: "Is it against the law to be too good in bed?"). Madonna plays a gallery owner suspected of murdering her rich, 60-ish lover who is found dead in bed, a video of a hot-cha encounter with his lover on the VCR. Joe Mantegna plays the D.A. who wants to put her away; Willem Dafoe is the defense attorney with other plans. Mr. Good Taste, Dino de Laurentiis, produced, while Uli Edel (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*) is

the director. In another sexually charged thriller, Timothy Hutton hires *Twin Peaks*' Lara Flynn Boyle to help out in the office only to find her taking over more than the files in *The Temp*. *Hexed* explores the lighter side of infatuation when hotel clerk Arye Gross falls for supermodel and guest Hexina, played by Claudia Christian. Prison escapee Jean-Claude Van Damme helps out besieged farmer and mom Rosanna Arquette in *Nowhere to Run*—it's promised to be a romantic change of pace for the Belgian Basher.

From here on in, every luxury has to reju

The BMW 525i: \$35,600. The Mercedes 300E: \$42,950. The Lexus LS400: \$44,300. The Acura Legend: \$28,000.[†] Those are the kinds of numbers people believe they have to pay for a high-quality, high-performance luxury sedan. (And of course, the companies that make these cars, not being dumb, en-

Introducing the
Chrysler Concorde.



courage this belief by raising those prices every year.) However, the time has officially come to take a long, hard look at the relationship between a car's price and its value. What's made that necessary is a startling development called the Chrysler Concorde. The Chrysler Concorde is a new luxury sedan with



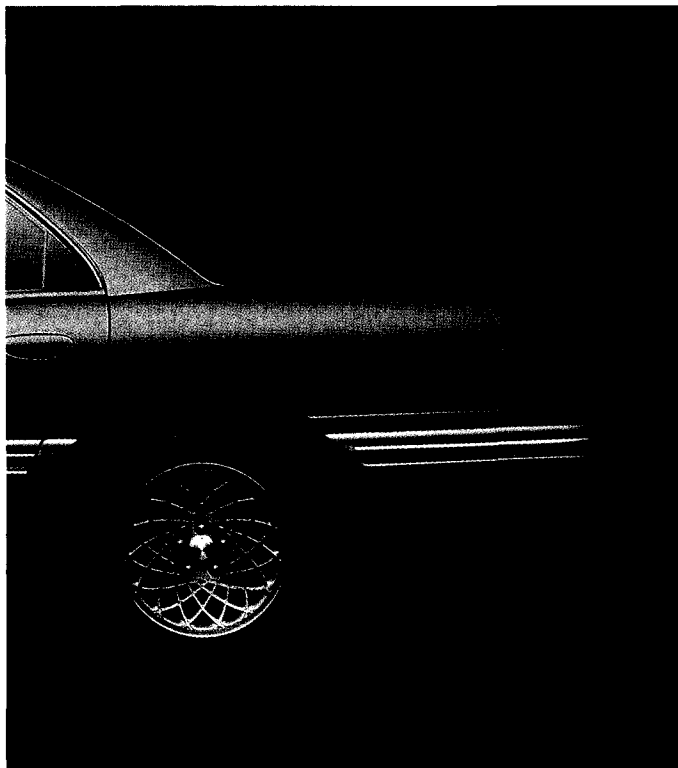
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ury sedan in the world will stify its price.

more horsepower than a BMW 525i, more torque than a Nissan 300 ZX. And thanks to a revolutionary new automotive architecture called "cab forward," more interior room than any Acura, Infiniti or Lexus.

It has a list of standard features that reads like a wish list (including dual air bags). And when it comes to



how it drives, *Motor Trend* describes it this way: "lithe and agile, the balanced handling of a sports sedan, a ball to drive." Which brings us to the bottom line. The Chrysler Concorde, fully equipped, costs \$23,432.* No, that's not a hallucination. It just means that one carmaker in the world is asking a basic question. Why should driving a high-

quality, beautifully performing automobile be a luxury reserved for the privileged few, when it can be offered to the privileged many? For more information, call 1-800-4A-CHRYSLER.

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

by Austin Baer

RING IN THE NEW YEAR WITH WAGNER

The Viking-esque Birgit Nilsson used to joke that what it takes to sing Isolde is a pair of comfortable shoes. By most other people's standards, Wagner's requirements tend toward the superhuman, so it is never a bad plan to approach his work in stages. This month, the Chicago Symphony, under the baton of Daniel Barenboim, presents concert performances of Act II of *Tristan und Isolde*. (Sorry, no Liebestod.) Siegfried Jerusalem and Waltraud Meier sing the adulterous lovers, anticipating their full debuts in the title roles at this summer's Wagner festival in the Bavarian town of Bayreuth. Many worry that Meier will damage her instrument in music that is too heavy for her and lies too high. No one doubts that her fascinating, tempestuous personality suits Isolde to a tee.

Not to be outdone, the Chicago Lyric Opera turns to *Das Rheingold*, the first



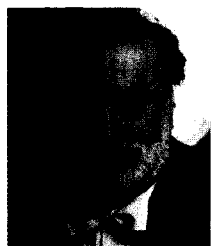
Costume sketches for *Die Meistersinger*

installment of the four-evening Ring cycle. An important international cast is on hand to embody Wagner's gods, water sprites, dwarves, and giants. The Concept? No smoke, no clutter, no subtext, no hocus-pocus. The lights will be up, and the stagehands will effect all tricks and transformations in plain sight. For Wagner's three Rhinemaidens, the audience will see six:

three "swimming" on wires in midair, three singing from the floor of the stage. The production team means these demystifications to bring people away from exegesis and back to the story, which at this point in the Ring's stage history is a most desirable thing to do.

New Yorkers, too, have a Wagnerian treat in store: a new production at the Metropolitan Opera of the master's only well-known comedy, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, wherein his thematic preoccupations appear not as mythology but in genial, domestic medieval guise. James Levine's readings of all the other Wagner music dramas have renewed the house's old-time standing as an international Wagner mecca; these performances of *Die Meistersinger*, though, are his first. The opera will be broadcast live on the Texaco network at noon, EST, on January 23.

POETIC JUSTICE



Kurt Masur

Among Dmitri Shostakovich's perplexing compositions, his Symphony no. 13 (subtitled "Babi Yar") is by no means the least so. Set for large orchestra, bass-baritone, and male chorus, with texts by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, it begins in an impassioned indictment of war and ends in a poignant tribute to individual genius, also castigating Soviet oppression

along the way. The musical language, both rich and subtle, achieves the broad, populist clarity of transcendent poster art—even the second movement's raucous salute to the power of humor (here is the perplexity), which in the bleak context can stick in the craw. This month, at the New York Philharmonic's first performances of the symphony, the poet will read two poems, including "Babi Yar" itself, which reflects on the Nazi slaughter of more than 100,000 men, women, and children in a ravine outside the city of Kiev in 1941. Kurt Masur conducts, and the soloist is Sergei Leiferkus, a spellbinding storyteller.

VOICES OF AMERICA

Early in the presidential race, an article in the *New York Times* on the candidates as "culture vultures" broke the news that at Bill Clinton's request, Marilyn Horne would sing the national anthem at the Democratic convention. In the Bush White House, the First Lady revealed, they loved to listen to Leontyne Price. We herewith propose a permanent presidential music collection, to be inaugurated in the first 100 days, with Horne's Rossini-bicentennial recital and Price's *Prima Donna Collection* (both RCA Victor Red Seal).

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

NOT RESTING ON HIS LAURELS

The Riccardo Muti era at the Philadelphia Orchestra is history, but happily the maestro's association with the institution continues: the music director of the past dozen seasons now wears the garland of laureate conductor. Two planned highlights of his last season in his former capacity were to have been the world premiere of *Canti dell'Eclissi*, by the Philadelphia's composer-in-residence Bernard Rands, and Debussy's *La Mer*, played from newly prepared parts that cor-



Riccardo Muti

rect more than 2,000 textual errors large and small. Illness intervened. Now Muti will present them in his first appearances in his new role. In past works, Rands has displayed an exquisite transparency of design, an incisive sense of rhythm, and a refined lyricism. *Canti dell'Eclissi* (*Songs of the Eclipse*) forms the centerpiece of a program to be heard in Philadelphia and Carnegie Hall. *La Mer* concludes an all-French bill devoted to the theme of the sea (Philadelphia only).



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The Chrysler Corporation, which provides this Arts & Entertainment Preview, also sponsors quality programming on the Arts & Entertainment Network.

Responses to the November A&E poll are pouring in from all over North America. The questions have elicited a remarkably diverse range of answers, but it appears that a number of respondents are bonded by a common wish, reflected by a reader from Virginia, who calls for "More Opera!" on television. Stay tuned for an in-depth report.



(Continued from page 34)

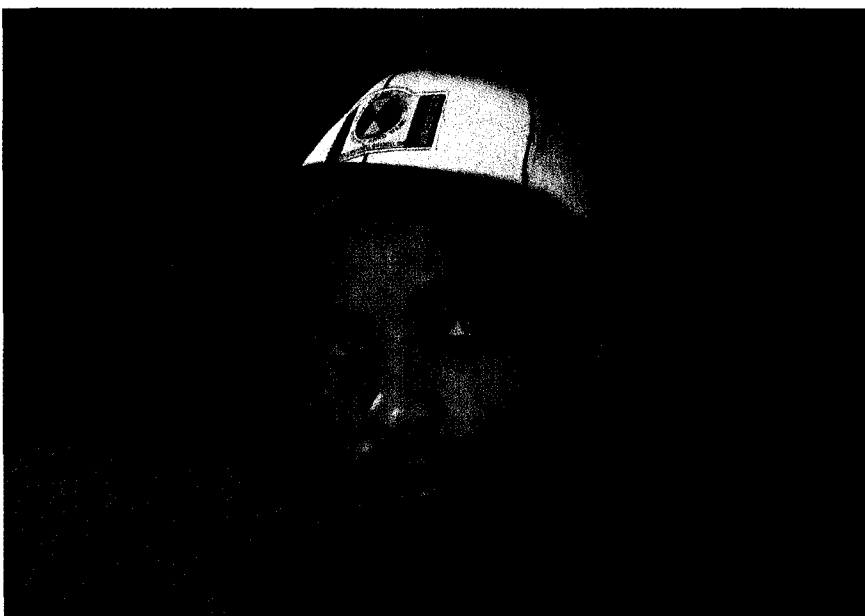
First, because the students see black America as being in a crisis—one that they, as its most fortunate children, are morally obliged to try to help solve. Second, because embracing integration looks perilously similar to rejecting blackness, one's own and the rest of the race's. Finally, because they perceive life in white America as being a constant, endless, draining struggle against prejudice. This last point touches on one of the great differences between blacks' and whites' views of American life. Many whites see being black, once you've made it out of the ghetto, as a big advantage: they think blacks are constantly getting little breaks that whites don't. Many blacks have exactly the opposite view: race will always be an extra burden. The cost of housing is higher for blacks. The risk of crime is higher. Nearly every social relationship with whites eventually arrives at a chilling moment of revelation of the hard inner kernel of racism. At work the assumption of inferiority is ever present; affirmative action underscores it, but is the only way even to get in the door.

A black college student's nationalism can be divided in half: part of it is a working out of one's relationship with black America, and part is the working out of one's relationship with white America. The students at Temple are more focused on the former, the students at Penn on the latter. A Temple student is far likelier than a Penn student to be personally in touch with the social and economic disaster in the ghettos, and therefore to be looking to nationalism to provide a vision of the meaning of blackness which is more uplifting than the daily reality of inner-city life.

AFROCENTRISM, the creed of Temple's African-American Studies Department, has been attacked so often for being less an academic discipline than a self-esteem enhancement program that its leading figures now routinely insist that it isn't therapeutically motivated and aims only to document the enduring influences of ancient African civilizations. Still, it's hard to find any Afrocentrist material in which the urge to improve the image of blackness among blacks isn't detectable.

Molefi Asante has recently been distancing Afrocentrism from the extreme wing of academic black nationalism.

For example, when I spoke with him, he completely dismissed the work of the "melanin theorists"—the best-known is the infamous Leonard Jeffries Jr., of the City University of New York, but a number of them are scattered around the country—who, incredibly, study such matters as whether black infants are superior to white infants in "motor skills." (Some of the graduate students I met in the department were much more friendly to the melanin theory, however.) Asante also made a point of not criticizing whites as a group; instead, he sketched out a picture of a pluralistic society in which no group would be "hegemonic" and each would be "centered" in its own heritage:



Martin Dias: "I'm aware that if I say something in class, I represent black people"

"Whites shouldn't have to wear Mandinka clothes, and I shouldn't have to wear English suits."

Afrocentrism's intellectual godfather is Cheikh Anta Diop, the author of *The African Origin of Civilization: Myth or Reality* (1974), a Senegalese scholar who died in 1986. Culturally, the discipline has connections to what's left of the black-power movement. Bobby Seale, the former national chairman of the Black Panther Party, is on the staff of the African-American Studies Department at Temple, and Asante maintains close relations with Maulana Karenga, a professor at California State University at Long Beach, who in the 1960s developed a set of African-American spiritual concepts and rituals, among them Kwanzaa, a holiday celebrated

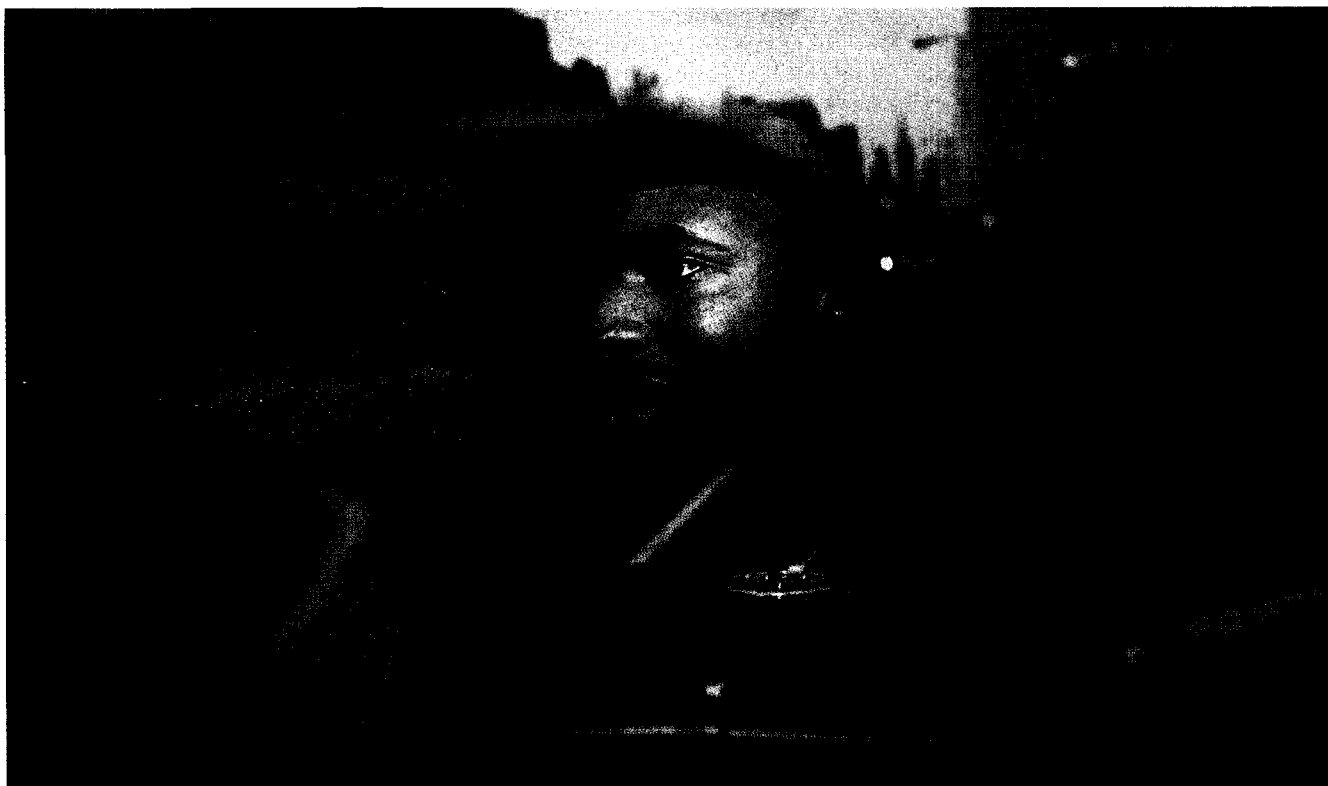
the week after Christmas. Asante views Temple's department, which is the only one in the country that grants a Ph.D. in African-American studies, as academically mainstream: he requires, for instance, that doctoral candidates be able to read the documents used in their research in the language in which they were written—often Swahili.

Many of the graduate students in African-American studies at Temple will wind up as academic Afrocentrists. Undergraduates who take courses in the department tend to want nationalism to provide them with something less well defined than a career but more important: an ordering principle by which to live. Everybody in an un-

dergraduate group I met with was seeking a way to avoid both rejecting black culture and accepting the specific culture they had seen around them while they were growing up—a culture that one of the students, Major Jackson, who had recently transferred to Temple, summarized in an autobiographical poem he wrote:

major
the North Philly streets:
the strewn trash, the vacant
lots, the empty houses, the old
english and
the jamaican top-shelf weed at block
parties
featuring mc chinchillachuckcheba.

drank gunshots and policemen. got
high on senseless gang-bang deaths



Wadud Ahmad: *"I understand my position is limited, but I have to do something. I have to ask every day what I'm doing"*

over
at the blumberg high-rise projects.
ate
parasitic kisses of fly-girl Rashida
sportin' 1/2-of-Africa's gold reserve,
Adidas sweat suit, and the latest
Nike's.

Our conversation was filled with a mixture of embittered wonderment over conditions in post-civil-rights America, idealism, and sweeping oversimplifications. Here is part of it:

Major Jackson: "One evening when I was at Philadelphia College of Textiles, a drunk white boy from upstate Pennsylvania called me a nigger. He said it at a party, as if I was supposed to laugh along with him. I rebelled with my fist. That's what led me to leave that school."

Cecil Gray: "My great-great-grandfather was born in slavery. A white man raped an African woman; he was the result of that rape. The man made the mother put the child on a tree stump so the sun would turn him black. He was fourteen or fifteen when slavery ended."

Wadud Ahmad: "Changed form."

Gray: "Thank you."

Ahmad: "I'm one of the only ones among my peers in high school who's alive and doesn't have a record. I'm not

any different from them, but I came from an Islamic household. My parents were very strict. Outside the house, I was with the guys on the corner.

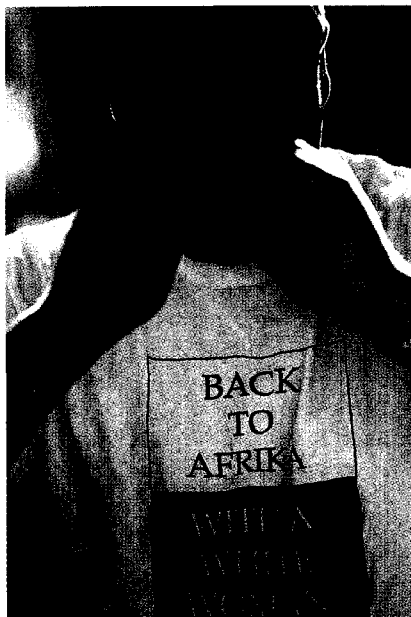
"I'll give you one example. I was a young guy, sixteen years old, and I used to surround myself with older boys who weren't so spiritual. One day they took me to a dope house. People were shooting up. A lady came in, about forty-five, an addict. I thought

she must be somebody's mother. But she wanted heroin on credit. At one point a guy said, 'Anybody want to do anything to this bitch?' So she went around the room and did things. Everybody's filthy, everybody's talking. Then the guy calls her over and says, 'Lay down.' He's about twenty-five. He urinates on her. Everybody's laughing and slapping five. I'm sitting there and thinking, 'Wadud, you're sixteen, why don't you feel anything?'"

Gray: "My sister was classified as a genius, in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. By tenth grade she had read every book in the library. But for the last one and a half years in high school she was bored. Of course, at that time a black person couldn't attend a white school, which might have had materials that would have held her attention. She dropped out and got married. Now she's just on the planet. She's alcoholic. She just gets the stamps and the welfare. She sometimes gives herself away."

"There's a handful of white men who sit around a table. . . . They work out the art of oppression. That's what they do. That is their work. And the average white person hears this and says, 'I don't believe that. I'm not interested in conspiracy theories.'"

Ahmad: "I have an obligation: How





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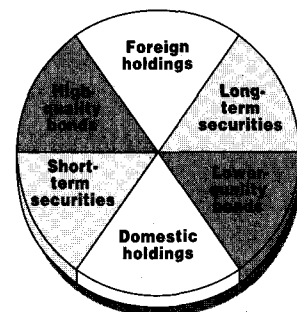
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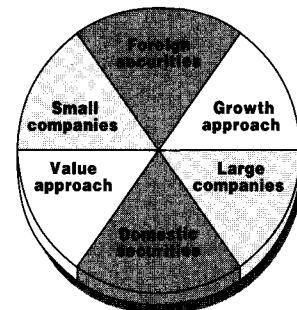
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can I not try to help black folk? I have to do it. *I have to*. I understand my position is limited, but I have to do something. I have to ask every day what I'm doing. . . . I plan on being a physician and starting my own clinic."

Jackson: "I plan on teaching. I'd like to teach young African-American students."

Gray: "I'm an African man. That's who I am. That's who I'm going to be. . . . For a number of years I have been talking about building a school. I'm going to do that. Pre-school through Ph.D., for Africans, who will be fluid-fluent in the so-called mainstream but also anchored in being African, and in our particular mission as African people."

IT WOULD BE UNUSUAL to hear such sentiments, or to find an avowed Afrocentrist, at Penn, which has a reputation for preparing a much more select group for much loftier futures. The prevailing view about Penn among blacks is that it has tightened up its admissions and financial-aid standards over the years, and has thus become a more demanding, even hostile, place. "My class was the last one run on Great Society principles," says Robert Arnold Wilson, a lawyer who graduated from Penn in 1975 and teaches political science part-time there. "It was almost as if they drove a bus to every black urban neighborhood in America and said, 'Anybody who has a chance to get out, come on!' We had almost two hundred blacks in the freshman class. We weren't Main Line blacks—not the talented tenth." After graduation Wilson studied at Oxford for two years and then returned to Penn to attend law school. He went on: "The Bakke case met me when I came home. You could cut that tension with a knife. We had thirty-two blacks in my law-school class. We *knew* by the way white folks looked at us that we took one of their friends' places. They said, 'These black folks don't deserve to be here.' We said, 'You owe us something.' They said, 'My grandfather came over from Russia; I don't owe you anything.'"

Now Penn has slightly fewer black students, and they come from somewhat more affluent backgrounds: more private schools, more integrated neighborhoods. In 1985 a bitter racial controversy broke out. A white legal-studies lecturer at Wharton named Murray Dolfman asked some black students in



Robert Smith: "Let's talk the truth"

his class to summarize the contents of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. When they couldn't, he told them they should know such things, because they were the descendants of slaves and the amendments were aimed at them. When word of the incident got around, it generated a fierce response among blacks who felt that it symbolized the disrespectful attitude toward them at Penn.

Things have quieted down since then, but nobody considers Penn to be a race-relations paradise. Many black students at Penn see themselves as being in an essentially unfriendly white environment—and they believe that the path to success will lead them into more such environments. Nationalism is a kind of emotional safe harbor. "Many black students are coming to terms with who they are—exploring their roots," Elijah Anderson, a sociology professor at Penn, told me. "A good number of students have grown up in predominantly white suburbs. One of the luxuries of being a college student is that you have the time to contemplate the meaning of your life. Some students dabble in nationalism and then go to Wharton and live in predominantly white neighborhoods. Ethnicity becomes somewhat symbolic. Farrakhan has come here a couple of times, and students were very curious. Some clapped, but most of these students are not moving into the inner-city ghetto when they leave school."

I spent an evening with a small group of Penn students who live in DuBois House, which is the only dormitory in the Ivy League designated for students in African-American studies. Shortly after DuBois House was established, twenty years ago, in response to black students' demands, the NAACP threatened to sue on the grounds that it was separatist housing. The association withdrew its threat when it learned that the top two floors of the building were integrated graduate-student housing; DuBois House takes up the bottom two floors. I asked the students—most of whom said they had come to Penn because of its outstanding undergraduate business program—what they planned to do after graduation. Here is some of what they said:

Martin Dias: "I'd like to take what Penn has given me and use it in my own community. A lot of my friends want to open businesses, but I have to get over my risk aversion."

Robert Smith: "You and the rest of the race!"

Dias: "There are few black businesses on Fifty-second Street [a commercial thoroughfare of West Philadelphia]. There are few black faces there besides Muslims selling incense. . . . I had a summer job at State Street Bank in Boston. They were really nice, but I don't want to work there. Being black is going to hinder me. We don't socialize together. I don't play golf. I don't ski. I don't like white parties with no rap music. So I won't be promoted."

Smith: "That doesn't happen with Asians. They don't socialize, and they do well."

Dias: "No! I saw an Asian woman there who worked twelve years without a promotion."

Smith: "My career goal is to redevelop black America based on real-estate acquisition. You can get a job with a corporation, but where are you put? On a track. I'm not interested in being assistant vice-president for liaison human-resource personnel. . . . Look at the black community—your grandmother's community. It's deteriorating. You move in, with your degree, you're upgrading the neighborhood. And you get kids who come out with some identity, and some friends. Doesn't it make more sense than get ripped off, screwed up, and have your kids turn out wrong, in the name of integration?"

Dias: "I bet fifty of the black students

at Penn will live in black neighborhoods."

Smith: "Let's talk the truth: one hundred percent will go to neighborhoods in their tax bracket. Ten percent will work for black companies."

Everyone nodded in agreement. Then we got onto the subject of how it feels to be black at Penn.

Treasrea Cornelius: "There's always an air about you. I have a couple of white friends. But we don't start on the same level. You're coming from different planets. You can't tell somebody what it's like to be black."

Dias: "I'm aware that if I say something in class, I represent black people."

Cornelius: "Thank you."

Dias: "I have to be extra articulate. Then they say, 'You're so articulate, Martin!' There's a parenthesis at the end of every sentence: 'for a black person.'"

FROM A DISTANCE it would be easy to worry that the black middle class wants to opt out of national life and create a psychologically separate black principality. Afrocentrism,

rap music, and other strains of contemporary nationalism provide plenty of evidence to support this view. But up close it's almost impossible to maintain. Outside the tiny world of academic black studies, the number of unintegrated black middle-class berths in American society is shrinking, not growing. It's as if an irresistible tidal force were pulling middle-class blacks toward white America.

Nationalism and assimilation are therefore now linked, not opposing, forces. Very few nationalists ask their followers not to join the mainstream economy; I asked Molefi Asante if you could be an Afrocentrist and work for IBM and live in the suburbs, and he unhesitatingly said yes. And very few assimilationists see no need to shore up black identity. Henry Louis Gates Jr., the chairman of the Afro-American Studies Department at Harvard and a critic of what he calls "black nationalist voodoo texts" (students jokingly call his tutorial for usually nationalism-besotted sophomores "Deprogramming 101"), nevertheless told me, "What I want to

see happen is black people with a strong social conscience learning to function through and in the center of American society. When you get to Wall Street and you bump into the glass ceiling, there's a kind of armament it provides."

But if rejection of American society didn't seem to run very deep among the students I talked to, cynicism about it did. They knew that you get ahead by following a set of rules, but the rules seemed arbitrary to them. I didn't sense much feeling that the system—the whole superstructure of tests and grades and admissions offices and evaluations and promotions and raises—has been constructed in accordance with high moral principles. Maybe the day will come when the country seems to blacks to be as outstandingly fair as it does to many whites. Until then even blacks who have become financially successful will be much likelier than whites to regard the familiar American pattern of social, political, and economic results with a measure of skepticism.

—Nicholas Lemann

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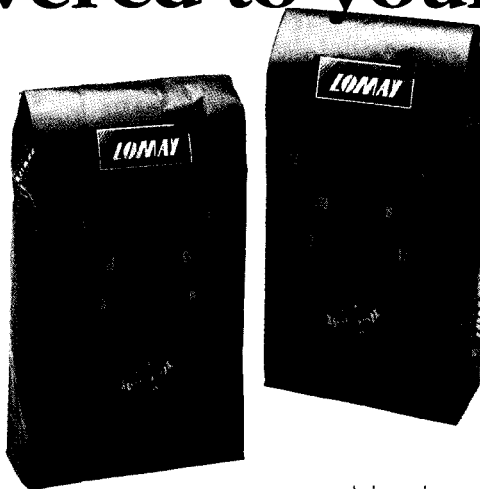
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*After 60,000 deaths from firearms use over the past two years,
America is in a gun crisis. Yet gun laws remain weak, gunmakers continue to promote
killing power, and gun dealers accept no responsibility
for the criminal use of what they sell*

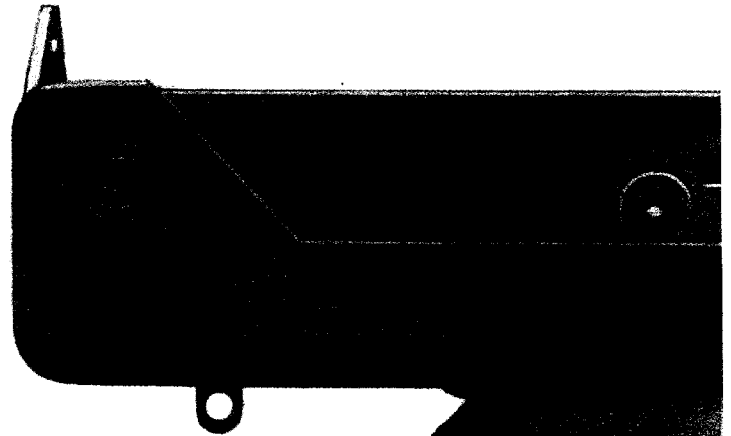
THE STORY OF A GUN

BY ERIK LARSON

ON DECEMBER 16, 1988, NICHOLAS ELLIOT, BARELY SIXTEEN, WALKED INTO the Atlantic Shores Christian School, in Virginia Beach, Virginia, with a semi-automatic handgun hidden in his backpack. By midmorning a forty-one-year-old teacher had been shot dead, and another teacher, struck by two nine-millimeter bullets, was extraordinarily lucky to be alive. Two other teachers narrowly escaped Nicholas Elliot's bullets. One found herself running a zigzag pat-

tern through the school yard as Nicholas fired round after round at her back. The other, a man who tackled Nicholas and in the process saved the lives of a roomful of crying and praying teenagers, felt a bullet breeze past his head.

In a nation accustomed to multiple murders, the shootings received little out-of-state coverage. But the story of how Nicholas wound up firing away on the grounds of a peaceful suburban school says a great deal about America's gun crisis. Nicholas in effect carried with him the good wishes of a gun culture whose institutions and mores have helped make commonplace in America the things he did that morning.



A none-of-my-business attitude permeates the firearms distribution chain from production to final sale, allowing gunmakers and gun marketers to promote the killing power of their weapons while disavowing any responsibility for their use in crime. Nicholas carried a gun that should never by any reasonable standard have been a mass-market product. He acquired the gun from a federally licensed dealer, using a means that puts thousands of guns into the hands of illegal users each year, yet that existing federal gun-trade regulations do much to encourage. His story describes a de facto conspiracy of gun dealers, manufacturers, marketers, writers, and federal regulators which makes guns—ever more powerful guns, and laser sights, silencer-ready barrels, folding stocks, exploding bullets, and flame-thrower shotgun rounds—all too easy to come by and virtually assures their eventual use in the bedrooms, alleys, and school yards of America.

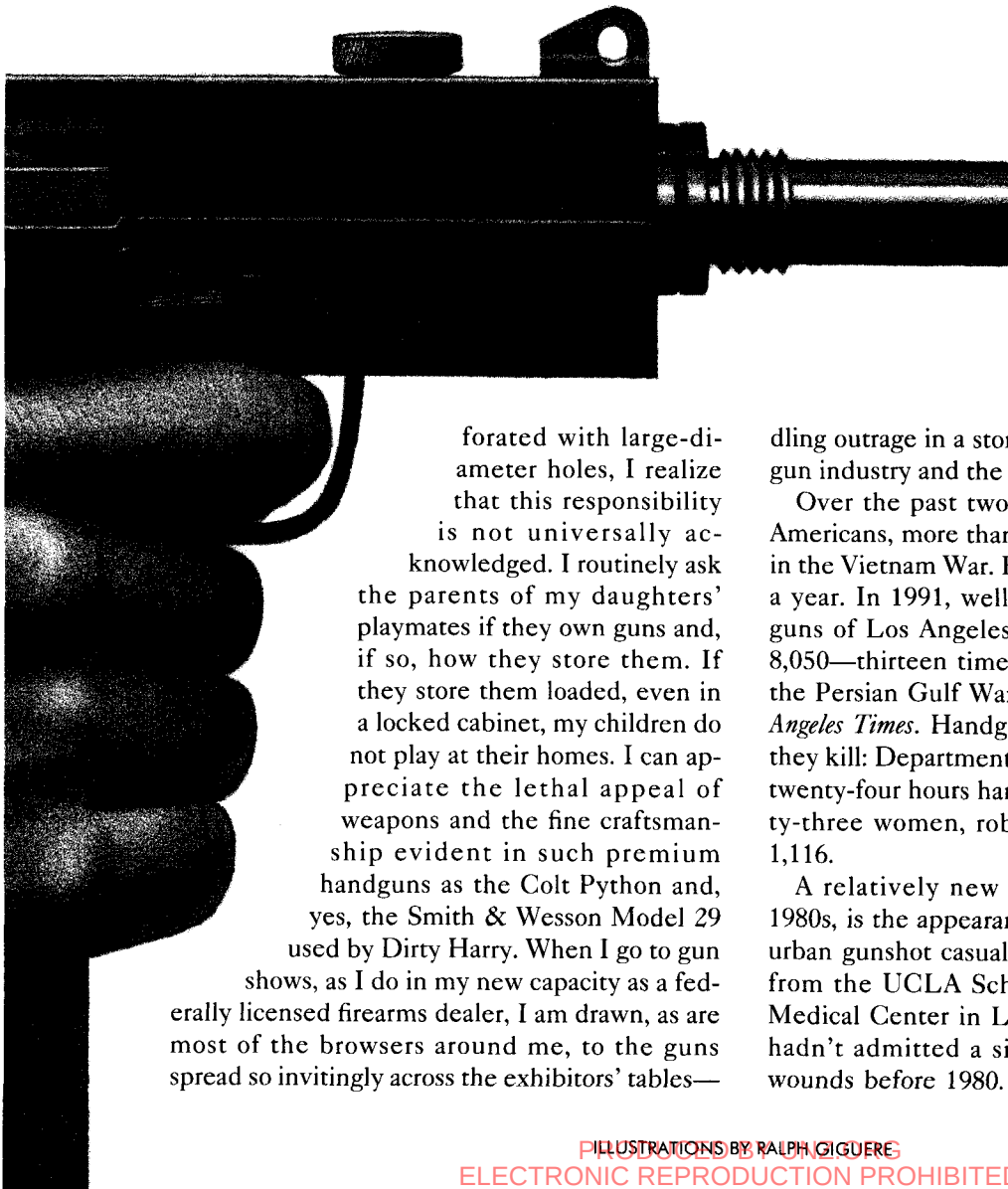
. . . .

I AM NOT OPPOSED TO GUNS PER SE, NOT EVEN HANDGUNS, provided that the owners acknowledge the responsibility conferred by ownership. When I see rural road signs per-

especially the notorious weapons, the AK-47s, Mac-11s, and pistol-grip Mossbergs. I recognize, too, that membership in America's gun culture occurs along a continuum, from collectors who buy non-firing replicas to inner-city gunslingers willing to kill for a fancy jacket.

In writing this article I deliberately avoided including the predictably angry voices of traditional pro- and anti-gun forces, such as the National Rifle Association and the Violence Policy Center, in Washington, D.C., which occupy opposing poles in the debate. Where my views run counter to those of the NRA is in my belief that people should be allowed to acquire guns only after going through procedures at least as rigorous as those involved in getting a driver's license. As the laws are now written, a blind man can buy a gun.

America is currently in the midst of a gun crisis that can no longer be considered just a manifestation of the pioneer spirit; instead, it has become a costly global embarrassment. That a crisis does exist should be well beyond dispute by now, given the bleak statistics on gunshot death and damage—yet these statistics, capable of kin-



forated with large-diameter holes, I realize that this responsibility is not universally acknowledged. I routinely ask the parents of my daughters' playmates if they own guns and, if so, how they store them. If they store them loaded, even in a locked cabinet, my children do not play at their homes. I can appreciate the lethal appeal of weapons and the fine craftsmanship evident in such premium handguns as the Colt Python and, yes, the Smith & Wesson Model 29 used by Dirty Harry. When I go to gun shows, as I do in my new capacity as a federally licensed firearms dealer, I am drawn, as are most of the browsers around me, to the guns spread so invitingly across the exhibitors' tables—

dling outrage in a stone, have failed to impress America's gun industry and the gun culture that supports it.

Over the past two years firearms have killed 60,000 Americans, more than the number of U.S. soldiers killed in the Vietnam War. Handguns account for 22,000 deaths a year. In 1991, well before the Los Angeles riots, the guns of Los Angeles County alone killed or wounded 8,050—thirteen times the number of U.S. casualties in the Persian Gulf War, according to a survey by the *Los Angeles Times*. Handguns terrorize far more people than they kill: Department of Justice statistics show that every twenty-four hours handgun-wielding assailants rape thirty-three women, rob 575 people, and assault another 1,116.

A relatively new phenomenon, originating in the 1980s, is the appearance of young children on the list of urban gunshot casualties. In 1987 a team of researchers from the UCLA School of Medicine and King/Drew Medical Center in Los Angeles found that King/Drew hadn't admitted a single child under ten for gunshot wounds before 1980. From 1980 to 1987 the center ad-

mitted thirty-four. The study, published in the *American Journal of Diseases of Children*, included a macabre table of wounds and complications which hinted at the true horror of gunshot injuries—a horror spared us in daily news coverage, which devotes little space to the merely wounded. A five-year-old lost a hand. A three-year-old, shot in the rectum, endured a colostomy. Other children on the list lost fingers, eyes, and brain tissue; at least one—an eight-year-old girl—was consigned to an institution for the rest of her life. These children were shot by grandfathers, cousins, friends, robbers, snipers, and—in a particularly cruel twist—by gang members seeking only to exact revenge on an elder sibling.

Despite the carnage, guns continue to proliferate. The nation began arming itself in earnest in the roaring sixties, amid race riots and assassinations. From 1967 to 1968, the two most tumultuous years, the number of handguns made available for sale to civilians in the United States rose by 50 percent—some 802,000 pistols and revolvers—to 2.4 million, the greatest single annual leap in American history. As of 1989 there were 66.7 million handguns (and 200 million firearms of all kinds) in circulation in the United States.

If these guns were controlled by a legion of sober adults, we'd have far less to worry about. One study of 11,000 teenagers in ten states found that 41 percent of the boys and 21 percent of the girls said they could obtain a handgun whenever they wished. A University of North Carolina study of adolescents in suburban and rural communities in the Southeast found that nine percent of the boys actually owned a handgun, despite federal laws prohibiting anyone under twenty-one from buying one. Boys typically received their first firearm—usually a shotgun or a rifle, but seven percent of the time a handgun—at the age of twelve and a half, but more than a fifth of this juvenile militia received their first guns around the age of ten.

Increasingly, you don't need to own a gun or be the intended target of someone else's gun to get shot. As guns have proliferated, the rate at which bystanders are wounded and killed has soared. In 1985 stray bullets killed four New Yorkers; in 1990 they killed forty.

GUN MERCHANTS AND HOBBYISTS STEADFASTLY protest that guns aren't the problem and that even if they were, gun ownership is explicitly endorsed by the Second Amendment to the Constitution—the much cited right-to-bear-arms clause—and is therefore as much a part of the American way as, say, voting. A comparison of international homicide statistics proves that guns do indeed set America apart from the rest of the developed world.

In 1987 America's civilian guns were used to murder 3,187 young men aged fifteen to twenty-four, accounting for three fourths of the annual homicide rate of 21.9 per 100,000 people.

In Canada only seventeen young men were murdered with firearms, for an overall rate of 2.9 per 100,000.

In Japan, with 0.5 homicides per 100,000 people, gunshot homicides totaled eight—as many as New York City police officers encounter on a single robust weekend.

Mounting evidence suggests that the mere presence of a gun can lead to injury or death. An especially damning kind of data is just now becoming available and is certain to make its way into some of the growing number of lawsuits that seek to make the gun industry accountable for firearms injuries and deaths. In 1989, rather late in the computer revolution, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (ATF) was finally able to say which gun manufacturers turned up most often in trace requests. The company whose handguns were traced most often from January of 1990 to December of 1991 was the giant Smith & Wesson.

However, when the frequency of traces is considered in proportion to each company's production, a tiny Atlanta company, S. W. Daniel, Inc., shows a tracing rate far higher. By 1989 S. W. Daniel had produced some 60,500 handguns and an untold number of accessories, including silencers and machine-gun kits. Among the guns it produced was Nicholas Elliot's weapon, the Cobray M-11/9, which it fondly advertised as "The gun that made the 80s roar."

Condemned by the police, reviled even by those who sell it, the gun has been remarkably controversial ever since its creation as a cheap, reliable submachine gun meant specifically for close military combat. How that gun went on to become a readily available consumer product—something S. W. Daniel once even gave away free in a monthly contest—provides a clear example of the culture of nonresponsibility prevailing in America's firearms industry; it is but one example of how this commercial ethos governed the gun's progress from conception to its use as a murder weapon in a Virginia Beach classroom.

"The reality that bothers me is there is no self-control, no self-policing, in the gun industry itself," says Colonel Leonard Supenski, of the Baltimore County Police Department, a nationally recognized firearms expert who early last year testified in a pathbreaking liability suit stemming from Nicholas Elliot's rampage. "The premise seems to be that if they've got the right to do something, then that's the right thing to do."

The Gun

THE BALTIMORE COUNTY POLICE SHOOTING range occupies a wooded compound just north of Towson, Maryland, where the six-lane strip roads of Baltimore taper to rolling two-lane highways. When I visited there recently, I heard firing the moment I stepped from my car—a sound something like what you'd get if you put a stethoscope beside a cooking package of microwave popcorn. The range was

carved from a hillock, leaving a plane half the size of a football field bordered on one end by an earthen cliff that keeps stray rounds from bounding north into Baltimore County horse country. Supenski arrived carrying a gray attaché case, and led me onto the range.

Supenski is a big fan of guns and shooting. "I grew up in the era of the B westerns," he told me. "Loved them, still love them. My single most prized possession is an original Colt single-action 'cowboy' gun. Nickel-plated, hand-engraved, ivory stock."

But he also believes in more-stringent controls to force a heightened level of responsibility in the sale and use of firearms. This has not won him many friends among the gunslingers of America. One pro-gun group twice threatened to kill him, prompting a mischievous female assistant to don a bulletproof vest one afternoon before joining him for lunch. His is a pragmatic stance. He worries that irresponsible behavior by gun dealers, manufacturers, and the NRA may soon lead to controls far more restrictive than the simple regulations now sought by proponents of moderate gun control.

He considers the Cobray pistol made by S. W. Daniel, and the means by which Nicholas Elliot came to own it, a case study of irresponsibility in the gun marketplace, and testified to that effect in the liability suit. The Cobray pistol, he argues, serves no useful purpose—certainly none of the purposes traditionally cited by the gun camp when opposing new controls. It's not a hunting gun: most states limit magazine capacity for hunting to three to five rounds, and the Cobray carries thirty-two. Moreover, most states require that hunters use a far higher caliber. The gun would never satisfy a target shooter: it is heavy, clumsy, and prone to rock up and down when fired, and its two-inch barrel makes it painfully inaccurate. Nor is it desirable for self-defense. "About the only thing you can do with it," Supenski says, "is hold it someplace in front of you, pull the trigger as fast as you can, put as many bullets out as you can, and hope like hell they'll hit something. Now, that may be nice on a battlefield. It isn't so nice in an urban environment, where that bullet may go through your bedroom into your child's bedroom or into your neighbor's bedroom, or may go outside and kill a passerby."

Supenski opened his attaché case. Inside, against a thick layer of foam, was a Cobray pistol confiscated during an arrest, and a slender gray magazine packed with brass nine-millimeter cartridges.

I picked the gun up. It was a dull black, with none of the gleaming machined beauty of more expensive weapons. To picture it, imagine a black steel ingot with a pistol grip jutting from the center of its bottom face—not the rear, as in most pistols—and a stubby barrel protruding from the front.

It was undeniably if darkly appealing in its lethality. It was heavy, about the weight of a newborn baby, and it was cold. Its grip had none of the close-fitting contours of

more costly guns, like the Smith & Wesson nine-millimeter that Supenski himself carried.

I held the Cobray out in front of me with one hand and tried to line up the sights. My wrist sagged under its weight. It looked evil, a Darth Vader among guns.

Its reputation matches the look. A 1989 study by the Cox Newspapers found that the pistol ranked fourth among assault guns most often traced by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. A study of all guns confiscated in Detroit from January of 1989 through April of 1990 put the Cobray first among assault guns, fifth among all models—higher in the rankings than guns made by

Beretta, whose production dwarfs that of the entire S. W. Daniel company. The head of the ATF's Atlanta office estimates that his agents conduct twenty to thirty traces involving S. W. Daniel guns each month.

The Cobray and its ancestors became the favorites of drug gangs nationwide in the 1980s. A variant on it was used by the Order, a neo-Nazi group, to kill the Denver talk-show host Alan Berg. Joseph T. Wesbecker, the man who walked into a Louisville, Kentucky, printing plant in 1989 and murdered eight people with an AK-47, had packed two Cobrays in the gym bag he carried with him to the plant.

In February of 1990 the gun came up for review by Maryland's Handgun Roster Board, a body created by legislation whose purpose is to restrict the sale of "Saturday-night specials."

Cornelius J. Behan, the chief of the Baltimore County police and a member of the board, found himself forced by the law's strict guidelines to vote to approve the gun for sale in Maryland, but he told the board, "It's a terrible killing instrument."

The gun's direct lineage begins in the 1960s, when Gordon Ingram, an engineer and gunsmith, set out to design a submachine gun specifically for use by Latin American guerrillas. One of Ingram's friends, a Peruvian émigré hard at work illegally making submachine guns for anti-Castro exiles training in Costa Rica, told Ingram, in the words of Thomas Nelson, a respected machine-gun historian, that what his guerrilla clients most wanted in a

A NONE-OF-MY-BUSINESS ATTITUDE PERMEATES THE FIREARMS DISTRIBUTION CHAIN, ALLOWING GUNMAKERS AND GUN MARKET-ERS TO PROMOTE THE KILLING POWER OF THEIR WEAPONS WHILE DISAVOWING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR USE IN CRIME.

combat weapon was “small size, to facilitate concealment; sound suppression, to deter detection; and low cost.”

A note here on terminology: A machine gun fires rifle-caliber bullets; a submachine gun fires pistol-calibers. Both are fully automatic, or “full-auto,” weapons, meaning that they continue to fire for as long as you pull the trigger. A semi-automatic fires one round per pull. That the term “automatic” is sometimes applied to a pistol like the Colt Army .45 confuses the issue. In this usage it is short for “automatic reloading,” which means the gun uses the explosive force of each cartridge to load and cock itself after each shot. Such pistols are in fact semi-automatics.

Ingram succeeded in developing a combat weapon, his M-10, with an astonishing rate of fire of more than 1,000 rounds per minute, or sixteen per second—too fast to control, according to technical experts at the ATF, and thus of little value for anything but mow-'em-down military use. Ingram and a partner, Mitchell L. WerBell III, a soldier of fortune who founded a paramilitary training camp outside Atlanta, formed a new company, Military Armament Corporation, to bring the gun to market. They developed plans to build two models of Ingram's gun: for military markets, the full-auto submachine gun, whose sales would be tightly controlled by the National Firearms Act, which requires that anyone wishing to buy a machine gun first submit to an extensive background check; and for consumers, a semi-automatic version.

The gun's formal name became the MAC-10, although gun aficionados would soon come to know it simply as “the Ingram.” It attracted minimal interest from the U.S. military, but its speed and evil good looks captured the imagination of Hollywood. In 1974, in the movie *McQ*, John Wayne himself gave the company a welcome burst of publicity, in the process turning the gun from an obscure novelty into a weapon coveted by gangs and drug rings across the nation. Big Lon McQ, a Seattle police detective played by Wayne, visits the shop of a gun dealer he knows and is invited to “squeeze off a burst” with a brand-new weapon. With obvious reverence the dealer calls it “the Ingram.”

McQ blasts away, rupturing a trash can filled with water. The camera cuts to McQ's face, his expression one of bemused awe. McQ looks down at the gun. He looks back at the pail.

“How about that?” the dealer says. “Those thirty-two slugs came out in a second and a half.”

Ruggedly, slowly, McQ says, “Yeah.”

“You ever see anything like it?” the dealer asks.

Just in case anyone in the audience had any doubt about where to buy this wondrous weapon, Warner Brothers provided a full-screen credit that read “Special Weapon: Military Armament Corp.”

This enthusiastic bit of advertising wasn't enough to save the company, however. It filed for Chapter 11 protection under federal bankruptcy laws in mid-1975, without ever having produced a consumer Ingram. Its guns

and other assets were sold at auction, mostly to a group of three investors who had formed another Atlanta company, RPB Industries. They, too, planned to bring Ingram's weapons to full-scale production, but in 1978 sold out to yet another group of investors, this one headed by Wayne Daniel, the son of a Georgia minister.

The Ingram Goes Public

UNDER ITS NEW MANAGERS RPB HAD MORE SUCCESS selling the Ingram line to foreign governments, but domestically it faced a set of daunting business obstacles. One partner was convicted of bribing a prosecutor to drop a customer's drug charge. Two others, Robert Morgan and Jack Leibolt, were involved in the narcotics-smuggling operations of Pablo Escobar-Gaviria and the Medellín cartel. In 1980 Morgan was sentenced to thirty years in prison for smuggling two tons of marijuana into Florida. Leibolt, according to a sweeping 1989 indictment of Escobar, once piloted a plane for the cartel and, in September of 1979, supplied the group with six silencer-equipped machine guns. (He pled guilty in August of 1990 to conspiracy to import cocaine.)

Despite all this, RPB succeeded in at last transforming the Ingram from a limited-circulation military weapon into a semi-automatic handgun for general use. “It became available everywhere,” says Earl Taylor, a twenty-one-year veteran of the ATF and now a vice-president of Norred and Associates, an Atlanta security concern that counts among its many assignments the protection of Colonel Oliver North. “All gun shops everywhere were selling it. Everywhere.”

The gun proved easy to convert to fully automatic operation—so easy that even inexperienced gun owners could make the change in a matter of minutes, using only a file. Demand for the gun soared nationwide, and black markets formed as middlemen, including one Georgia policeman, bought large quantities, converted the guns, and resold them to the drug underworld.

In October of 1981 Wayne Daniel married Sylvia Williams, a striking young woman from Alabama. The next month she became a member of RPB's board of directors. She would soon prove to be a feisty, outspoken opponent of the ATF.

Relations between the company and the ATF and other law-enforcement agencies deteriorated throughout 1981 and 1982. The Georgia Bureau of Investigation and the FBI began an intensive hunt for Jack Leibolt, who, according to minutes of an RPB board meeting, had gone “underground.” Citing Leibolt's activities, the ATF threatened to pull RPB's firearms-manufacturer's license. Moreover, the agency persuaded a federal judge that the RPB semi-automatic handgun, so easy to convert to fully automatic operation, was a machine gun and should be made subject to the strict registration provisions of the National Firearms Act.

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To sever his ties to Leibolt, Wayne Daniel in October of 1982 liquidated the company. An auction house sold its assets for half a million dollars.

A reasonable person might expect that at this point the MAC-10 would have been allowed to disappear from America's arsenal and consigned to Thomas Nelson's history books. But RPB Industries rose quickly from the tomb, this time as S. W. Daniel, Inc., named for Sylvia Williams Daniel. After the ATF's ruling, the Daniels set out in earnest to develop a weapon that could be sold readily to the public. They succeeded—introducing by 1983 the Cobray M-11/9—but nonetheless continued sending prototype after prototype to the ATF's technical branch in Washington, as if probing for holes in the law. Once, for example, they sent a prototype of what they claimed was a single-shot weapon. It was the same weapon that the judge had ruled was a machine gun, but with a plate over the bottom of the grip where the clip would otherwise be inserted. The ATF, however, found that the plate could be removed, and classified this weapon, too, as a machine gun.

The company also sold machine-gun "flats," stamped and notched pieces of steel that could be bent to form the frame, or "lower receiver," of a machine gun. Under federal law a machine-gun receiver is treated as if it were a complete firearm. The flats were legal—provided that certain holes were left undrilled. The Daniels sold their flats legally. All a consumer had to do to commit an instant felony was to drill out a single hole—but that was the consumer's problem.

Referring to Wayne Daniel, Earl Taylor says, "He'll come close to the edge of the envelope—maybe not blatantly doing something illegal, but he's very anxious to test and see how far he can go in the weapons field."

This attitude, Taylor believes, was a marketing posture that made the Daniels' products all the more attractive to gun buyers. Wayne Daniel, he says, "can kind of feel the pulse of this gun culture out there and kind of say things and do things and market things that appeal to those people."

One episode in particular illustrates the lengths to which the company was willing to go. In January of 1983 the Daniels invited two men, Joseph Ledbetter and James Travis Motes, to their home to make the men a proposition. Ledbetter and Motes had installed air-conditioning in the RPB offices and electrical wiring in the S. W. Daniel headquarters. The Daniels suggested that they diversify into the business of making the outer tubes for silencers. S. W. Daniel would make the internal parts. The two companies would advertise in the same gun publications and travel to the same gun shows. By selling only parts, both would stay on the right side of federal law requiring registration of completed silencers. Indeed, no law barred the sale of silencer parts. In the eyes of the law, however, any consumer who merely took delivery of both internal parts and tubes would automatically possess

a completed silencer—a felony if the silencer was unregistered. But again, that was the consumer's worry.

Wayne Daniel went so far as to give Ledbetter and Motes a gauge to guide them in fashioning the tubes, and an advertising layout that S. W. Daniel had used earlier to sell a line of completed registered silencers to approved buyers through *Shotgun News*, a thick tabloid often referred to as the gun owner's bible.

Ledbetter and Motes founded L&M Guns and began selling their tubes through *Shotgun News* and at gun shows around the country. The Daniels, meanwhile, began advertising their internal-parts kits and displaying them at the same gun shows. On at least one occasion the two companies found themselves facing each other across an aisle.

The ATF began an investigation after a detective with the Mono County, California, sheriff's office discovered an unregistered silencer during a search. The investigation quickly gained momentum. At one point an ATF special agent, Peter Urrea, posed as the president of the Widow Makers Motorcycle Club and ordered silencer components from L&M Guns. He also said he had a criminal record. The components were sent, no questions asked.

The investigation widened to include machine-gun flats sold by S. W. Daniel and L&M. Urrea continued buying silencer parts and machine-gun kits from S. W. Daniel, L&M, and a third company, La Vista Armaments, of Louisville, Kentucky, and won a warrant to search S. W. Daniel headquarters. On July 19, 1984, ATF agents raided the company, seizing firearms, components, and, most important, customer lists and shipping records.

The ATF used the seized records to launch some 400 individual investigations relating to arms trafficking and illegal possession of restricted weapons. In June of 1985 ATF agents arrested the Daniels and, using an experimental tactic, charged them with conspiracy to sell illegal silencers. (By now the Daniels had divorced, but they had continued to have a close working relationship.) Later, in formal court arguments, they would claim that they were simply trying to fill a valid need for replacement parts for silencers owned by legitimate users.

The ATF's investigators found a rather different story. All in all, from November of 1983 to July of 1984, the government charged, S. W. Daniel had mailed some 6,000 silencer and machine-gun kits. Only four buyers had bothered to register the devices. When the ATF ran the customer lists through the FBI's National Crime Information Center databank, it found that more than fifty customers had prior criminal records or were believed to be involved in drug peddling and other forms of organized crime. Posing as IRA gunrunners, Mexican narcotics smugglers, and assorted ne'er-do-wells, undercover ATF agents were welcomed by international arms traffickers, narcotics smugglers, and assorted ne'er-do-wells, among them a New York group that accepted an order for some \$15.6 million worth of silencer-equipped machine guns, hand grenades, and rocket-propelled grenades. A

confidential ATF report noted that the leaders of the group "were dealing directly with Sylvia and Wayne Daniel . . . for the purchase of the machine guns and silencer kits." Agents also arrested an Oregon man who had provided machine-gun lower receivers to the Order, the group that had assassinated Alan Berg.

"There are literally thousands of persons now in the United States and probably outside the United States who have a fully operable silencer which is not registered to them and which is possessed unlawfully," Brian C. Leighton, an assistant U.S. attorney assigned to the case, wrote in a pretrial statement. "It was incredibly easy for these people to receive the silencer; they merely had to order the internal-parts kit from SWD and order a tube from one of the many tube distributors—all of whom advertised in *Shotgun News*." These were "assassin-type weapons," he said, and posed "a definite danger to the community."

As the case approached the trial phase, however, the government found itself compelled to admit that no law forbade the sale of the silencer components sold by S. W. Daniel. Indeed, federal law expressly excluded silencer parts from ATF regulation. The Daniels pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor. They were sentenced to six months' probation and forced to pay \$900 in taxes and fines, but because they had escaped felony charges, they were allowed to retain their federal firearms license.

The investigation had not cowed the Daniels. On May 1, 1985, Wayne Daniel placed an ad in *Shotgun News* headed "Now It's Happening in AMERICA," featuring a large photograph of Hitler and Mussolini. The ad recounted the ATF's raid on S. W. Daniel and listed the names and home cities of the agents involved. "The uniforms of this new 'Gestapo' may not be taylored [sic] and bear the eagle and swastika on the sleeve, rather they choose to wear a business suit or sport jacket and slacks from the racks of a cut-rate department store—but their purpose is the same, they want total control and YOU, as an American citizen, DISARMED!"

The agents named in the ad, among them Earl Taylor, demanded that Daniel retract the advertisement. He re-

fused. In a handwritten letter he said, "I am at a complete loss of words perhaps from bending over laughing."

The agents filed a private libel suit against Wayne Daniel and Snell Publishing, the publisher of *Shotgun News*. Taylor says, "It was, by God, to let them know that they couldn't do that to law-enforcement officers who were doing their mandated duty."

The court ruled in the agents' favor and ordered Wayne Daniel to pay each agent \$1,000 in damages, but found Snell not liable.

Undaunted, the Daniels branched out into other firearms. They introduced a pistol-grip shotgun with a high-capacity drum magazine and a forward grip, resembling a shotgun version of a tommy gun, and called it the Street-Sweeper. "Delivers Twelve Rounds In Less Than Three Seconds!!!!" one ad proclaimed in *Shotgun News*. The ad continued, "Time for spring cleaning. Why try clean-ups with inadequate equipment?? Buy the machine designed to clean thoroughly on the first pass."

The company's latest innovation is the Ladies' Home Companion, apparently intended for use by women to protect themselves and their homes. A variation on the Street-Sweeper, it is just under two feet long, has a twelve-shot revolving drum, and fires a heavy .45-70 "government" cartridge that causes explosive recoil—yet the gun has only a rear pistol grip and no other handle. Moreover, the trigger requires thirty to forty pounds of pressure. S. W. Daniel advertised the gun as being "ideal for use in confined spaces," yet Don Flohr, a Maryland State Police firearms expert who tests weapons for the roster board, refused to test-fire it for fear of damaging the state's testing range. An official with Maryland's Handgun Roster Board calls it "a sick joke."

I'd have liked to ask the Daniels why they seemed hell-bent on skirting firearms laws, but neither returned the many calls I made recently to their Atlanta headquarters.

AT THE BALTIMORE COUNTY PISTOL RANGE, LEONARD Supenski had me slip on pistol earmuffs and safety glasses. Then he shoved a clip into the Cobray and passed it to me. He invited me to blast away.

The trigger was quick—no more demanding than that of a cap pistol. I fired with abandon at a series of steel man-shaped targets called Pepper Poppers, after their inventor. The targets are designed to fall backward when struck by a bullet. The earthen wall came alive as if a tribe of beetles had suddenly decided to decamp. I downed all four targets and then turned the gun on a loose piece of wood embedded in the earth behind them. Shards blew off in all directions. Shell casings rocketed past me, one striking the rim of my safety glasses and bouncing off my eyebrow. In a matter of seconds I'd used up all thirty-two rounds.

Watching the dirt fly, one can be lulled into believing that this is, after all, just fun and games. I wanted to fire off another clip; hell, I wanted to "rock and roll," the gun

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REVILED EVEN BY
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ITS CREATION AS
A CHEAP, RELI-
ABLE SUBMACHINE
GUN MEANT
SPECIFICALLY FOR
CLOSE MILITARY
COMBAT.**

culture's euphemism for firing a machine gun in full auto. This *was* fun. Remote destruction is a dynamite rush.

"You put a gun like this in the hands of a juvenile," Supenski testified at the civil trial, "and you've got death waiting to happen." The judge struck his testimony from the record, ruling it prejudicial and inflammatory.

"It should have been inflammatory," Supenski told me. "A whole lot of people should have heard it and they should have been inflamed." He pushed his glasses higher on his nose. "You know the part of that case that really bothered me? The clerk who sold the kid that goddamn gun was an ex-cop."



The Dealer

TO BE A GUN DEALER IN AMERICA IS TO OCCUPY A strange and dangerous outpost on the moral frontier. Every storefront gun dealer winds up at some point in his career selling weapons to killers, drug addicts, psychos, and felons; likewise, every storefront dealer can expect to be visited by ATF agents and other lawmen tracing weapons backward from their use in crime to their origins in the gun-distribution network. One must be a cool customer to stay in business knowing that the products one sells are likely to be used to kill adults and children or to serve as a terroristic tool in

robberies, rapes, and violent assaults. Yet gun dealers deny at every step of the way the true nature of the products they sell and absolve themselves of responsibility for their role in the resulting mayhem. Guns used in crime are commonly thought to have originated in some mythic inner-city black market. Such markets do exist, of course, but they are kept well supplied by the licensed gun-distribution network, where responsibility is defined as whatever the law allows.

Guns Unlimited demonstrates the kind of position every legitimate gun shop must eventually find itself in. Guns Unlimited considers itself a "good" dealer. Indeed,

in the view of Mike Dick, the general manager of the company and the son of its founder, Guns Unlimited is not just a sterling corporate citizen but also a de facto deputy of the ATF and a vital bulwark in the fight against crime and civil-rights abuse.

Nonetheless, Guns Unlimited sold Nicholas Elliot a gun under circumstances that led, early last year, to a jury verdict against the dealer in a civil suit, brought by the husband of the slain teacher, which charged the dealer with negligence.

Federal law bars anyone under twenty-one from buying a handgun, but Nicholas acquired his with ease through a "straw-man" purchase three months before the shootings, when he was fifteen years old. Straw-man purchases, in which a qualified buyer buys a handgun

for an unqualified person, are the primary means by which America's bad guys acquire their weapons, and one the ATF cannot hope to put an end to, given the implicit and explicit restraints on its law-enforcement activities.

One peaceful September weekend Nicholas Elliot, apparently at loose ends, asked his second cousin, Curtis Williams, a truck driver in his thirties, to take him to look at guns in a gun store. Nicholas had pestered Williams before, calling "all the time," as Williams remembered it. Williams didn't want to go—he was busy stripping wax off a floor in his home and wanted to finish the job that day—but he felt guilty. Williams decided that he could

Applause. . .

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Geo Prizm Sedan...styled and
engineered to reduce wind,
engine and road noise."
AUTOMOTIVE NEWS

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"...the Prizm looks like
an inspired sketch that
somehow made it into metal
and ought to be viewed as
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CAR AND DRIVER



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Excuse us while we take a bow. In the meantime, why don't you get to know the new Geo Prizm? A car so well-thought-out and so well-designed, it's bringing the critics to their feet. In article after article, automotive journalists cheered Prizm's aerodynamic new look, pointed out its available anti-lock brakes

and praised the standard driver's-side air bag.*

Behind the wheel, they whistled at the 16-valve DOHC engine and 4-wheel independent suspension, marveled at Prizm's smooth, quiet ride and quick response, and made themselves at home in Prizm's comfortable cabin. Did they mention that Prizm comes with 24-hour Roadside Assistance?† And a

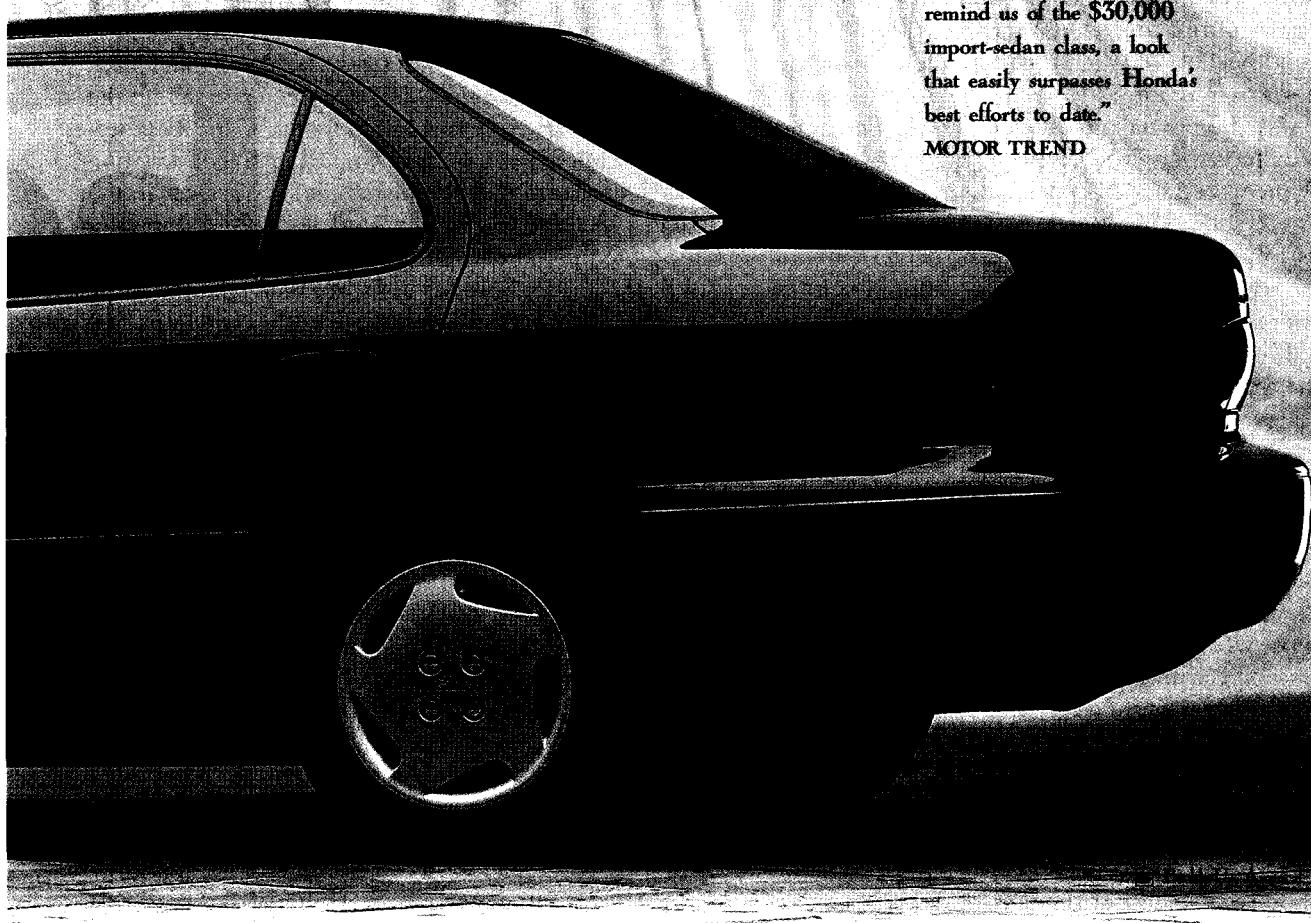
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CAR AND DRIVER

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that easily surpasses Honda's
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be back in plenty of time to finish stripping the floor. He suggested Bob's Guns, a few minutes away.

When he arrived at Nicholas's house, however, he learned that the boy had other ideas. He didn't want to visit just any gun store, according to Williams's court testimony. He wanted to go to Guns Unlimited, in Carrollton. Williams didn't know the store, but he did know Carrollton. It was little more than a wide space on Route 17 in Isle of Wight County, a rural wedge of land bordered on the north by the James River and on the east by the Portsmouth-Norfolk metropolitan area. It was a long drive from Nicholas's house, on Colon Avenue in Norfolk's Campostella neighborhood: a round trip of ninety minutes minimum, and that was just travel time. Williams told Nicholas he didn't have enough gas for the trip. Nicholas passed him \$20.

On the way the boy talked about a gun he'd come to appreciate, the Cobray M-11/9 made by S. W. Daniel. "Man," Williams recalled Nicholas's saying, "you've got to see that; it's a nice gun."

The easy, fluid commerce of guns embraced them the moment they entered the shop. An elderly couple browsing in the store approached almost immediately and offered to sell Williams a gun in a private sale. "My husband has plenty of guns," the man's wife said. "He'll sell you a gun, if you want to buy one." Williams declined.

With the help of Tony Massengill, a firefighter and former policeman now moonlighting as a gun salesman, Williams and Nicholas looked at numerous guns, Nicholas acting more and more like an earnest shopper, not some kid infatuated with guns. Soon, Williams testified, Nicholas was asking to see particular guns and peppering Massengill with detailed questions about muzzle velocity and comparative power. When Nicholas asked to see the Cobray, Massengill obliged. "They got in such a lengthy conversation about that," Williams recalled, "I just kind of moved away from them a little bit, looking around on my own."

Williams returned, and he and Nicholas browsed until they reached the far end of the store, where Nicholas peeled off \$300 and gave the money, from his savings, to Williams, instructing him to buy the Cobray. This did not surprise Williams. He knew a lot of adults who had bought guns for their kids; he knew a lot of kids who had guns.

The store was larger then, and configured a bit differently from the way it is now, but it was still small enough that anyone watching would have been aware of the exchange. What Massengill did see, however, became a matter of debate. He claimed he did not remember the sale at all, although, curiously, another employee, present in the store at the time but not actually involved in the transaction, testified later that he remembered seeing the buyers in the store. This clerk, Christopher Hartwig, also testified that he and Massengill had discussed the purchase after the shootings.

Williams testified in court that when the money changed hands, Massengill was still behind the counter at the place where he had last talked with Nicholas, some eight or nine feet away. "He was still standing there, waiting to wait on us, looking at us."

Nicholas and Williams returned to the counter to buy the Cobray. Massengill passed Williams a copy of Form 4473. Everyone who buys a gun from a federally licensed firearms dealer must fill out this two-page form, which, among other things, asks the would-be purchaser if he is a drug addict, is a convicted felon, is mentally ill, or is an illegal alien; if he has renounced his U.S. citizenship; whether he has been dishonorably discharged from the armed forces. The form goes nowhere. It is kept in the dealer's files (provided the dealer in fact keeps such files, and keeps them accurately) for later reference should the gun be used in a crime and traced by the ATF. By federal law, the buyer need present only enough identification to prove that he is twenty-one or older and resides in the state in which the dealer is located. (State and local laws may add requirements.)

Williams testified that as he began filling out the form, Massengill told him, "The only thing that will keep you from buying this gun here in this store is you put a 'yes' answer to these questions. Everything should be marked no. If you put a yes up there, that will stop you from getting the gun." Williams completed the form and concluded the purchase.

Nicholas, meanwhile, had taken the gun from the counter and begun looking it over. He left the store carrying the gun.

Immediately after the Atlantic Shores shootings ATF agents arrested Williams and charged him with making a straw-man purchase. He was tried promptly and served thirteen months in prison. During the trial the federal prosecutor asked him, "What would ever possess someone who's thirty-six, thirty-seven, years old to arrange for a fifteen-year-old young man to get a weapon like that?"

What no federal authority ever bothered to ask, however, is what would possess Guns Unlimited to allow this sale to be made, given the apparent level of Nicholas's involvement.

Selling Guns Legally

I MET MIKE DICK—HIS FULL NAME IS J. MICHAEL DICK—on a hot morning in June at Guns Unlimited in Carrollton, on the north side of Route 17. The store is one of seven in a tiny mini-mall fronted with a white-gravel parking lot that blazed in the morning sun.

Mike and his father, James S. Dick, hold two of the nation's 245,000 federal firearms-dealer licenses—two of the 7,000 licenses issued to residents of Virginia, where gun controls are virtually nonexistent.

Dick was late, but two of his clerks arrived and invited

me inside to wait. The shop, no larger than a suburban living room, was a fortress. The Dicks had embedded steel "tank traps" in the sidewalk out front, to prevent a recurrence of what has become a fairly routine kind of burglary at the gun stores of America: crashing through the front display window with a truck. The Dicks installed the tank traps a few years ago, after a thief backed a dump truck into the store. Now an alarm system guards the place at night. The front door has been reinforced with steel. Steel herringbone grates cover the inside surfaces of the two large plate-glass windows. A big Pepsi machine stands against the grate just inside the door as a barrier to anyone hoping to cut through the glass to reach the door locks. The day I was there, the two clerks wore large-bore handguns strapped to their hips, one a revolver, the other a semi-automatic pistol. One clerk, dressed in black and wearing tinted glasses, told me that he and his partner were careful to stand at different points in the shop so that no one could get the drop on them simultaneously. He untacked a brief news clipping from the bulletin board behind him and proudly handed it to me. The item reported how just that week a Portsmouth gun-shop owner had shot and killed a would-be robber. No charges were filed.

Mike Dick arrived, wearing jeans and a T-shirt. He is a young man whose prior career was in the hospitality (hotel and restaurant) industry. He joined Guns Unlimited to help his father salvage the business, which in the three years since the shooting had suffered badly—not from public condemnation but from the recession and the sudden decampment of so many military men from the Hampton Roads area during the Gulf War. The domestic gun industry as a whole has likewise experienced declining sales over the past few years, and last March one of the country's highest-profile arms makers, Colt's Manufacturing, filed for protection from creditors under Chapter 11. At the time of the shooting, however, the industry was enjoying a robust surge in sales, and Guns Unlimited was thriving. As of 1990 James Dick owned three Guns Unlimited stores. By the time I met his son, however, Guns Unlimited had also been placed in Chapter 11; the Carrollton store was the only one operating.

At its peak the company advertised aggressively on television and with huge billboards featuring a giant handgun and proclaiming, "NO PERMITS," a reference to the fact that in Isle of Wight County, as in most of the rest of Virginia, you don't need a permit to buy a handgun. Regulations are much stiffer in individual cities in the Hampton Roads area, however: Portsmouth, for example, requires that buyers first get a city police permit. Guns Unlimited used the placement of its three stores to defeat these laws. In a deposition the aforementioned Christopher Hartwig, a clerk at the company until May of 1991, said that if a customer at the Portsmouth store needed a gun right away, a clerk would drive the gun to the Carrollton store and meet the buyer there. "Most

people don't want to wait," he explained. "It would be like waiting two weeks to buy a nice car. You would want it today if you got the money. So they'd send the gun, you know, to the other store and then all the paperwork, everything, would be done right there."

This bit of retail sleight of hand was legal.

"Guns Unlimited is very well respected," Mike Dick assured me over coffee in the convenience store at the end of the mini-mall. He told me he'd been invited to join the state police firearms advisory board, and had assisted the ATF in numerous investigations, often calling the regional office after—or even during—suspicious transactions.

"In fact," he told me, "I would venture to say if you talked to the local office of ATF, you would find that no one in this region assists them, whenever possible, as much as we do."

At the same time, Guns Unlimited sold an especially lethal weapon to an adolescent—a weapon, moreover, that its own staff said served no useful purpose. At one point in the deposition process that preceded the civil trial of Guns Unlimited, Randy Singer, the plaintiff's attorney, asked Hartwig what he thought of the Cobray M-11/9. "It's good for nothing," Hartwig said.

Hartwig added that one kind of customer did seem drawn to the weapon. "Your blacks are real impressed with them. We usually joke around about it because that's the first thing they want to look at when they come in, or we

get phone calls, 'Do you have an Uzi, do you have an M-11,' because they see it on TV. They feel pretty powerful having one of those."

Nicholas, who is black, was adamant about going to Guns Unlimited. Traffickers, gang members, and other killers have likewise chosen Guns Unlimited, a fact that has given the dealership a certain notoriety in Virginia's Tidewater region—unjustly, perhaps, but also unavoidably, given the peculiar nature of firearms retailing.

In two cases in the 1990s gun traffickers recruited straw-man buyers to acquire large numbers of guns. In both cases, according to documents in Norfolk federal court, the traffickers specifically directed their recruits to

**GUNS UNLIMITED
SOLD NICHOLAS
ELLIOT A GUN
UNDER CIRCUM-
STANCES THAT LED,
EARLY LAST
YEAR, TO A JURY
VERDICT AGAINST
THE DEALER IN
A CIVIL SUIT,
BROUGHT BY THE
HUSBAND OF THE
SLAIN TEACHER,
WHICH CHARGED
THE DEALER WITH
NEGLIGENCE.**

Guns Unlimited; in both cases Guns Unlimited did indeed act as an exemplary corporate citizen.

In one case, Amir Ali Faraz, a twenty-two-year-old student, asked a friend of his, Matthew Jones, about buying "a couple of firearms"; Faraz couldn't buy the guns on his own, he knew, because his permanent residence was in Pennsylvania and he had only a Pennsylvania driver's license. Jones got him a Virginia license belonging to a man of roughly similar appearance who had lost it earlier in the year. Jones took Faraz to Guns Unlimited, where Faraz bought six high-caliber handguns—four for himself and one each for Jones and a friend of Jones's who had accompanied them to the store. A week later Faraz sold three of his to Jones for \$1,200. "Matthew told me he could sell these firearms for a 'big profit' in the Tidewater area to people who would take them up North and make even a bigger profit from them," Faraz said in a written statement to the ATF.

In the gun trade buying more than one handgun at a time automatically raises a warning flag; in fact, the ATF requires dealers to mail in a multiple-purchase form any time a customer buys two or more handguns within a period of five working days. Nonetheless, in the absence of specific local regulations, anyone can walk into a gun store and buy a hundred handguns. The dealer is under no obligation to telephone the ATF, or even to inquire why anyone would want so many guns. All the dealer must do is mail the form by the close of business on the day of the purchase. The buyer, meanwhile, is free to scoop up his hundred handguns and start selling.

The ATF will investigate high-volume purchases, provided it learns of them. If a purchase takes place on a Saturday night, however, the ATF won't see the form for several days. Meanwhile, the guns will begin their rapid migration through the illicit-arms network. Guns trafficked from Norfolk, Virginia, for example, typically wind up in the hands of crooks in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, half a day's drive up Interstate 95—nicknamed the "Iron Road" for all the illicit weapons that make the trip. That the notification procedure takes place by mail in an age when virtually every ordinary consumer transaction involves some immediate form of computer verification is but one of the peculiar ironies that characterize arms commerce in America.

Mike Dick managed the first sale to Faraz, and was immediately suspicious, enough so that he telephoned the Norfolk office of the ATF to alert them to Faraz's purchases. (He also mailed a multiple-purchase form.) Over the next two weeks Faraz returned three times and bought twenty-nine more guns, selling twenty-five to Jones, according to court documents. On the last of these shopping trips Faraz placed an order for thirteen more handguns, all high-quality Glock pistols. Dick telephoned the ATF while Faraz was still in the store, and helped choreograph an undercover operation against Faraz. Dick allowed the ATF to choose the day on which

Guns Unlimited would notify Faraz that the guns he had ordered were ready for pickup.

Agents arrested Faraz and, after allowing him to deliver ten guns to Jones, arrested Jones as well. Both men were convicted of violating federal firearms laws.

"I don't just send the forms in and hope it takes six months for ATF to get around to them," Dick told me. "If there is something that's obviously a problem—and this obviously was—my opinion is the best way to correct the problem from society's standpoint is to get these people off the street. If I just refuse to sell them weapons, nothing's going to happen. They're just going to go to someone less ethical than myself. And he may send the multiple-purchase form in; he may not send it in. Not all dealers are good."

Society did not make out in this deal quite as well as Guns Unlimited did. The store booked at least \$15,000 in sales. Yet twenty-nine of the forty-eight high-caliber handguns that Faraz bought wound up in Matthew Jones's hands and presumably in the gun-trafficking network. (Some of the guns were kept by Jones, Faraz, and Faraz's friends.)

In the second trafficking case a local college student, Dean Archer, was recruited to buy guns by a convicted felon. He made his first purchase on December 1, 1990, when he bought four handguns from Guns Unlimited—four pistols made by Davis Industries, a favorite of traffickers who buy them cheaply in Virginia and other jurisdictions with lax controls and then sell them at a steep markup to inner-city buyers.

No one at Guns Unlimited seemed particularly concerned about the purchase. No one felt moved to call the ATF. Indeed, the store sold Archer the guns on the strength of a rent receipt for a Virginia apartment and his driver's license—a *New York* driver's license.

When the ATF learned of Archer's purchase—three days later—the agency was instantly suspicious and launched a preliminary investigation. A few days after the first purchase Archer reappeared at Guns Unlimited, this time accompanied by a young woman, Lisa Yvonne Scott. Scott bought seven cheap Davis handguns. Again, the ATF learned of the sale only through a multiple-purchase form mailed by Guns Unlimited. Again, the form arrived three days after the purchase—more than enough time for those guns to make their way from hand to hand, state to state. And again, the ATF immediately assumed that something illicit had occurred.

The ATF called Guns Unlimited to get more details and learned that Scott had been accompanied by an unidentified male later identified as Dean Archer. By this point, however, eleven of the country's favorite crime guns were on the street.

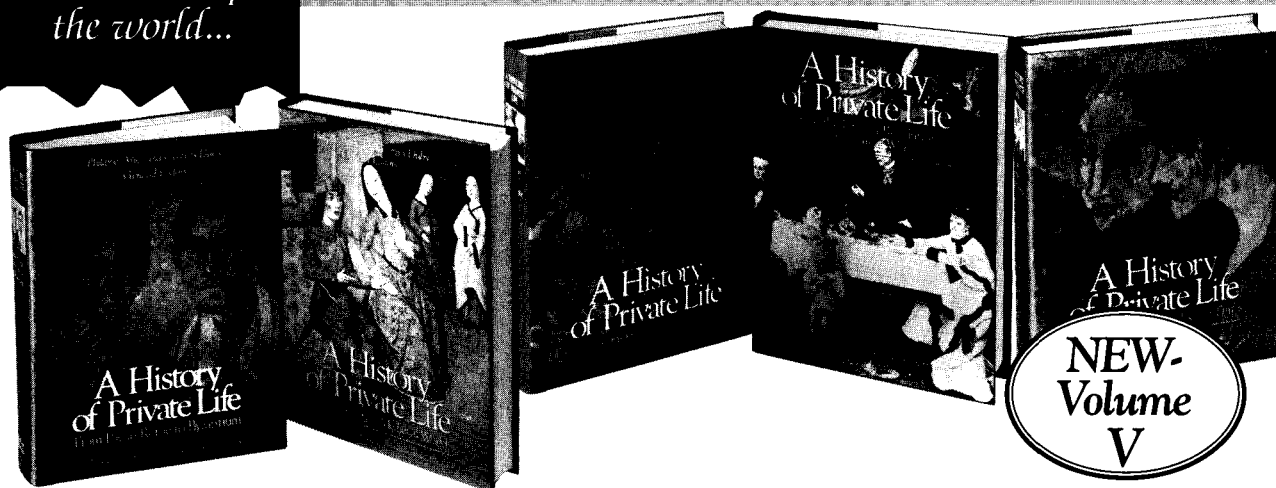
A few days later Scott appeared again and bought thirteen Davis pistols. This time Mike Dick telephoned the ATF. Nonetheless, Archer and Scott left the store with their new purchases. The total of cheap and deadly Davis



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behind every
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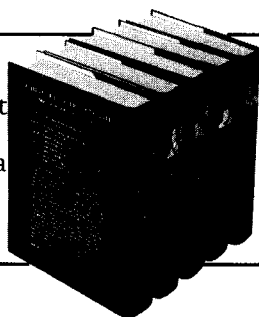
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The Atlantic 1/93

pistols bought by the pair had risen to twenty-four. Four days later Scott and Archer made yet another buying trip, but at last the ATF was waiting. The two were arrested and convicted.

Clearly the store had been helpful to the ATF. But why would Guns Unlimited even consider selling a handgun to a buyer presenting an out-of-state license for identification?

Dick explained that the clerk accepted the license as identification only because it had a photograph of Archer and established the link between his face and his name. A Norfolk rent receipt and an ID card from a local college established that he lived in Virginia. The fact that he was enrolled in college explained why he would have a New York license and be renting an apartment in Virginia.

Federal law grants a licensed gun dealer broad discretion to refuse to sell to anyone; a brochure mailed to licensees states in bold print, "Know Your Customer." Wouldn't prudence have dictated that Guns Unlimited simply refuse to sell weapons when the nature of the sale provides clear grounds for suspicion—clear enough, certainly, for the ATF?

"They tell me I have the discretion to do that," Dick said. "But in practical terms, that doesn't give me the right to infringe on anyone's civil rights."

I asked him how he felt knowing that Nicholas Elliot and various gun traffickers had specifically sought out Guns Unlimited as the place to acquire their guns.

"Well, actually, good," he said. "I don't know how to describe it without sounding . . . bad. Because I come out of hospitality, customer service is my number-one concern. Period. Beyond all others. The ethnicity of an individual, in my restaurants, my hotel rooms, my store, is absolutely unimportant. I don't care what part of town you live in, what race you're of, you're going to be treated like a human being."

"But I'm not talking about race," I said. "All I—"

Dick cut me off. "But that's the point," he said. "I have a stronger black clientele than any store in Tidewa-

ter and I would bet any store in the state, and maybe any store in the Southeast, because—and word gets around—I treat people like human beings, and they can't always get that elsewhere."

On March 29, 1991, Jean-Claude Pierre Hill, a young Virginia doctor with a history of mental-health problems, bought two Colt .45 pistols from Mike Dick at Guns Unlimited. Dick remembers the case well. "In that particular situation there was something wrong about him," he told me. "I called ATF while he was in the store; I said, I can't put my finger on it but there's just something not right here." Despite his unease, however, he failed to notice that Hill never signed his Form 4473—an absolute requirement of federal firearms law. Dick would later testify that he "somehow missed" that omission.

The ATF ran a background check on Hill through the National Crime Information Center, but found nothing. No one at the agency's Norfolk office knew of Hill or had any reason to worry about him. Dick sold him the guns.

I asked Dick why, given his concerns, he made the sale. "Couldn't you have just said, 'You worry me; I'm not going to sell you these weapons'?"

"You're absolutely right: that's what I could have said. But do I trample on somebody's individual rights simply because I feel bad and the ATF says I have the discretion to do it?"

A week after Hill bought the guns, he fired into a crowded street in Philadelphia, killing one man and wounding two. (He was found guilty of first-degree murder early last year and sentenced to life imprisonment.)

"How did you feel when you heard about this?" I asked. "That this guy had taken these guns you sold him, even though you had doubts, and killed somebody—the ultimate deprivation of somebody's rights? Did it cause you any sleepless nights?"

"No. I did everything I possibly could have, short of compromising something I feel very strongly about. And that is, I'm not going to decide if you are a worthwhile person or not. He gave me red flags. I checked him out. Had there been anything, had ATF found mental instability in his background, had ATF said he was [dishonorably] discharged, I could have gone to him and said, 'Jean-Claude, I'm not going to sell you these guns.' But I'm *not* going to decide somebody's character based on my impressions of him—I'm just not gonna do it. It's not necessarily tied to any Second Amendment right to keep and bear arms—it's not tied to my right as a retailer not to do business with somebody. I just would not want to put myself in the position of deciding someone else's character arbitrarily based on my own opinion. Empowering people to do that is dangerous."

In most jurisdictions in America, however, there is little else to keep guns out of the wrong hands. Form 4473, far from helping, has become a conduit for the evasion of responsibility. You'd have to be naive indeed to answer yes to any of the eight questions about your criminal

**THE ATF MUST
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WHO ASKS FOR
ONE.**

background and mental health. And in most jurisdictions no formal channel exists to check the truth of your answers. (In 1989 Virginia changed its gun laws, establishing an "instant-check" system that requires dealers to run a quick criminal check on every purchaser. But the system tells nothing about whether a buyer has been committed to a mental institution.) One can argue that it is unfair to ask America's gun dealers—businessmen, after all—to go beyond what the law requires of them. Nevertheless, dealers and their official lobbyists—the NRA in particular—played a large role in shaping existing firearms regulations and in making Congress squeamish about establishing anything even faintly resembling a centralized, automated registry of all the nation's gun owners.

Blame aside, Form 4473 is flimsy protection indeed for an enterprise under assault from all quarters. Mike Dick must defend against trucks. He must be vigilant for traffickers, killers, and other felons seeking to buy his wares. He wears a handgun to work 40 percent of the time but concedes that it provides only limited protection from robbers.

So why, I asked, did he stay in the business?

"I come out of the hospitality industry—hospitality is my first love. I came here out of necessity to help my father. It has become a challenge to me, taking a declining business under constant siege by various aspects of society—it is a monumental challenge. My goal is to become profitable enough that at some point we can sell and I can go back to what I do best, and that is run hotels."

I asked Raymond Rowley, the ATF special agent who investigated Nicholas Elliot's acquisition of his gun, how he would describe the ATF's relationship with Guns Unlimited.

"I would say it's a good relationship," Rowley said. "We try to deal with all these firearms dealers as fairly as we can. They are selling a legal commodity. Obviously guns can be used in crimes. We try to deal with them fairly."

Leonard Supenski was a bit less circumspect. Of James Dick he said, "That guy is a pariah. He ought to be turned out of that industry. But ATF didn't do anything. ATF should have nailed him to the cross."

The Regulators

GUN AFICIONADOS MAY LIKEN THE BUREAU OF Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms to the Gestapo, but in its relationship with America's gun dealers the ATF behaves more like an indulgent parent. This is partly the result of restrictions imposed by budget and statute, and partly an institutional reluctance to offend its primary source of investigative leads or to provoke the cantankerous gun lobby. The ATF is in the business not of seeking to prevent the migration of weapons, a spokesman told me, but of building

and preserving a paper trail for the day when those weapons will be used to commit major crimes.

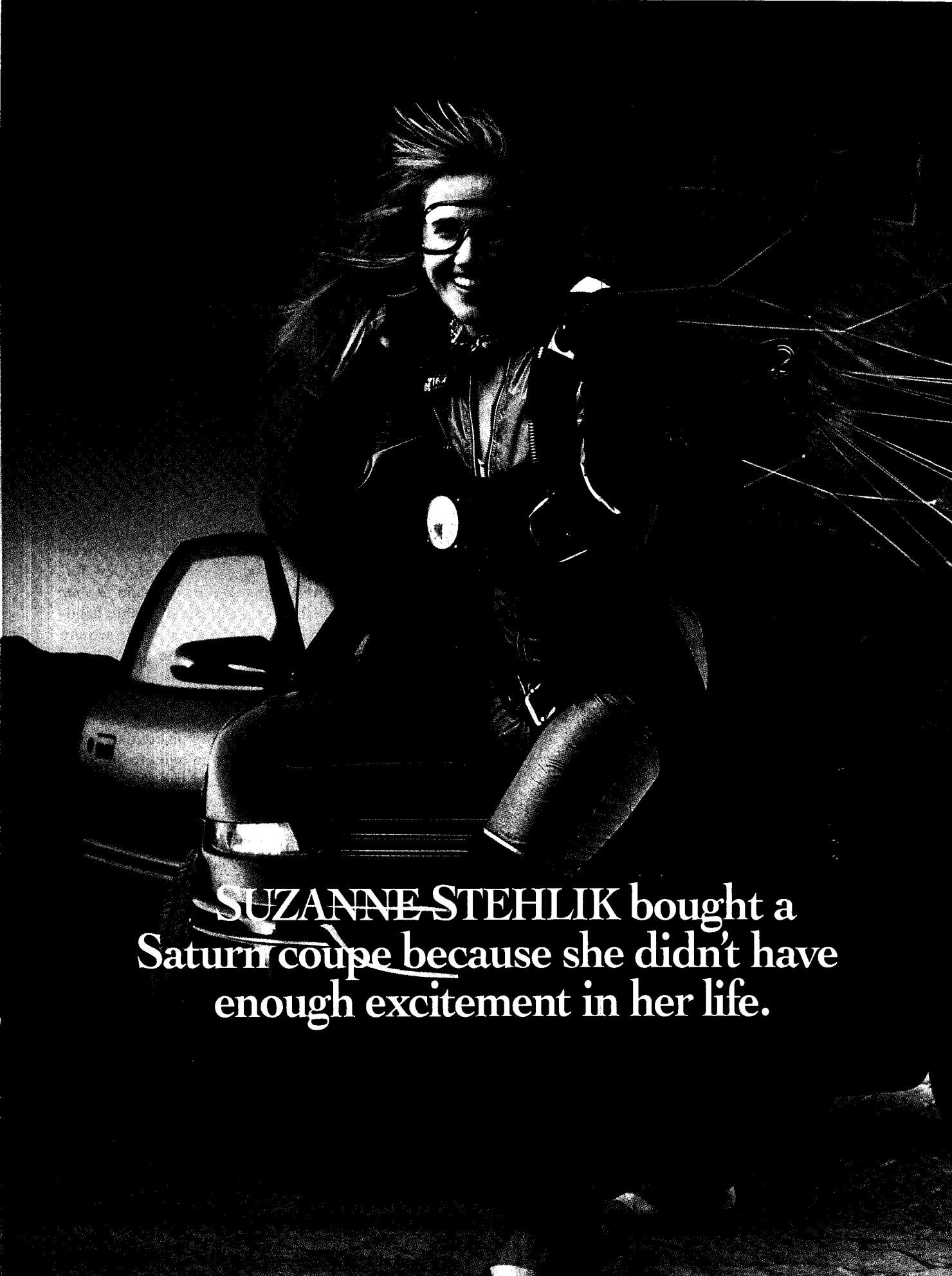
In fairness, the ATF, like the dealers it monitors, is in an almost untenable position. It must police the nation's 245,000 licensed firearms dealers with only 400 inspectors, each of whom must also conduct inspections of wineries, breweries, distillers, liquor distributors, tobacco producers, and the country's 10,500 explosives users and manufacturers.

At the same time, the agency is obliged by law to grant a firearms license to virtually anyone who asks for one, provided that the applicant has never been convicted of a felony and has \$30 to cover the minimum licensing fee. In 1990, of the 34,336 Americans who applied for a license, only seventy-five had their applications denied.

Depending on one's stance in the gun debate, the application process is either too stringent or appallingly easy. An applicant doesn't have to demonstrate any knowledge of firearms, not even whether he knows the difference between a pistol and a revolver. It is much harder to get a license to operate a powerboat on Chesapeake Bay, to become a substitute teacher in New Jersey, or to get a California driver's license—and *far, far* harder to get a Maryland permit to carry a single handgun—than it is to get a license that enables you to acquire at wholesale prices thousands of varieties of weapons and have them shipped right to your home. Roughly half of federal firearms licensees don't maintain bona fide stores, according to the ATF, but operate instead out of their homes. Many sell guns at gun shows; many don't deal guns at all but hold a license simply in order to buy their guns at wholesale prices. A small but obviously important proportion use their licenses to buy guns wholesale for distribution to inner-city arms traffickers.

My neighbors may not want to hear this, but last May 15 I applied for a federal firearms license as part of an effort to inject myself as deeply as possible into America's gun culture. The two-page application, ATF Form 7, asked which grade of license I wanted. I could choose among nine levels, costing from \$30 to \$3,000, the most expensive qualifying the holder to import "destructive devices" such as mortars, bazookas, and other weapons with a barrel-bore diameter of half an inch or more. The form asked the same eight questions about a person's criminal past and mental health which appear on Form 4473.

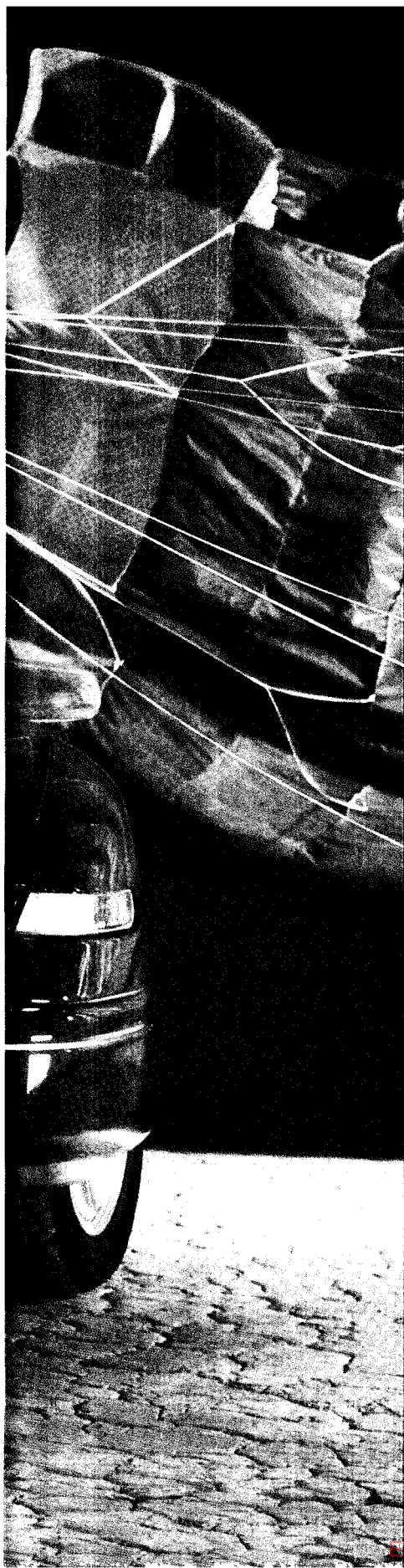
I received my license on June 22, well within the forty-five days in which the ATF is required to accept or deny an application. No one called to verify my application. No one interviewed me to see if in fact I planned to sell weapons. And I was not required by federal law to check with authorities in Maryland and Baltimore about specific local statutes that might affect my ability to peddle guns in the heart of my manicured, upscale, utterly established Baltimore neighborhood. As far as the federal government was concerned, I was in business, and could begin placing orders for as many weapons as I chose.



SUZANNE STEHLIK bought a
Saturn coupe because she didn't have
enough excitement in her life.

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Suzanne Stehlik is pictured with a 1993 Saturn SC2. © 1992 Saturn Corporation

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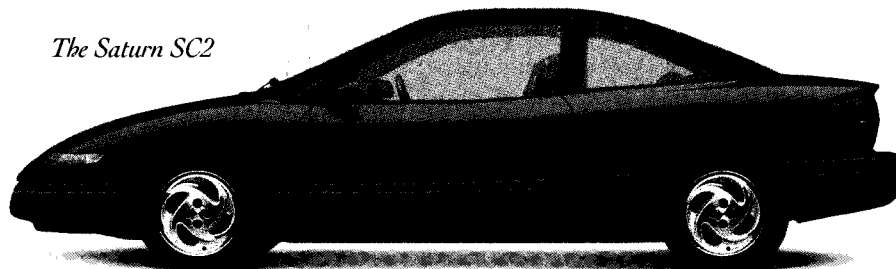


Like some kind of comic book superhero, Suzanne seems to lead two lives. During the week, she's a mild-mannered property tax analyst for a large corporation. Come the weekend, though, you could say it's a different story.

This is Suzanne at her current favorite, skydiving, but it might have been something else. She scuba dives. She skis. She'd like to go sailing, but she gets seasick. Oh, and she owns two Rottweilers, and a cockatiel that can whistle half of the Flintstones' theme.

Anyway, she'd been driving a humdrum sort of econobox, and she came to feel she needed something else. Something more like her weekend, less like her week.

The Saturn SC2



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What Suzanne bought was a Saturn coupe. She says it was like finding the shoe that fits—it has the styling, the handling, the performance and all the other fun-to-drive stuff her freefall/underwater/cartoon self wants.



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If the current rate of licensing continues, the number of federal firearms licensees will double in the next decade, to well over half a million—even though the fortunes of domestic arms manufacturers are likely to continue their current decline. With more-intense competition for the shrinking gun-consumer dollar will come far greater incentive to do only the minimum required by law to keep guns out of the wrong hands.

Dealers who violate the law *will* get caught, the ATF is fond of saying. And that's largely true. When law-enforcement officials actually request a federal trace, the ATF tracing network often proves a very effective investigative tool, both in solving crimes and in identifying renegade dealers. A fundamental problem with this approach, however, is that by the time the ATF tracing network gets involved, the guns in question have been used in crime, typically serious crime involving homicide, assault, or narcotics peddling.

Current statistics suggest that the ATF is reluctant to police the vast dealer network. From 1975 through 1990 the ATF revoked an average of ten licenses a year. The low was in 1978, with none, and the high in 1986, with twenty-seven. This rate seems low given the sheer numbers of licenses and the rate of violations discovered whenever the ATF's skeleton crew of inspectors does routine compliance audits. In 1990, for example, inspectors conducted 8,471 of these routine inspections; they found violations in 90 percent of them.

The ATF publicly argues that the vast majority of licensees are honest, law-abiding citizens, and that only "one or two" go bad. Even if true, this argument would hardly be comforting, given the speed with which guns migrate. A single illicit dealer can put hundreds, perhaps thousands, of weapons into the hands of would-be killers and felons before a sufficient number of his weapons are used in crimes, and enough of these are traced, to raise the ATF's suspicions. The fact is, many dealers do operate illegally, as the ATF discovers on those rare occasions when it takes a preventive approach to firearms-law enforcement. A classic example of such enforcement, and the kind that ought to be pursued as a matter of routine, is Project Detroit, an ongoing effort by the ATF and the Detroit police to trace as many guns confiscated in that city as possible.

In its report on the first phase of Project Detroit, covering guns confiscated by the Detroit police from January of 1989 to April of 1990, the ATF, typically, was careful to note, "just because [a federal firearms licensee] has sold a large number of weapons that were subsequently used in crimes does not necessarily indicate the [licensee] is intentionally diverting weapons to the criminal element." Large-volume dealers, the report explained, would necessarily experience more traces.

Yet of the five licensed dealers who turned up most often in Project Detroit traces, four became the targets of full-scale ATF investigations. The worst offender was

Sherman Butler, of Sterling Heights, Michigan, near Detroit, whose Sherm's Guns accounted for twenty-nine traces stemming from a range of crimes that included at least two homicides. Butler's specialty was the sale of S. W. Daniel semi-automatics modified to include a sixteen-inch barrel and shoulder stock, thus qualifying them as long rifles and allowing customers to avoid more-stringent federal and state rules governing handgun sales, such as Michigan's requirement that anyone buying a handgun must first have a state license to purchase. For \$125 extra, however, Butler threw in a pistol-length barrel and enough of a pistol frame—a pistol "upper receiver"—to allow buyers quickly to turn their carbines into semi-automatic pistols.

In all, this first phase of Project Detroit involved the tracing of 1,226 weapons, leading to investigations of thirteen licensed dealers and successful prosecutions against ten. Two suspects died. One case is pending. The ATF discovered that three of these dealers had, as a routine business practice, obliterated the serial number on every gun they received from wholesalers. "We estimate," the report said, "that over 3,000 firearms were sold by these dealers, and that law enforcement officers will be recovering them in various crimes for years to come."

The Project Detroit report failed to note what ought to be the most troubling finding of its investigations: that apparently honest dealers accounted for the remaining 1,000 traces, a fact that testifies again to the high costs imposed on the rest of us by even legitimate gun shops. Indeed, of the top ten dealers, four weren't investigated by the ATF but nonetheless accounted for ten to twenty traces each, including traces involving at least four homicides. In all, Project Detroit traced guns sold by legitimate dealers from New York to Alaska and used subsequently in *at least* two kidnappings, thirty-four homicides, and scores of narcotics offenses—again, from only 1,226 traced weapons.

In his introduction to the report, Bernard La Forest, the special agent in charge, wrote, "What would the results indicate if we had the capability of successfully tracing 10,000 to 15,000 weapons seized by all law enforcement agencies in this metropolitan area?"

RAYMOND ROWLEY, THE NORFOLK ATF AGENT, INITIATED the ATF's search for the source of Nicholas Elliot's gun. He heard about the shooting on the news and quickly volunteered his help to Detective Donald Adams, the Virginia Beach homicide investigator. Rowley ordered a trace. The serial number was relayed to Tom Stokes, the special agent in charge in Atlanta, who managed after considerable effort to reach Sylvia Daniel by phone. In a departure from the usual frosty relations between her company and the ATF, Daniel agreed to stop by her office on the way to her company Christmas party to look up the serial number herself.

The number led to a distributor, who in turn said he

had shipped the pistol to Guns Unlimited. By eleven o'clock that evening Rowley, another agent, and Adams were at Curtis Williams's door.

As noted, Williams went to jail. As far as federal law was concerned, however, Guns Unlimited did nothing wrong when it sold the Cobray to Williams, even under such obviously suspicious circumstances. Williams had shown the appropriate identification and had filled out Form 4473 properly, dutifully writing "no" after every background question on the form.

No one thought to investigate Guns Unlimited, not even after the suit for negligence yielded a judgment against the company.

"We're always looking for, and sensitive to, violations of federal law, regardless of who may be the individual or entity involved," Rowley told me. "In this case, no, we did not go back and reinvestigate. Nothing that came up during the investigation of Williams pointed to wrongdoing on the part of Guns Unlimited."

Educating the Gun Culture

WHEN NICHOLAS ELLIOT ARRIVED AT THE ATLANTIC SHORES CHRISTIAN SCHOOL that cold December morning, he came prepared for a fire fight. The most striking thing about his cargo, however, was not the inherent firepower, which was indeed prodigious, but rather the weapons savvy evident in what he had done to the gun and its ammunition to make them even more efficient at killing.

Nicholas loved guns. "The only friend I had was my gun," the boy told Detective Adams as he was led from school after the shootings, "and you already took that from me."

He read books and magazines about guns. He papered the interior of his school locker with glossy photographs of big-bore revolvers and pistols, the kind that dominate the pages of such magazines as *American Handgunner* and *Guns and Ammo*. His love of guns was common knowledge among the other students at Atlantic Shores, and it served to increase his alienation from his peers. In conversation, according to a fellow student, Nicholas had a passion for discussing "which bullets had more firepower." His classmates worried about Nicholas. One told a Norfolk newspaper, "All the kids said he was going to shoot someone."

Nicholas carried his Cobray M-11/9 to school in his backpack, along with an array of accessories and extra ammunition. From a length of rope he had fashioned a combat sling similar in concept to slings that anti-terrorist commandos use with the compact Heckler and Koch sub-machine gun to help control the weapon during combat. He carried a crude silencer made from a pipe wrapped in fabric, and a "brass catcher" he had made from cloth and tape, to be attached to his gun to catch ejected cartridge cases. "A gun enthusiast might use a brass catcher to

catch the brass for reloading," Adams told me. "A murderer or a person about to commit a crime might use one to collect the evidence."

Nicholas also brought six 32-round magazines, each long and thin and made of gray plastic, giving him a total of 192 bullets ready to fire. He had "jungle-clipped" the magazines—that is, he had taped them together in pairs so that the instant he expended one magazine he could yank it out, flip the assembly, and ram in the fresh end.

Nicholas came prepared for the possibility that he might use up the 192 rounds stacked in the six magazines. He carried hundreds of extra cartridges, including

several boxes containing thirty-two rounds each—exactly enough to refill an expended clip. To speed the process of refilling, Nicholas had inserted a thin but strong piece of white string through the base of each magazine. When tugged, Adams told me, the string would pull down the spring-driven feeder inside the magazine, thus easing the resistance. "He could hold the string down by clamping it under his foot," Adams explained. He could then insert each cartridge more quickly and with less strain.

Finally, Nicholas modified even the bullets themselves. He filed a groove into the tip of at least one bullet, apparently in the hopes of turning it into a "dumdum"—a bullet that breaks apart on impact, thereby in theory becoming considerably more

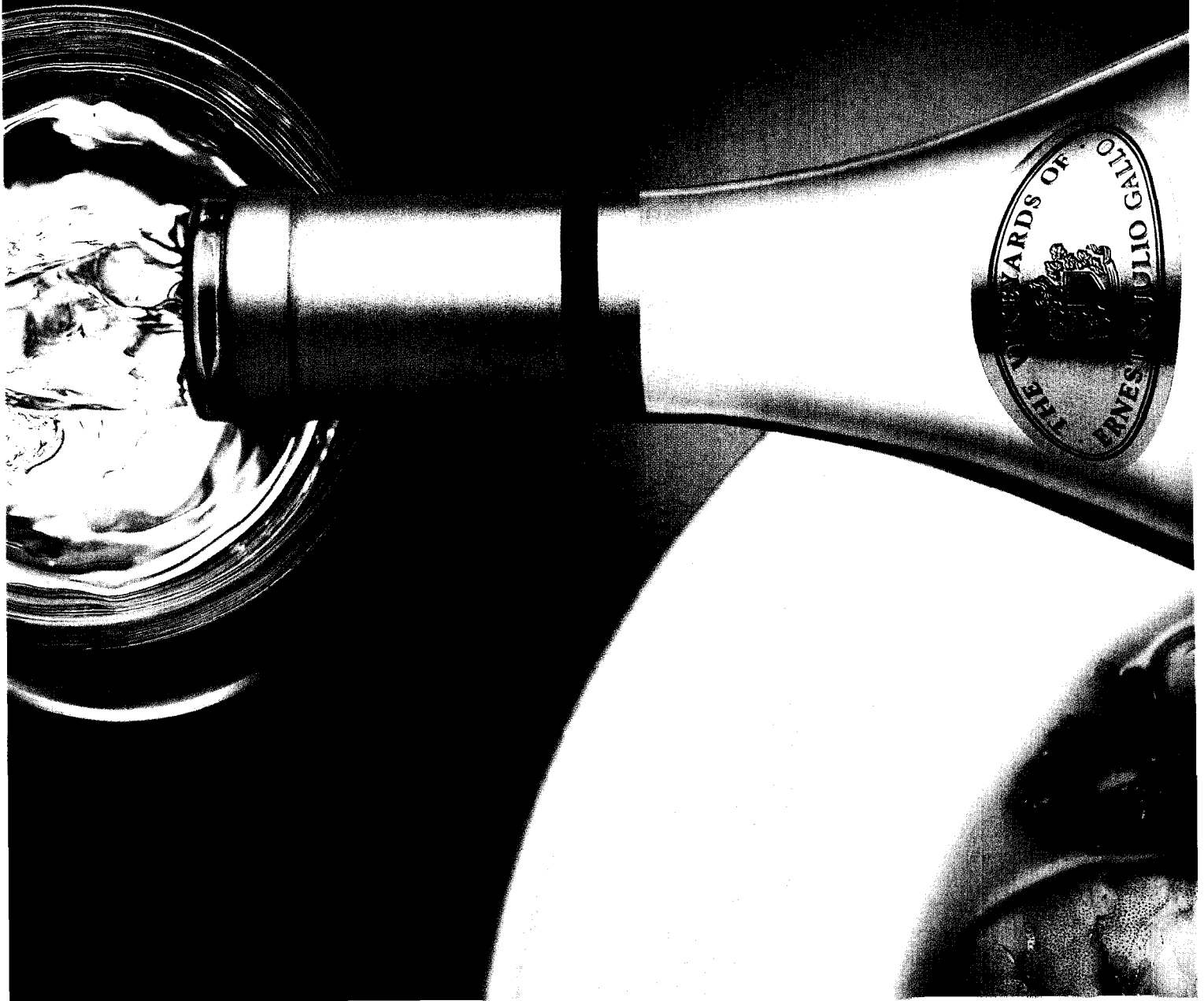
deadly. Nicholas modified other bullets by drilling from the tip downward to form "hollowpoints." On impact, hollowpoint bullets spread into lethal mushrooms that produce bigger holes and more potent neural disruption than solid rounds.

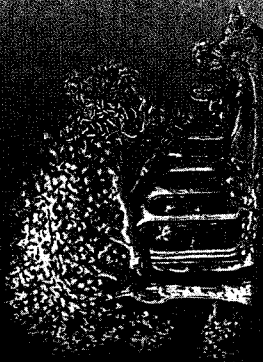
"This guy," Adams says, "was ready for war."

HOMICIDE, OR RATHER THE HOMICIDE FANTASY, IS one of the engines that drives America's fascination with guns. Target shooters spend hour after hour firing into human silhouettes. Practical shooting competitions held nationwide test civilian competitors' ability to hit silhouettes after leaping from a car. In this

NICHOLAS READ BOOKS AND MAGAZINES ABOUT GUNS. HE PAPERED THE INTERIOR OF HIS SCHOOL LOCKER WITH GLOSSY PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIG-BORE REVOLVERS AND PISTOLS. HIS LOVE OF GUNS WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE AMONG THE OTHER STUDENTS.

It's time for a change to Gallo.





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context, models of guns used in grisly crimes actually gain popularity. After the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, sales of the otherwise undistinguished Mannlicher-Carcano rifle used by Lee Harvey Oswald soared. Even the murder of schoolchildren can increase sales. After Patrick Edward Purdy opened fire on a school yard in Stockton, California, with an AK-47, sales of the gun and its knock-offs boomed. Prices quadrupled, to \$1,500. Guns Unlimited felt the surge in demand. "I didn't sell an AK until Stockton in California; then everybody wanted one," James Dick said in a deposition.

This passion for lethality suffuses the gun and ammunition design process. Manufacturers routinely test their prototypes by blasting away at blocks of goo—"ordnance gelatin"—intended specifically to simulate human tissue. Their enthusiasm for gore can lead to some vivid advertising. In the March/April, 1992, issue of *American Handgunner*, the Eldorado Cartridge Corporation ran a full-page ad for its Starfire cartridge under the bold headline "IF LOOKS COULD KILL." The ad called the Starfire the "deadliest handgun cartridge ever developed for home or personal defense, and hunting," and went on to describe how the bullet expands on impact, "resulting in a massive wound channel." Its deep penetration, the ad crowed, "helps assure fast knockdown."

On a recent visit to a gun show at the county fairground in Frederick, Maryland, I stood beside a man and his young son who, like me, were intently watching a promotional video produced by Power-Plus, a maker of exotic ammunition. The narrator, dressed in a dark T-shirt and speaking in that laconic back-country drawl that characterizes today's notion of toughness, demonstrated his company's rounds by firing a sample of each into a fresh block of yellowish gelatin, with the camera then moving close to offer a side view of the depth of penetration and the jagged wound channel coursing through the translucent plasma. Each round did more damage than the last, until the narrator fired a sample of the company's Annihilator high-explosive cartridge, which slammed into the gelatin, exploded, and knocked the quivering block from its stand.

He did not stop here, however. Next he demonstrated the effects of the company's bullets on a pail packed with clay. This time those of us watching were treated to the additional audio enticement of the wet slapping sound of the clay as the bullets entered, fragmented, and ruptured the surrounding muck, gouging caverns the size of pumpkins.

"Still watching, son?" the father asked softly, his hands resting on his son's shoulders.

His son, clearly entranced, nodded slowly.

A few men walked the aisles wearing little signs on their backs listing the guns they owned and wanted to sell. Another man had stuck a "For Sale" sign in the barrel of the rifle slung over his shoulder. Seated behind battered folding tables, dealers sold guns, books, accessories,

and ammunition. Several dealers sold books on how to kill and, for those who knew how already, how to do it more effectively—including books on how to make silencers, military manuals on how to make booby traps, Army manuals on how to make "improvised munitions," and a nifty little tome, courtesy of the Pentagon, on how to polish up your sniper skills.

Gun writers, too, help orchestrate the mood that so infuses the gun culture. They know what their readers want. The newsletter *Gun Tests* routinely rates the penetration power of handguns and ammunition the way *Consumer Reports* rates new cars. *American Handgunner's* 1992 "Combat Annual" reviews six high-caliber revolvers, calling them "The Ultimate Manstoppers!" Regular issues of the magazine are full of tales of combat tactics and police shoot-outs, part of a running series by Massad Ayoob, the magazine's star reporter. "Gory True Story," the cover of the October, 1991, issue announced. "REAL-LIFE TERMINATOR! Soaking up bullet after bullet, a cop-killing PCP freak just won't die! Massad Ayoob's chilling account on page 70."

Gun writers often skirt the gory reality of gunplay by deftly avoiding such words as "kill," "murder," and "death," using instead "knockdown," "stopping power," and—my favorite—"double-tap," meaning to shoot a man twice. (Double Tap also happens to be the name of a Virginia Beach gun store, whose sign features a black silhouette with two red holes over the heart.)

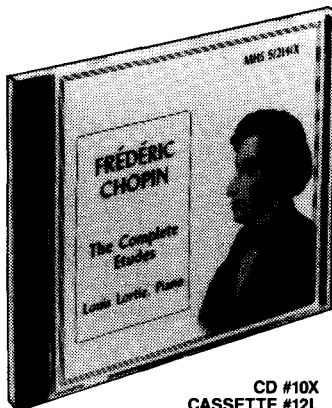
To the gun writers, no firearm is unworthy of praise, not even the Saturday-night specials made by the now defunct RG Industries, one of which was used by John Hinckley to shoot President Ronald Reagan and permanently disable James Brady, his press secretary. In its most recent Combat Annual, *American Handgunner* includes a defense of RG's guns written by Mark Moritz, the special-projects editor. Moritz tested a .22 caliber RG revolver against an expensive Smith & Wesson .22, comparing their performance on both head and body shots. The RG was a little slower.

However, Moritz writes, "even out of the box we are only talking about two tenths of a second for multiple head shots at the relatively long range of seven yards."

Moritz won't win any awards for sensitivity in journalism. Early on in the article he denounces the "slime-bucket" lawyers who sued RG Industries and put them out of business after the Reagan-Brady shootings. He continues:

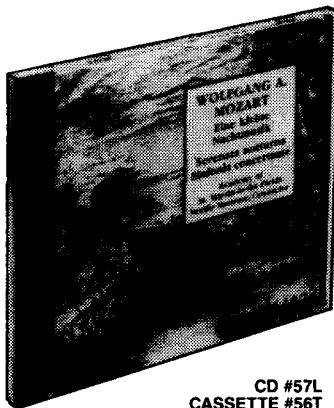
When John Hinckley shot James Brady, with an RG .22 revolver, his wife Sarah, head spokesnut at Handgun Control, Inc., sued RG. She was offended that her husband was shot with a cheap, low-powered gun. I guess she wanted him to be shot with an expensive, high-powered gun.

The Cobray M-11/9, Nicholas Elliot's gun, gets its share of praise. *The Gun Digest Book of Assault Weapons* in-



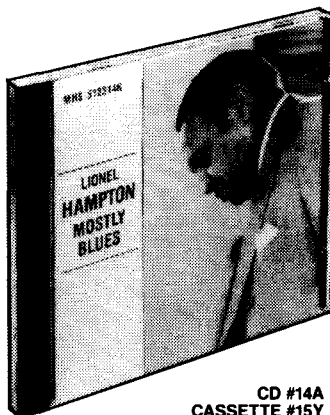
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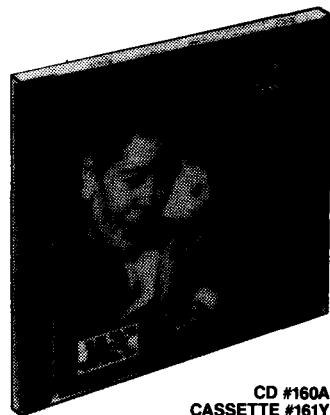
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cludes a chapter on the pistol and its heritage. The author describes it as "a plinker's delight and the bane of all tin cans, milk jugs, clay pigeons, and other inanimate objects." He sees its primary practical value as being home defense. "Appearance alone should cause most burglars and intruders to consider instant surrender if brought before its muzzle."

America's entertainment media provide the last ingredients in the perverse and lethal roux that keeps the body count climbing even as the domestic arms industry shrinks. Just as *McQ* promoted the Ingram, *Dirty Harry* promoted the Smith & Wesson Model 29 and *Miami Vice* such assault weapons as the Uzi, Bren 10, and members of the Ingram family. Park Dietz, a California forensic psychiatrist, studied the effect of *Miami Vice* on gun prices and demand, and found that the appearance of the Bren 10 in the hands of Sonny Crockett (Don Johnson) in early episodes of the show immediately boosted demand for the weapon. Dietz told the Cox Newspapers that *Miami Vice* "was the major determinant of assault-gun fashion for the 1980s."

Our movies and TV shows do far more damage than simply enhancing the appeal of exotic weapons, however. They teach a uniquely American lesson: When a real man has a problem, he gets his gun. He slaps in a clip, he squints grimly into the hot noon sun, and then he does what he's gotta do.

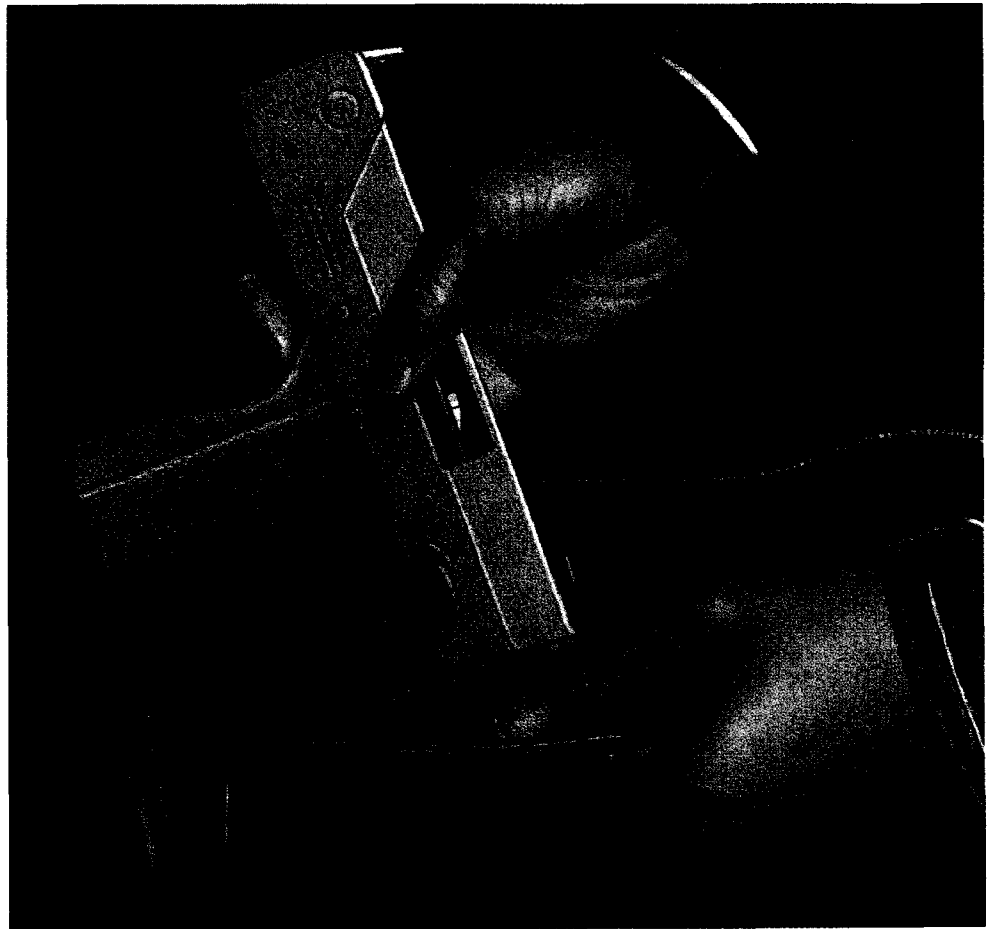
This is the lesson that Nicholas Elliot absorbed: When all else fails, maybe a gun can solve your problem. And Nicholas had a problem—or thought he did. He believed that some of the teachers at Atlantic Shores didn't like him. His fellow students, one in particular, picked on him, occasionally shoving and hitting him and taunting him with racial slurs. One week before the shooting his main tormentor, a boy I'll call Billy Cutter, had called him a "nigger."

"It's just people picking on me," Nicholas told Donald Adams, when Adams questioned him just after the shootings. "That's all it is. If God would have just stopped them—if I was nice enough and He would have made it so they were nice to me and didn't hit me, everything

would be fine. That's as simple as it is, or He could have just made them keep their hands to themselves. That's very simple."

Nicholas claimed that his classmates teased him about his love of guns. "They were always making fun of me. They always said stuff, 'You know so much about guns. You never even shot a gun in your life.'"

That Friday morning he set out to prove a few things to Billy and the other kids. "I wasn't angry," he told Adams. "I was just trying to find [Billy]—I wanted to scare him, to make him see how much of a wimp he was in front of everyone."



What Nicholas Did

NICHOLAS AWOKED THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 16 feeling sick, but for no particular reason. "I didn't feel like going to school," he told Adams, "but I knew I would get in trouble if I didn't, so I went. . . . I was just so sick." He packed his backpack and caught his usual bus.

The Atlantic Shores Christian School is run by the Atlantic Shores Baptist Church, whose 3,500-member congregation makes it the third largest church in the Hampton Roads area, where churches are about as ubiquitous as the U.S. Navy. The school, which consists of both per-

manent and portable classrooms arrayed around a courtyard, has an enrollment of some 500 students, only twenty-three of whom were black when Nicholas was a student there.

Nicholas attended his first classes as usual. On his way to Bible class he encountered Billy Cutter, his nemesis and, according to some informants, his part-time friend. Nicholas, by his own account, had hoped to come across Billy. And Billy, true to form, again called him a name. Nicholas went into a bathroom and took his Cobray from his backpack. He left both there, however, and exited the room. His account gets vague at this point. He wandered to the band room and at one point helped a man named Mike Lucky move a box.

Nicholas soon appeared at a trailer occupied by two teachers, Sam Marino and Susan Allen. He told Marino that he had come to take an oral French test, but Marino asked him to return later. He did return, almost immediately. During his absence he retrieved his gun and one of his six 32-round clips.

Forensic investigators later test-fired Nicholas's gun repeatedly, inserting each of his clips. Of the six, this one alone proved faulty. It misfired rounds to the gun, but only to a point about halfway down the magazine, the fifteen-round point, where it began feeding bullets correctly. Before he was stopped that morning, Nicholas fired fifteen rounds.

Marino had his back to Nicholas when the boy announced, "I have this really neat toy I want to show you."

Nicholas fired once through a window.

Marino, shocked at the roar behind him, turned. His first thought was that the gun was indeed only a toy, and he told Nicholas to hand it over. But Nicholas coolly took aim. The teacher raised a French textbook as a shield. (Adams told me that victims of gunplay hold up articles of all kinds in their last moments, in the magical belief that even a sheet of paper might save them.) Nicholas fired again, the shot blowing through the textbook as if it were made of foam, though it didn't hit Marino.

He fired a third time. This bullet ripped into Marino's shoulder.

Susan Allen bolted past Nicholas and down the trailer steps, with Nicholas following. She had the good sense to run serpentine fashion, like a character in a Grade B war movie, as Nicholas fired shot after shot at her back, sweeping the courtyard with a back-and-forth motion, stopping his pursuit now and then to clear a jammed cartridge. The sound was deafening, for both Allen and Nicholas. Her ears rang. His hurt.

She reached the end of the courtyard. With nowhere else to go, she made a sharp turn around the end of a trailer. Something struck her with shocking force and she fell to the ground. She had sprinted face-first into a utility shed. Breathless and petrified, she wriggled under the trailer. "It was not the smartest thing to do, if you think about it," Adams told me.

But two things distracted Nicholas. A loud thumping noise nearby, and Marino, who had risen and was clinging now to the doorjamb of his trailer.

"All of a sudden, there he was again," Marino recalled. Nicholas aimed a bit lower this time. The "gun that made the 80s roar" roared again. There was an elliptical flare. The bullet penetrated Marino's abdomen and catapulted him backward into the room.

The thumping got louder. Nicholas knew the noise—he had heard it before during a class, when kids in a trailer across the courtyard had been playing a game to see who could stamp hardest on the floor of the trailer.

In this case, however, the thumping was the sound made as terrified students scrambled to the rear of the trailer. On any other Friday, Nicholas would have been in that trailer, attending the Bible class taught by H. Maurice Matteson, "Hutch," the church's youth pastor.

Nicholas climbed the steps and tried the door, but someone inside had locked it. "I don't know how I got in," Nicholas told Adams. "I did not shoot the door. I did not shoot the door or the knob itself. I shot the glass in the door. I don't know how I got it open. . . . when I shot the glass, I guess it shook the door and got it open."

Once inside, he spotted Billy Cutter. "I know I said his name," Nicholas said. "I don't remember exactly what I said about him, because I was mad."

Others, however, do recall: "Billy Cutter," Nicholas said, "this is for you. I'm going to kill you."

Nicholas leveled the gun at Billy as three dozen other kids huddled at the far end of the trailer, weeping and praying.

Nicholas pulled the trigger.

The gun jammed. The magazine apparently had misfired another round.

He struggled to clear the jam, succeeded, and raised the gun again, just as Hutch Matteson charged.

Nicholas fired one last round. It blew harmlessly past Matteson's head.

Matteson tackled him, forcing him to the floor. "What

SUSAN ALLEN BOLTED PAST NICHOLAS. SHE HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO RUN SERPENTINE FASHION, LIKE A CHARACTER IN A GRADE B WAR MOVIE, AS NICHOLAS FIRED SHOT AFTER SHOT AT HER BACK, SWEEPING THE COURTYARD WITH A BACK-AND-FORTH MOTION.

Childreach Sponsorship.

Angela Mina lives in a very poor country where many children born die before their first birthday. Over 75% of all children suffer some form of malnutrition. Unclean water, disease, revolution, and natural disaster make survival for many children and their families a daily challenge.

But Angela has survived these things with a little help from a friend – 2200 miles away.

ANGELA IS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES.

In 1976, when Angela was almost three, Childreach (then known as Foster Parents Plan) found her a sponsor in the United States – Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rainville of Warwick, Rhode Island. Angela lived in a mud and cane house with a floor of damp packed earth. She suffered from bronchitis but was generally in good health.

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of a needy child, family, and community overseas. Childreach is the U.S. affiliate of PLAN International – the largest non-governmental, non-sectarian helping organization in the world. PLAN International also has sponsor-gathering affiliates in seven other countries.

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"I am attending kindergarten and I feel happy because I like the songs they teach me." March, 1978



"My brother Otto turned a year older and we made him a party." November, 1982

developing communities in Asia, Africa, South America and Central America.

To understand how Childreach and PLAN International impacted Angela's life, consider the things that *didn't* happen to her.

SHE NEVER BECAME ILL WITH AMOEBIIC OR BACILLARY DYSENTERY.

Using funds pooled from sponsorship money in the region, PLAN International's field staff typically aids communities like Angela's with equipment and expertise so that the people can create their own clean water supply.

SHE NEVER DEVELOPED PNEUMONIA.

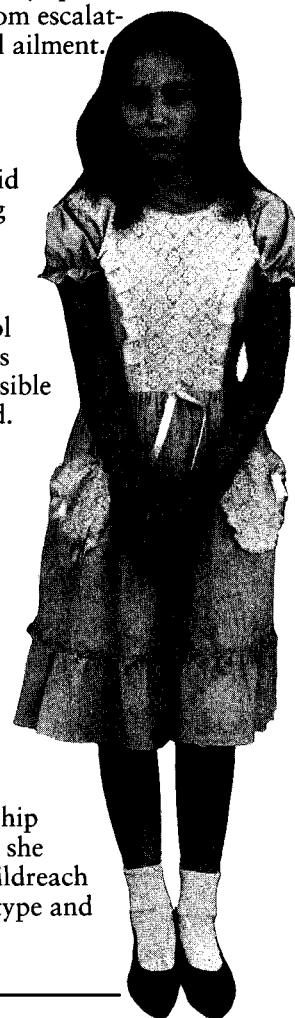
Medicines and health care made possible by PLAN International in clinics supported by sponsor contributions kept Angela's bronchitis from escalating into a more serious bronchial ailment.

SHE NEVER HAD TO LEAVE SCHOOL.

Despite severe poverty, Angela did not have to give up her schooling to go to work. Her Childreach sponsor's continuing support made it possible for PLAN International to supply school uniforms and pay school fees that would have been impossible for Angela's father to afford.

BECAUSE OF WHAT DIDN'T HAPPEN, HERE'S WHAT DID HAPPEN.

Angela became an excellent student, having finished high school with high marks. She is now eighteen, and has also graduated from the Childreach sponsorship program. With assistance she had received from her Childreach sponsor, she is learning to type and



"Thank God we didn't have any personal injuries from the earthquake." June, 1987

It works small miracles.

take dictation. Her bronchitis no longer threatens her and she is a happy, healthy young woman.

Through the civil unrest and natural disaster, through sickness and poverty, Angela believed she and her family would survive and have a better life. Her faith in her religion and her family, her friends at PLAN International, and a relationship forged over 15½ years with a family thousands of miles away has given her the hope and confidence that her dreams for tomorrow *will* come true.



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For only \$22 a month, just 72¢ a day, you can become a Childreach sponsor. Please fill out the coupon and start to make a difference in the life of a child who needs your help.

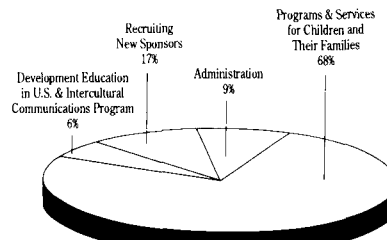


U. S. AFFILIATE OF  PLAN INTERNATIONAL

It works small miracles.

"...I plan to take a course in shorthand and typing. I greet you with love." July, 1991

Childreach Fiscal Year 1992 Expenditures



Total Administration & Fund Raising - 26%
Total Program Services - 74%

Please look for Childreach in the "Wise Giving Guide" of the National Charities Information Bureau (NCIB), where Childreach is listed regularly for meeting the highest standards of philanthropy.

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☐ Honduras ☐ El Salvador ☐ Dominican Republic

☐ ASIA: ☐ Indonesia ☐ India ☐ Nepal

☐ Philippines ☐ Thailand

☐ AFRICA: ☐ Burkina Faso ☐ Egypt ☐ Togo ☐ Guinea

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☐ MAYBE. I'm interested in Childreach, but I'll need to know more before I make my decision. Please send me information on the child I'll be sponsoring.

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in the world would make you want to do something like this?" Matteson screamed.

"They hate me," Nicholas said.

Police and medical help arrived soon afterward. An ambulance took Marino to the hospital. George Sweet, the senior pastor of the Atlantic Shores Baptist Church, followed to be with Marino, who, for good reason, was convinced he was going to die.

At school the faculty gathered everyone together in the church auditorium for a head count. Many students, among them Will and Lora Farley, still didn't know what had happened. "I was, like, wondering where my mom was," Lora recalled, before a dead-quiet courtroom. Her mother was Karen Farley, a teacher. "We weren't really concerned or anything, but when I first entered the auditorium, this girl said to me—me and my friends were laughing and stuff because we didn't really think anything was going on—and this girl said to me, 'Someone has been shot,' and it wasn't my mom. It was another teacher, and I was like—I couldn't understand. I was like, 'Somebody has been shot at school?'"

"We prayed and stuff that everything would be all right, and then we just, like, left it up to the Lord. We just sat there really being quiet and stuff. I asked Will—I said, 'Have you seen Mom?'"

"And he said, 'No.'"

One teacher told her that her mother was tending to the wounded teacher; another said that she was comforting a teacher who'd been chased. "I was like, 'Well, that sounds right too. I can see her doing both of them, but I don't know how she could do it at the same time.'"

A teacher asked Will and Lora to come out into the hall. "And one of my teachers was standing there and she was staring off down the—like out into where all the trailers were. She like gave me a hug and then they said, 'Take them back in the auditorium.'"

"So we went back in the auditorium, and then about ten or twenty minutes later, they came and got us and they took us into Pastor Sweet's office, and my pastor was there, and they never said that, you know, your mom has been shot or your mom is dead. They just—my pastor was crying, and then, I mean, we just sort of knew what had happened."

One of Sweet's colleagues had reached Sweet at the hospital. "George," he said, "you need to get back here right away."

"Why?" Sweet asked.

"They found Karen Farley, and she's dead."

Bill Farley, Karen's husband, learned of her death about one o'clock that afternoon, from his own pastor and a policewoman.

The police had not found Karen Farley until ninety minutes after the shootings, after the head count showed her missing. They discovered her body in a locked trailer;

she was still wearing her winter coat. The first bullet struck her forearm before entering her torso, suggesting to investigators that she had raised her hand either to ask for the gun or to plead for her life, or perhaps merely in another of those magical efforts to defend against the bullet. Nicholas stood over her and shot her again, firing downward—"execution-style," as the press delighted in saying. It was then, apparently, that he moved on to Sam Marino's trailer.

The next night Lora and a friend picked out what Lora's mother would wear for her funeral. They also wrapped Christmas presents that Karen Farley had hidden in a closet. Months later Lora and Will would find another cache of presents hidden away. Nicholas pleaded guilty to first-degree murder and was sentenced to life in prison.

The more Bill Farley learned about the gun Nicholas had used and how he had acquired it, the more angry he became. Farley keeps a handgun for home defense; even Karen Farley practiced with it. But, Farley says, the Cobray is different. "There's just no reason for those kinds of weapons to be sold in the United States," he told me one recent evening. "If you need something like that to protect your home, you better move."

He filed a negligence and product-liability suit against Guns Unlimited and S. W. Daniel, Inc.—one of a growing number of such suits being brought in courthouses around the country, including one filed by the family of the actress Rebecca Schaeffer, the murdered co-star of *My Sister Sam*, against the dealer who sold the murder weapon. The jury ordered Guns Unlimited to pay Bill Farley and his children \$105,000. "I guess what I really wanted to do was get the attention of the gun shop, and say, Hey, you all did something wrong," Farley told me. "Just because ATF didn't do anything to you doesn't mean a thing. You shouldn't have done it."

Long before the trial, the Virginia court cut S. W. Daniel free of the case. Judge John K. Moore argued that reigning legal theories concerning negligence and product liability dictate that the "plaintiff must first show 'goods were unreasonably dangerous for [the] use to which they would ordinarily be put or for some other reasonably foreseeable purpose.'" Farley, he wrote, hadn't made any allegation that the gun was defective.

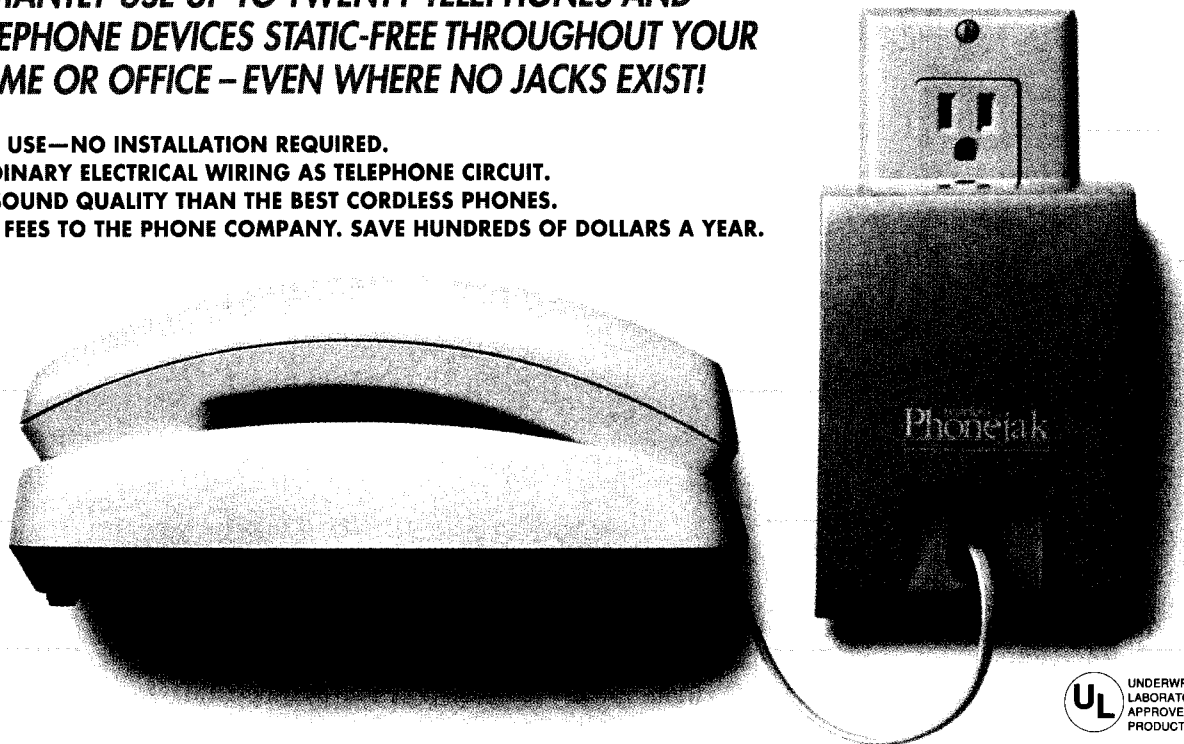
Even if he had, his argument might have failed. "Unfortunately," Judge Moore wrote, "the weapon worked."

AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTINGS, BUSINESS WAS BRISK for James Dick and Guns Unlimited—so brisk that within a year Dick expanded the Guns Unlimited empire and added his third store. One must be cool indeed to be a gun dealer. The site Dick chose was a small shopping plaza on Kempsville Road in Virginia Beach. The Atlantic Shores Christian School was across the street. □

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Houses Thomas Jefferson knew—and houses he designed—shaped the ideas that are familiar from the University of Virginia and Monticello

JEFFERSON'S OTHER BUILDINGS

BY GARRY WILLS

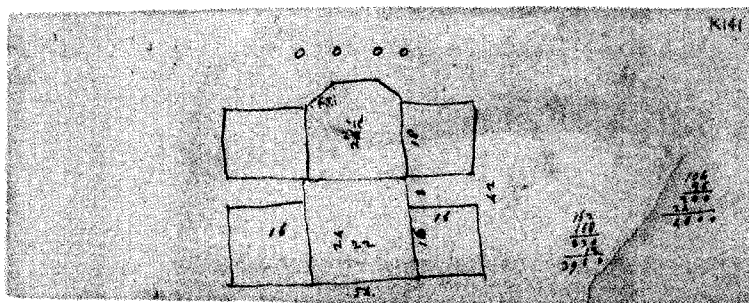
THE THREE best-known buildings of Thomas Jefferson's own design deserve their fame. Monticello, his home, shaped over the years, breathes with his mind like the shell of a liv-

ing thing, protecting and revealing it. The University of Virginia brings buildings into intimate conversation with one another on a high, ideal plane. The Virginia state capitol, in Richmond, is a frontier temple, democratically elite.

But other buildings important in Jefferson's life are far less visited, though each reveals something about him. All of the five considered here were closed to the public until recently, and even now when they are open they are not heavily trafficked. Each offers a special angle of entry into Jefferson's world, an opening into his mind. Two are ruins (Rosewell and Barboursville), with enough remaining to suggest their former elegance. Two are presidential houses (Montpelier and Poplar Forest), held by private owners until this decade. The one that has remained least changed is the first building Jefferson ever knew.

Tuckahoe

THOUGH JEFFERSON WAS BORN AT SHADWELL, his father's plantation outside Charlottesville, he was raised from the age of two to nine in the great house of Tuckahoe, a plantation near Richmond. Jefferson's father had promised Tuckahoe's master, his friend (and his wife's cousin) William Randolph, that he would raise the Randolph children if William died during their minority. When William did so, the Jefferson family went to Tuckahoe, the larger plantation. The Tuckahoe experience involved Jefferson forever in the affairs of his Randolph relatives. One of the Randolph children Jefferson went to school with at Tuckahoe, Thomas Mann Randolph, had a son who mar-



ried Jefferson's daughter Martha—she was, therefore, marrying her cousin, a common practice in these interlaced families of Virginia.

This was where Jefferson learned to read and write, and the first

place he experienced plantation life—that busy nexus of farm efforts and administrative center, populous with slaves. The trials of duo-family living were experienced, along with the privilege of being attended by tutors and slaves. Visitors to Williamsburg are shown a movie about a fictitious plantation called Riverton. The setting is actually Tuckahoe, the most complete plantation complex surviving from eighteenth-century Virginia. Its slave street is a double row of seven structures, all intact though made of wood. The home's inner three “dependencies” also survive—Jefferson's schoolroom was in the east one.

The great house is the first piece of architecture Jefferson became familiar with. For the date of its construction (c. 1714–1720) it is an impressive building—though it is in the provincial style that Jefferson early rejected. Tuckahoe began, like the earliest version of Jefferson's later home, Monticello, as a high, narrow building only one room deep. Most owners built their largest structure in stages (slave labor was available according to the season), adding to the original house or using it as a dependency for the later mansion, which was often made of superior materials. But Tuckahoe was begun and finished in wood. Its future was determined by the first structure, because a lucky chance to employ a master carver supplied it with interior woodwork more finely wrought than any being done except at Rosewell, near Williamsburg. Not only were the rooms paneled in wood with fine cornices and pilasters, but the stairs were exuberantly carved, with flowery newels and fascia. Since the Jeffersons probably lived in this earliest part of the building, their son looked out of a wood-paneled bedroom toward his first schoolhouse.



When it came time to expand the house, it was not simply thickened by additions, as Monticello would be. That would have caused problems in the use of the grand stairway (grand only in relation to the shallow first structure). So a *replica* of the house was built, parallel to it but thirty feet from it, and the two structures were connected by a narrow hyphen, giving the whole an H shape. This was the plan later used to build the Lee family home, Stratford. In both places the hyphen runs into the central halls of the two wings, forming one extended hall for entertainment purposes, always important in a great house. Jefferson would later repudiate everything about the house—wooden exteriors, wooden paneling, and simple articulation of a home around the axis of a great hall.

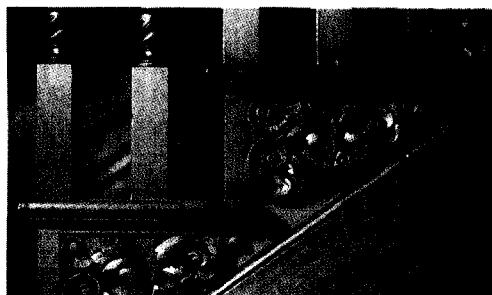
Jefferson also had unfortunate relations with most of his Randolph cousinhood. In fact, his Tuckahoe relatives involved him,

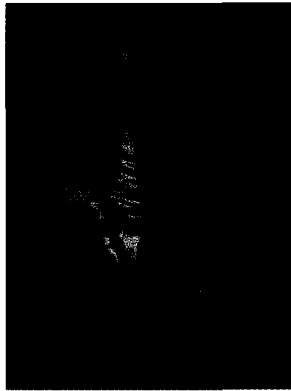
through his daughter Martha, in the most famous sexual scandal of eighteenth-century Virginia, one that included three men he fought with openly later on—John Randolph of Roanoke, Patrick Henry, and John Marshall.

Judith Randolph, Martha's sister-in-law, married still another Randolph, Richard, the brother of John Randolph. When Thomas Mann's other daughter, Nancy, went to live with her sister at Richard Randolph's aptly named plantation, Bizarre, she allegedly had an affair with her brother-in-law.

The Richard Randolphs and Nancy were visiting another plantation when Nancy's pregnancy, disguised till then, ended in an early birth. Richard tried secretly to bury the stillborn baby, but was heard by the master's family and seen by the slaves. To clear his name, he demanded a legal hear-

A study by Jefferson (facing page), probably for the rebuilding of Shadwell; Tuckahoe (above and below)





Rosewell (top) as it was known to Jefferson (left) and John Page (right), his classmate and lifelong friend

ing at which he could deny the accusations being leveled at him (and not only by slaves, who could not testify). He hired Patrick Henry and John Marshall to handle the extraordinary legal procedure. Martha Jefferson was called to testify, and her father encouraged her to be supportive of Nancy, a "pitiable victim, whether it be of error or slander." He also wrote to Richard Randolph's stepfather, the esteemed lawyer St. George Tucker, saying the whole thing was the result of rumor. Distasteful as he found much of the Randolph progeny, he was quick, like other members of the aristocracy, to rally round a member in trouble.

Bizarre is gone, like Shadwell; but the house where so many of the people involved in that sordid episode grew up still stands, open by arrangement to the public after many years of private inaccessibility. On one window the names of the two sisters involved in the scandal are scratched under the burial date of their mother, who died three years before the Bizarre legal hearing. Nancy Ran-

dolph was later accused of poisoning her ex-lover, Richard, by Richard's increasingly erratic brother, John. She had by that point married Gouverneur Morris, of New York. Tuckahoe bred them tough.

Rosewell

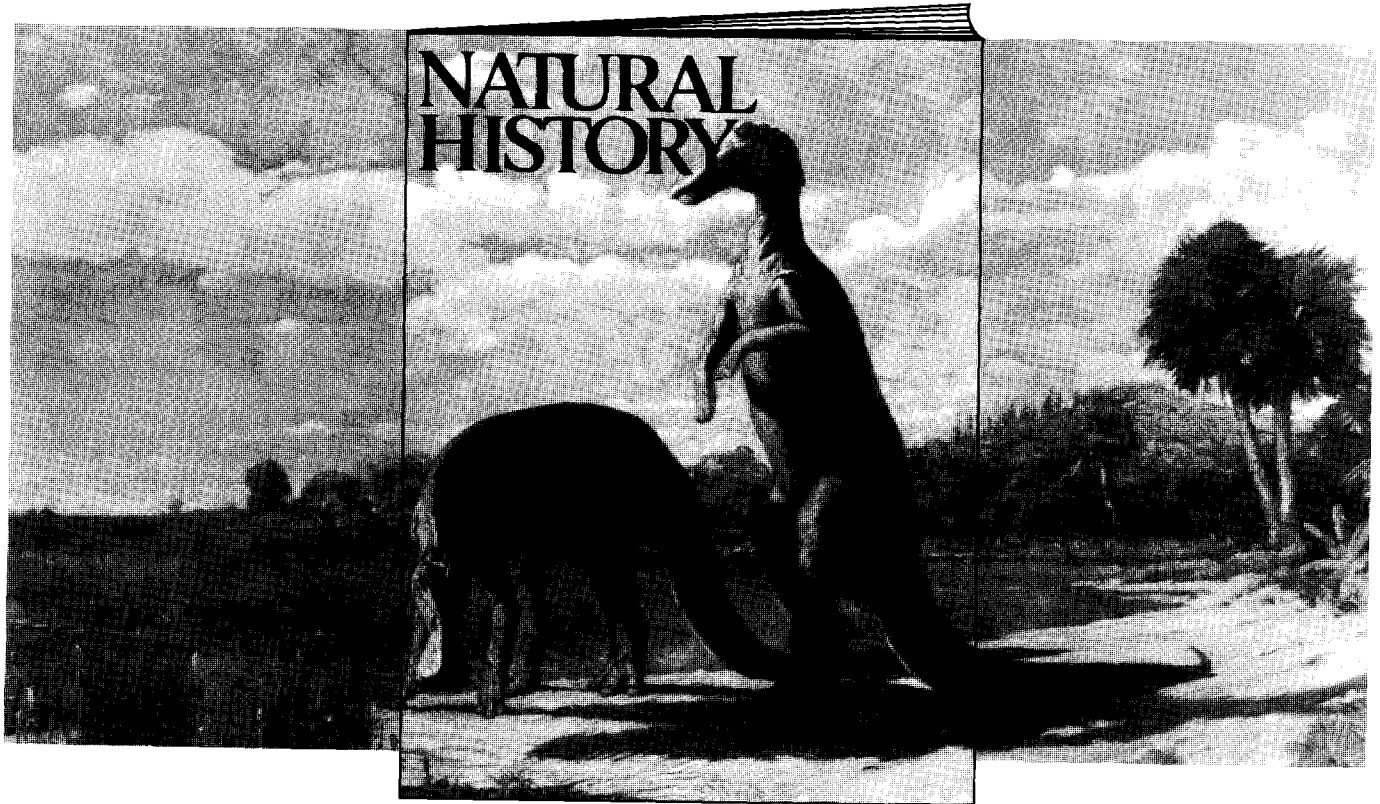
HIS YEARS FROM SIXTEEN TO TWENTY-THREE Jefferson spent in Williamsburg, first as a student at William and Mary, and then while studying law and other subjects with the classical scholar George Wythe. Wythe's house is one of those at Williamsburg that least needed restoring. Visitors find it much as Jefferson knew it in his years of frequenting the place. Another of the original buildings left in Williamsburg had special interest for Jefferson—Peyton Randolph's house, a modest "town home" added to over the years, which held the best library Jefferson had access to. When Randolph died, Jefferson bought his books, making them the foundation of his own major library (the one later sold to the Library of Congress).

One house in the Williamsburg area we can be sure Jefferson actually stayed in is that of his lifelong friend and college fellow John Page. Page's grandfather had built the largest and most exquisitely finished plantation great house in Colonial Virginia: Rosewell on the York. By the time Jefferson went to college, his father was dead; relations with his mother, for whatever reason, were always cool; Shadwell had little to attract him home. Luckily for him, the huge house, large grounds, and high roof of Rosewell were within easy distance of Williamsburg, and family tradition among both the Jeffersons and the Pages preserves the memory of Thomas and John studying astronomy from the roof of Rosewell. Jefferson's earliest preserved correspondence is with John Page (a future governor of Virginia), and it shows how continual were their communications whenever Jefferson was away from Williamsburg.

In the Wythe house Jefferson could see the Georgian style in its neatest, most understated form. At Rosewell he found that style stretched to its limits, striving for magnificence within the formulas of symmetrical bays on replicated façades (front corresponding to back, and side to side). Rosewell soared up three stories from a high water table, with a heavily vaulted wine cellar meant to bear the weight of marble in its hall. Even now, when only the four great chimneys, one windowed side pavilion, and the front-door complex remain (the house burned in 1916), it is stunning in its scale. In early photographs of the house, the doors dwarf the people standing in them.

The ruin is less spectacular now than when I stumbled on it in the early 1970s, when it was choked with unrestrained foliage, its chimneys lifting their heavy stone caps into the light. Minimal efforts at stabilization have put unromantic metal lids on the moldering chimney

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caps and linked the vulnerable upright sections with steel struts. These changes create the unfortunate effect of giant teeth wearing braces, but they were necessary if there is to be any ruin to view in the future. The house was restorable when the shell, long neglected, was gutted by fire, or even through the 1920s and 1930s. But there was not enough money or attention to save this out-of-the-way single building (Rockefeller money was re-creating lost buildings in Williamsburg), and the exposed walls began to yield to the impact of hurricanes. The house was entirely unattended when I saw it first; then just watched over to prevent further vandalism; then put in the stages of preservation. Now archaeological digging has begun to discover the sites of dependent structures.

After the building's sheer size, what strikes one is the fineness of the brick details. The danger with a Georgian house on this scale is that it will have a blank and boxy look, no matter how its regularly spaced windows are ornamented. To prevent that, the articulations of the surface were worked out with a sharply profiled water table and "belt courses" separating the three lines of windows. The crisp edges of the bricks were given a buzzing surface by placing glazed "headers" randomly in the Flemish bonding, so they glitter as the light hits them from different angles. Rubbed and gauged bricks vary the texture of the house at its corners, jambs, and window arches. White portland stone emphasizes the doorway pilasters, the windows, the chimneys. Two stairwells formed "pavilion" projections from each side of the house. The long central windows of the pavilions, each extended upward by a round top, spanned the first two stories and flooded them with light.

The interior is gone. Some photographs and fragments survived the fire, showing woodwork astonishingly similar to that of Tuckahoe but on a far grander scale. Since the son of Tuckahoe's builder married the daughter of Rosewell's builder, in 1735, it is possible that the same craftsman executed or oversaw the carving at both great houses, in a brief stay at Tuckahoe and an extended campaign at Rosewell. If so, Jefferson lived for a long time with that carver's work.

Rosewell, unlike Tuckahoe, is remembered in Jefferson's writings with affection. "I reflect often with pleasure on the philosophical evenings I passed at Rosewell," he wrote John Page in 1770, recalling the nights studying astronomy. "However the gods I fancy were apprehensive that if we were placed together, we should pull down the moon, or play some such devilish prank with their

works." Rosewell was unusual for a Georgian house in having a flat roof, on which two turrets (or "lanterns") continued the vertical emphasis. It is the one feature of the early houses he knew that Jefferson adhered to in his own designs, despite the invariable result—leaking roofs. He might pull the gods from the skies, but he could not keep their rain out of his flat-roofed offices at Monticello or the cells at the University of Virginia.

Montpelier

PIEDMONT VIRGINIA WAS THICK WITH PRESIDENTS during the early nineteenth century. Only thirty miles from Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, was Montpelier, the home of James Madison. And even closer to Monticello, three miles away, was Highland, the home of James Monroe. For a quarter of a century the presidency was held by men who lived within fifteen miles of one central point.

Monroe lived at Highland (later called Ash Lawn) only from 1799 to 1823. He had built a simple house, planning to put up his great house later on, but politics and bad crops kept him from developing this manor. In the third year of his presidency he had to move to a more prosperous plantation in Loudoun County. Madison, in contrast, inherited Montpelier and lived there till his death, in 1836. His father, like George Washington's, had left him a simple house, which he developed by stages into the mansion familiar to his later visitors (who often combined a trip to Montpelier with one to Monticello). Washington built out on either side of the core house at Mount Vernon, leaving a certain imbalance at its center (where a stairway, crowd-

ed into the entry hall, throws the main door off-center). Madison used his father's house as one wing, to which he added a brand-new wing. He put a pedimented portico in front of the new complex, to unify the whole. Like Washington, he de-

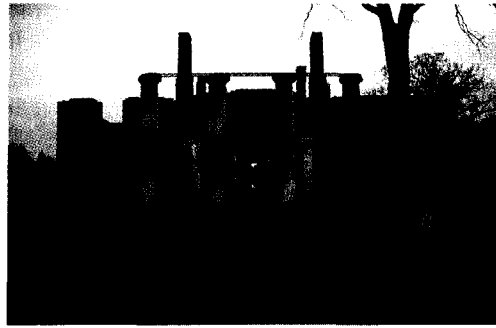
signed his own first additions, and the columns he put up were on bases (podiums) that made their proportions "incorrect" by Palladian standards—an error that was not corrected in Madison's lifetime. But Madison improved his house in ways that were once credited to Jefferson. Actually, it was Jefferson's skilled workmen—Hugh Chisholm, James Dinsmore, and John Neilson—who completed the Montpelier of Madison's lifetime.

The house is so little known because it was just recently (in 1984) deeded to the National Trust for Historic Preservation by the duPont family, which lived in and altered it in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The house had run down, additions and all, by the time



legal challenges were resolved, and the National Trust is still engaged in arresting the deterioration of the fabric while trying to decide how to restore the encrusted Madisonian original. Some archaeological work has begun on the grounds, and funds are being raised to restore Montpelier to its rightful place among the presidential mansions.

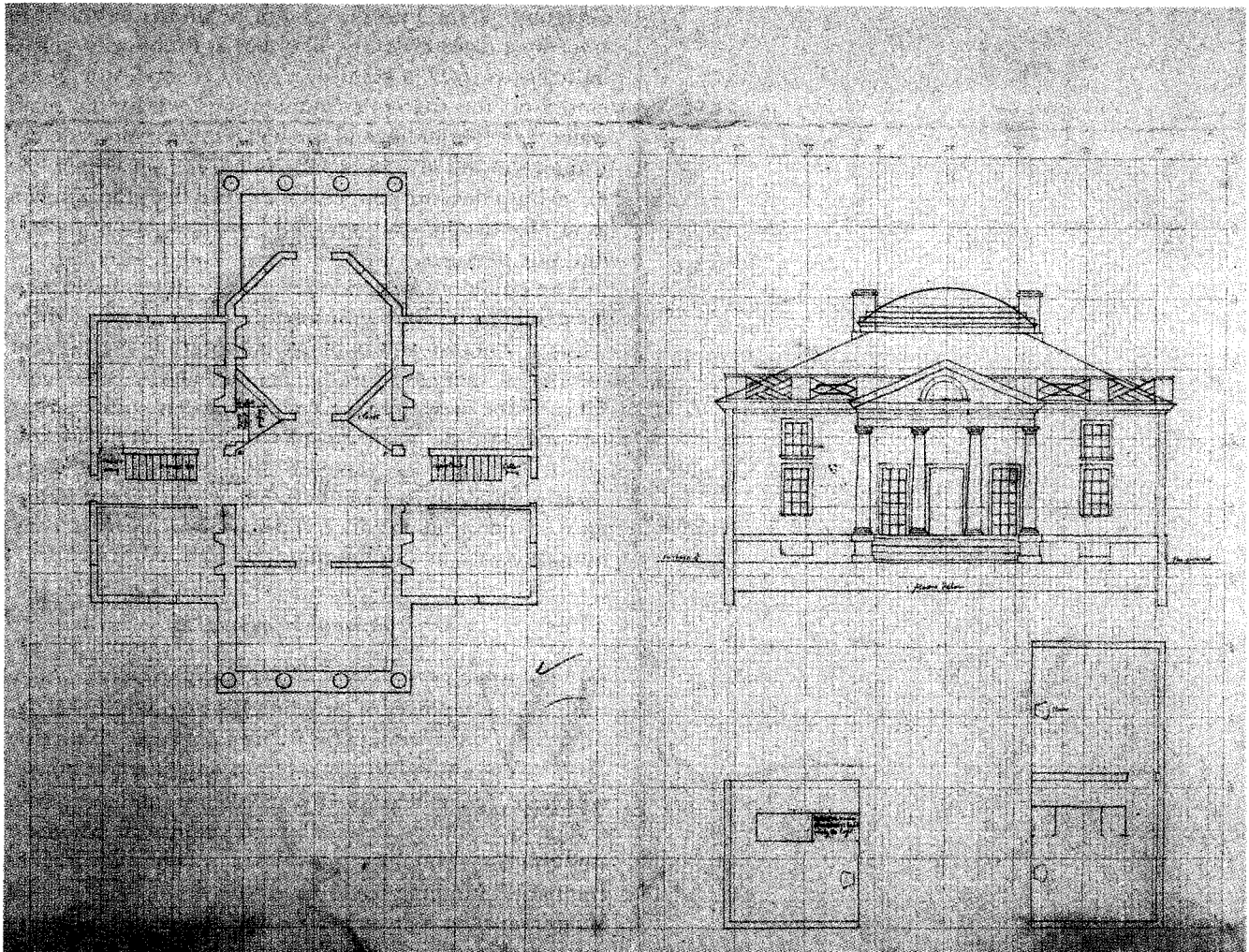
Unlike Jefferson, whose wife died before Monticello was completed, Madison shared his home with a vivacious spouse who had decided tastes of her own, the former Dolley Payne Todd, who became the presiding spirit of Montpelier. The library where her husband worked, their bedroom, where he died, the dining room where they entertained Jefferson and many other people of the founding generation, are recoverable within the original walls of the house they labored to improve for almost half a century. The result was never as personal a statement as Monticello, but even in its derivative aspects it is revealing. Madison created an area with



halls extending from it along the whole garden façade, forming a T-shaped public area. Jefferson himself noted similarities to Monticello. Madison, too, was a great collector of art, and he arranged his paintings and sculpture, as Jefferson had, on a didactic plan. He grouped the representations of American heroes together in his great hall, as Jefferson concentrated them in his tea room. Much of this can be restored. The setting is beautiful, against its backdrop of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and most of those who visited Madison and Jefferson in the years after their estates and their intellects had been formed thought that they received a warmer welcome at Montpelier than at Monticello, one seasoned with Madison's sense of humor—that single great quality Jefferson

lacked. The building in its restored condition will be broadly Jeffersonian in spirit, but something more as well.

James Madison's Montpelier (facing page); Barbourville, in ruins (above) and in a Jefferson rendering (below)

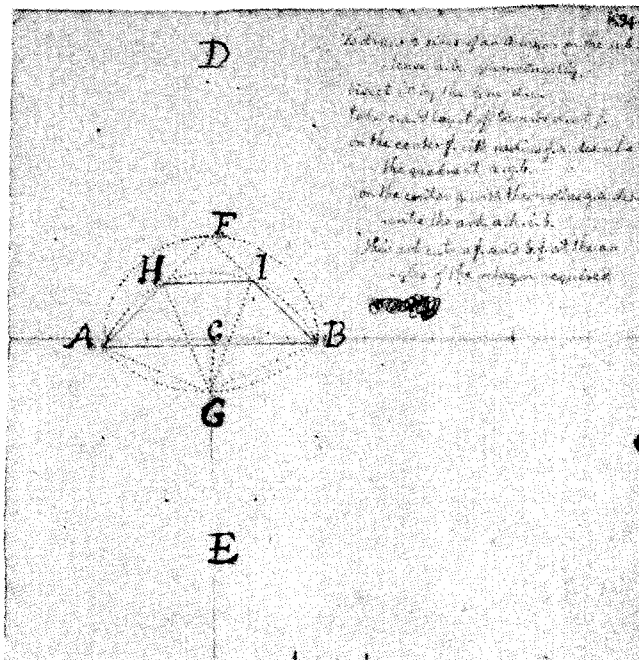
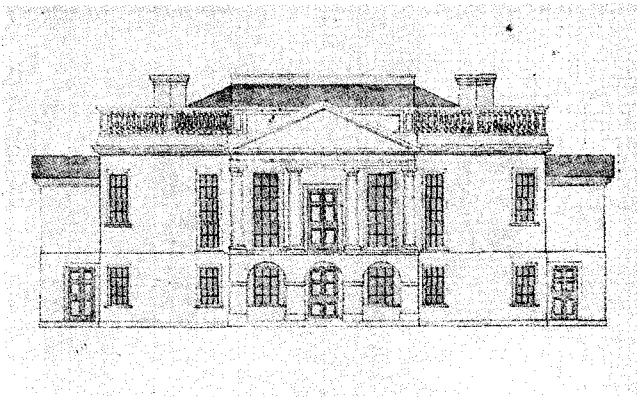


Barboursville

ONE OF THE FEW PRIVATE HOMES WITH AN UNDISPUTED claim to having come from Jefferson's drawing board is Barboursville, built around 1817 and destroyed by fire in 1884. We are at another ruin, this one more accessible and tidier than Rosewell, maintained by the Barboursville Vineyards, which offers visitors a wine tasting. James Barbour, a prominent Jeffersonian politician in Virginia and later a United States senator, asked Jefferson to design a house for him. Workmen from Monticello could not help Jefferson in the actual building, as they had at neighboring Montpelier, because by 1817 he had thrown all his forces into the construction of the University of Virginia. But Barbour's joiners were invited to come and study Monticello before undertaking their task.

*Poplar Forest (top);
Jefferson's theorem for
drawing three sides
of an octagon on a given
base (bottom)*

We see here what Jefferson could do with the ideas he later used at Monticello, when unem-



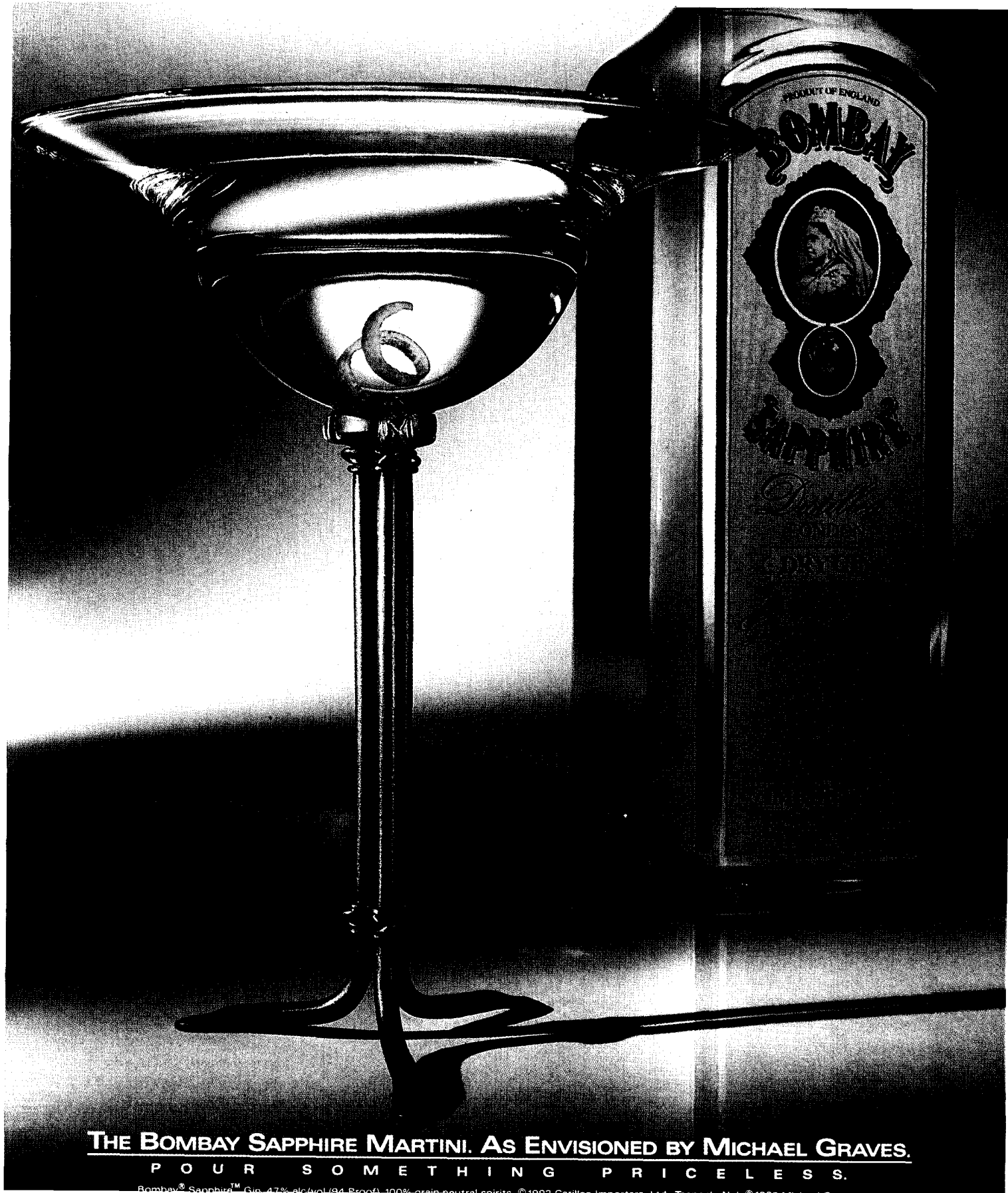
barrassed by the incorporated parts of the first house he had built for himself. Monticello is a tricky house, covering its own tracks, suggesting different designs as it is seen from varying angles. It looks thinner and more longitudinal than it is, less boxy than its floor plan reveals. Its dome is prominent on the garden side, where it looks central to the design, but it is an ornamental addition that is not even visible from up close on the front side. Chimneys are strewn irregularly around the roof, leaving clues to the way the house grew, despite Jefferson's largely successful attempt to divert the eye from them. All these irregularities are removed from Barboursville, while most of the features of late Monticello are used in their uncompromised form. Barboursville has octagons on its mind, as Jefferson did in most of his later residential plans. The great room is a fully octagonal parlor, which Jefferson could not fit into the final Monticello, though he raised the number of its semi-octagonal protuberances from one to five.

We come on the ruin now from the garden side, where the side of an octagon extends out under the garden portico, as at Monticello. The porticoes give the ground plan the form of a Greek cross with a dome over the octagonal room (though Barbour never completed the dome). The octagon pushing into the garden behind is balanced in front by a recessed entry, like that at Monticello, into a hall that is itself a semi-octagon. Closets (now gone) closed off the triangular indentations left by the main walls of the parlor beyond the hall. On the entry side the windows of the second-floor bedrooms began at floor level, giving a one-story appearance to the two stories, again as at Monticello. And here, too, the stairs were tucked into side passages.

The two-story dependencies, still intact, have their own colonnade. Barbour probably lived in one of them while his mansion was being completed; the present owners use them as a vacation home. The site is well chosen, and the view from the present vineyard office shows how majestic the house must have looked before fire gutted it. The land was carved to fit the building, and encroachments of grass emphasize how, with its recessive entry and protruding parlor, the house was meant to communicate with its surroundings.

Poplar Forest

WHEN JEFFERSON DREAMED, SHORTLY AFTER college, of building his own home, he described it to his friend John Page: "No castle though, I assure you; only a small house, which shall contain a room for myself and another for you, and no more, unless Belinda [Rebecca Burwell, whom he was courting] should think proper to favor us with her company." Nothing could be further from the idea of a Virginia planter's great house—the center of hospitality and social intelligence in a region that lacked town halls,

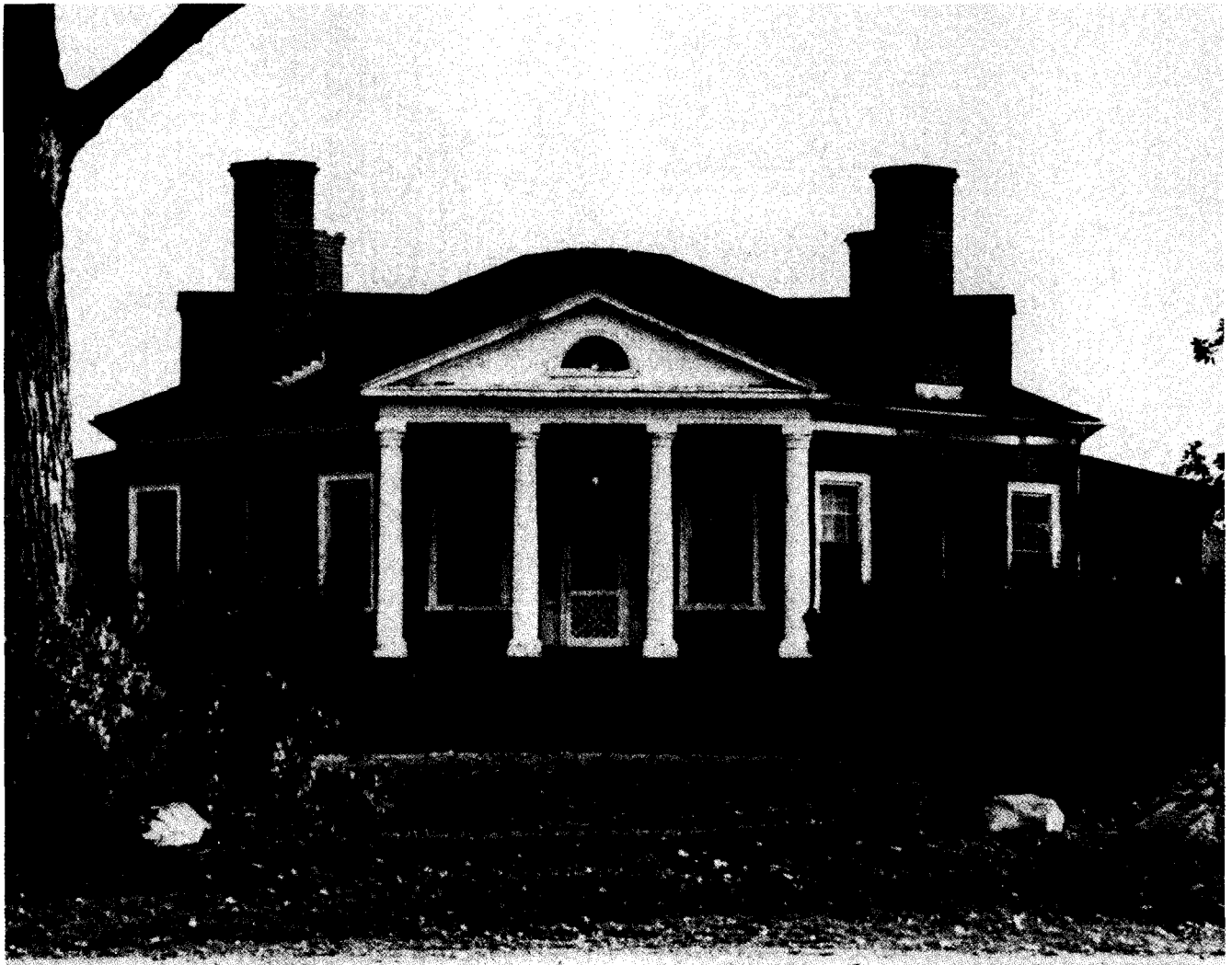


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*Poplar Forest (above);
its floor plan (below),
drawn by Cornelia
Randolph, Jefferson's
granddaughter*

had only three rooms on each of its two floors. Even in the enlarged mansion he completed over the years, he kept his library locked and divided the house into private and public rooms. This was in defiance of the early plan of Georgian homes, where all the side rooms opened into each other and onto the central hall, allowing a continual flow and resettling of domestic functions. Keeping people out was a developing concept in the domestic architecture of Jefferson's province—a fact symbolized in the contrast between his stingy hidden staircases and Rosewell's inviting stairs lit by showpiece triple windows.

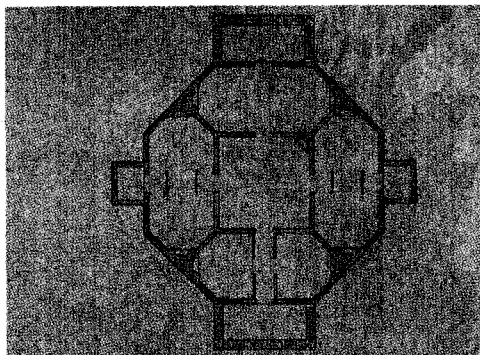
Yet Monticello, like Mount Vernon, became a place of politi-

public gathering places, and inns fit for gentlefolk. There was a monastic streak in Jefferson. His first name for Monticello was The Hermitage, and its original design

cal pilgrimage after Jefferson achieved fame, and he found he had to remove himself from it at times in order to maintain his rigorous schedule of record keeping, correspondence, and reading. Since he had to travel to his other plantations, especially to those in Bedford County, inherited through his wife, Jefferson converted necessity into convenience by building for himself a retreat on the Poplar Forest plantation, outside Lynchburg. This house—begun when he was President—is tailored to his private needs as fully as the first Monticello was, and it

gives expression to his later thoughts on architecture. Discounting the storage areas underneath, it has only six rooms, three of which are octagons and two of which are semi-octagons. Moreover, the exterior shape of the building is itself an octagon, as are the shapes of its flanking privies.

The plan Jefferson used was one he first considered for a house for his daughter on the nearer



plantation he called Pantops, Greek for "All [around] View." The problem with octagons as interior rooms is that their odd shape leaves dead space in the rooms they abut—something he could avoid at Barboursville only by making closets of these triangular pockets. He solved this quandary at Poplar Forest by laying one long side of his octagonal rooms against a center square room (a perfect cube that required a skylight above it since it had no windows). Thus all the angles of the octagon were *exterior* angles except the one it shared with the next octagon laid up against the cubic center. By putting porticoes on two of the sides and stairways to the ground on the other two, he kept the house in continuous communication with the outside. The center room is equidistant from the outer walls and opens directly onto each octagonal room through large doors.

The result was quite impractical for most family purposes. If the normal great house was all public space, this was all one private area. Jefferson meant to entertain no visitors here. Only his daughter's family stayed with him (though others, including Andrew Jackson, made afternoon calls). The entire structure is essentially a headquarters for his western farms and a remote place for rumination. When he sold his main library to Congress, he retained the special library of small editions he had sequestered here.

Despite its unsuitability for normal living, Poplar Forest was bought in the nineteenth century and privately owned until recently. That is why most people do not even know that another of Jefferson's homes exists. The roof with its skylight and the entire interior were destroyed by fire in 1845, after which an attic was added above the center room, with a new staircase to reach it. A hip roof was raised over the attic, with dormers to light it. But apart from these changes, the basic structure of the house is intact. It was bought by a private foundation in 1984, when the grounds on which it stands were threatened by encroaching developments outside Lynchburg. Today the foundation is stabilizing the house, exploring its grounds, and conducting research for a full restoration.

The house makes an interesting study in contrasts with Monticello. Poplar Forest gathers light to it; Monticello pushes out toward its surroundings. Monticello is phototropic: it constantly breaks the plane where it meets the outside world, putting out an arc of windows, then piazzas, then a louvered aviary or outside sitting area, then extending brick terraces toward its dependencies. From a house with fourteen sides, Monticello became one with thirty sides. It is porous to its surroundings, grading off into the circumjacent world, which has been carefully or-

dered to approach it. Jefferson broke down the strict contrast of inside and outside, far more than the conditions of Monticello's modern exhibition can suggest. Restorers are making greater efforts at authenticity. Grass now grows at the top of the steps leading down from the parlor to the garden. Recent restoration of the east front has removed the white paint from its pillars, going back to the sand coating Jefferson used, and the panels enclosing the whole recessed doors-and-windows complex have been painted the same color, drawing earthy colors into the house. But by failing to paint the entry hall's floor a grass green, the restorers have not followed Jefferson's logic. (Jefferson used a shade of green supplied to him by the painter Gilbert Stuart.) This entry hall is now remembered by most people for its clock with cannonball weights hung in the corner. These seem rather rustic in the elegant hall now on view; but Jefferson's entry was jammed with natural-history specimens, with bones and fossils and minerals, with large painted buffalo skins on the wall, and mounted animal heads. One came inside only to discover nature's richness.

The grading out of rooms from their hearths toward peripheral areas is no longer sensed in a house that must pick one integument to seal off the areas heated and cooled by modern means, or to channel the flow of tourists moving through. There are windows on the formerly open north piazza, and the louvered porchlike area on the south has been removed. The triple-hung sashes are rarely raised, as they were in Jefferson's day. The skylights in the dining room and in Jefferson's bedroom are no longer shuttered in summer and opened to the sun in winter, making the house light itself differently according to the season. Sunlight by day and candlelight by night, with the stars often vivid through the thirteen skylights, made Monticello responsive to its setting in a dialogue necessarily broken now.

At Monticello the complex relationships the house establishes are somewhat hard to follow, since the house is articulated according to different principles for the private places and the public, for the hidden upstairs chambers and the programmatic downstairs, for the functional parts (like the louvers) and the merely ornamental (like the dome). Poplar Forest, on its similar but ingenious scheme, will present people with a clearer interplay of art and nature. The whole site is Jefferson's last dramatic marriage of classical art with the American wilderness. Alone of the buildings mentioned here, it will someday take its place with Monticello and the University of Virginia as a masterpiece of Jefferson's art and a revelation of his mind. □

CREDITS: Pages 80, 85 (bottom), and 86 (bottom), Massachusetts Historical Society; page 81 (top), Colonial Williamsburg Foundation; page 81 (bottom), courtesy of Tuckahoe Plantation; page 82 (top), Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia; page 82, sketch of Jefferson courtesy of the Museum and Library of Maryland History; page 82, painting of John Page from the Muscarelle Museum of Art, College of William and Mary, Virginia; page 84, National Trust: Montpelier; page 85 (top), Christine Koontz/Barboursville Vineyards; pages 86 (top) and 88 (bottom), Thomas Jefferson Papers, Special Collections Department, Manuscripts Division, University of Virginia Library; page 88 (top), courtesy of Poplar Forest

AT LAST COUNT

THE GEOGRAPHY OF AIDS

GEOPHYPHERS HAVE a long tradition of studying how such things as people, ideas, innovations, and diseases spread over space and through time. Since the 1950s they have used computers to model and simulate these diffusion processes, displaying the results as sequences of maps. Today, with such methods as spatial adaptive filtering and neural computing, they are predicting what maps of the AIDS epidemic are going to look like three or more years into the future.

In the early years of the epidemic geographic information was difficult to get, because doctors believed that releasing it might threaten the confidentiality of people's medical records. However, by means of careful and responsible aggregation, AIDS cases can be reported on an appropriate geographic basis without any possibility of disclosing identities, and most states today publish data on AIDS cases by county or by zip code.

The maps on the facing page show the diffusion of AIDS in Ohio. They were assembled in much the same way as are the temperature maps that appear in newspapers. In the case of temperature maps, a computer is fed two pieces of information, temperature and location, for each weather station. (Because the number of stations in any region is limited, the computer must make educated guesses about the temperature in surrounding areas, based on the assumption that adjacent patches have related temperatures.) The computer then draws contour lines enclosing areas that fall within the same temperature range. For the AIDS maps, researchers provide the computer with the number of AIDS cases in each county; the computer uses complex formulas to predict their likely distribution throughout the county. The resulting contour lines do not conform to county boundaries any more than the epidemic itself does. On a temperature map each change of color represents a change of exactly the same size—10°, for instance. The colors in the AIDS map represent geometric steps, which can capture the great variation in incidence from place to place.

Ohio recorded its first AIDS case in 1981, in Cleveland. By 1983 AIDS cases had been reported in Columbus, in the middle of the state, and in Cincinnati, in the southwest corner. Geographers call such apparent jumping across the map "hierarchical diffusion"; the spread of the disease seems to be governed by pre-existing relationships among populations in the largest cities in a region's urban hierarchy. Within two years these cities had seen

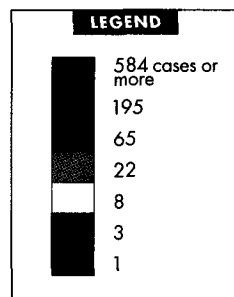
the slow spread of AIDS into the surrounding rural areas, like a wine stain on a tablecloth. All the while, of course, the cities built up more and more cases of their own. By 1987 only a handful of isolated rural counties had not reported AIDS cases. By 1990 nearly every county in Ohio had reported at least one case. The final map here shows the situation anticipated for 1995, when, according to the projection, the state will be dealing with some 7,300 reported cases of full-blown AIDS. (The maps reflect the definition of AIDS used through the end of 1992; a more expansive definition was to have been adopted on January 1.)

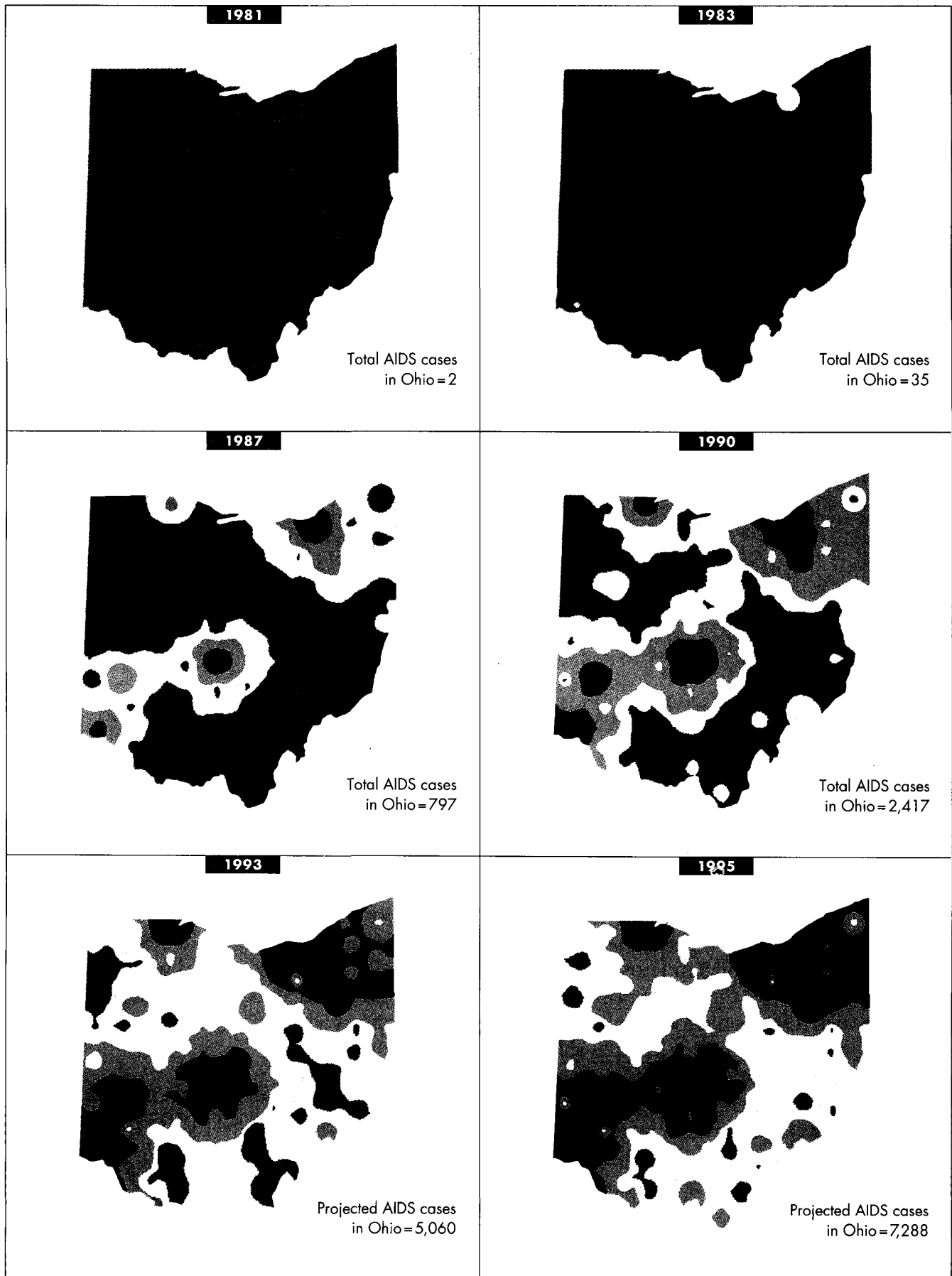
Maps have been used for many years to analyze paths of infection locally as well as in regions of larger scale. The patterns in the maps at right highlight the intimate nature of AIDS transmission: the incidence of the disease tends to intensify in confined areas before farther-flung locales are infected. Unfortunately, maps with a predictive capability—widely used in marketing—have yet to be used in epidemiology in any systematic manner, although the ability to foresee the course of epidemics could help health-care planners in a variety of ways.

Many hospitals and health-care centers are already overburdened by the AIDS epidemic, and planning new or expanded facilities requires decisions about where to deploy scarce medical resources. Policy-makers faced with a number of possible options must find the one that is economically most feasible and is capable of maximizing the accessibility of health care. Geographers have developed a number of computer algorithms that use a variety of data—including demographic data (and projections) like the ones on which the maps here are based—in order to find the best solution.

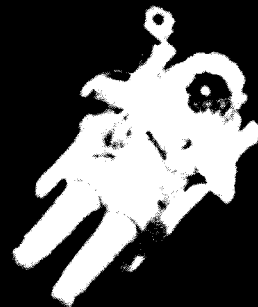
A second use of map sequences is educational. Map sequences are visually arresting, especially when animated. Teenagers and young adults are notoriously difficult to reach in ways that produce a change in behavior. For many of these people, the epidemic appears far away, when in fact it is all around them. Animated epidemiological maps could be used by health educators as one way of getting young people to recognize that the danger posed by AIDS is everywhere.

—Peter Gould and Joseph Kabel





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A Short Story



Better Be Ready 'Bout Half Past Eight

by Alison Baker

"I 'M CHANGING SEX," Zach said. Byron looked up from his lab notebook. "For the better, I hope."

"This is something I've never discussed with you," Zach said, stepping back and leaning against the office door. "I need to. Do you want to go get a beer or something?"

"I have to transcribe this data," Byron said. "What do you need to discuss?"

"My sexuality," Zach said. "The way I feel trapped in the wrong body."

"Well, I suppose you were right," Byron said.

"Right?" Zach said.

"Not to discuss it with me," Byron said. "It's none of my business, is it?"

"We've been friends a long time," Zach said.

"Have you always felt this way?" Byron said.

Zach nodded. "I didn't know it was this I was feeling," he said. "But I've been in therapy for over a year now, and I'm sure."

"You've been seeing Terry about *this*?"

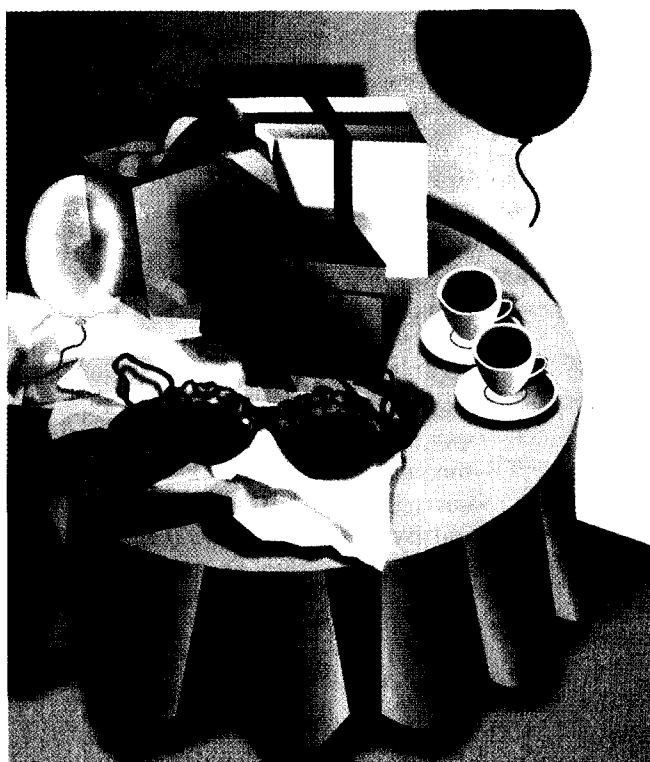
Byron had given Zach the name of Terry Wu, whom he himself had once consulted professionally.

Zach nodded again.

"He's terrific. He knew the first time he met me what I was."

"What were you?" Byron said.

"A woman," Zach said.



*What do you get as a shower
present for a man you've known for
twenty years—who is celebrating
his transformation into a woman?*

HAD HE MISSED any signs? Byron sat frowning at the computer screen. Then he stood, shoved his hands into his pockets, and stared out the window. He could see the sky and the top of the snow-covered hills. On this floor all the windows started at chin level, so you couldn't see the parking lot or the ground outside; you could see only distances, clouds, and sections of sunrise.

He walked up and down the hall for a while. The surrounding labs buzzed with action, students leaning intently over whirring equipment, technicians laughing over coffee. Secretaries clopped through the hall and said, "Hi, Dr. Glass," when they passed him. He could ignore them, because he had a reputation for being absentminded; he was absorbed in his research, or perhaps in a

new poem. He was well known, particularly in scientific circles, for his poetry. He edited the poetry column of a major scientific research journal. He judged many poetry-writing competitions, and he had edited anthologies.

What had he missed?

Worrying about it was useless. Zach's sexuality wasn't his concern. "Just as long as it doesn't interfere with work," he would say. "I can't have people's personal lives taking over the lab."

But in fact he didn't believe in the separation of work

and home. "If your love life's screwed up, you're probably going to screw up the science," he'd said more than once when he sent a sobbing technician home, or gave a distraught graduate student the name of a counselor. As a result, his workers did sacrifice, to some extent, their personal lives; they came in on weekends or at night to see to an experiment. The dictum, even if artificial, seemed to work.

"Go on home," he imagined himself saying to Zach, patting him on the shoulder. "Come back when it's all over."

But that wouldn't work. For one thing, the fretting wouldn't end. For another thing, Zach wouldn't be Zach when he came back. He would be a woman Byron had never met.

"**H** E'S PUTTING YOU ON," EMILY SAID. SHE WAS sitting at the table, ostensibly editing a paper on the synthesis of mRNA at the transcriptional level in the *Drosophila* Per protein, but whenever the spoon Byron held approached Toby's mouth, her own mouth opened in anticipation.

"Nope," Byron said, spooning more applesauce from the jar. "He wanted to tell me before he started wearing makeup."

"If Zach thinks that's the definition of women, he's headed for trouble," Emily said. "I suppose he's shaving his legs and getting silicone implants too."

"Not to mention waxing his bikini line," Byron said.

"Oh, God," Emily said, laughing. "I don't want to hear any more." She handed Byron a washcloth, and Byron carefully wiped applesauce off Toby's chin. "How would you know you were the wrong sex?"

"Woman's intuition?" Byron said.

"**V** ERY ATTRACTIVE," HE SAID THE NEXT MORNING, when Zach walked into the lab wearing eye shadow.

"Don't make fun of me, okay?" Zach said.

Byron felt embarrassed. "I didn't mean anything," he said. "I mean, it's subtle and everything."

Zach looked pleased. "I've been practicing," he said. "You know what? My younger brother wears more makeup than I do. Is this a crazy world or what?"

"Yeah," Byron said. He'd met Zach's brother, whose makeup was usually black. "Are you doing this gradually? Or are you sort of going cold turkey? I mean, will you come in in nylons and spike heels some morning?"

"Babe," Zach said, "I've been getting hormones for six months. Don't you notice anything different?"

He put his hands on his hips and turned slowly around, and Byron saw discernible breasts pushing up the cloth of Zach's rugby shirt. Byron felt a little faint, but he managed to say, "You're wearing a bra."

Zach went over to look in the mirror behind the door.

He stood on tiptoe, staring intently at his breasts for a moment, and then, as he took his lab coat off the hook, he said, "God, I'm starting to feel good."

"You are?" was all Byron could manage. He was wondering how to say, without hurting Zach's new feelings, "Don't call me babe."

All day he tried not to look at Zach's breasts, but there they were, right in front of him, as Zach bent over the bench, or peered into the microscope, or leaned back with his hands behind his neck, staring at the ceiling, thinking.

"I'm heading out," Byron said to Sarah in midafternoon.

"Are you okay?" she said, looking up from the bench.

"You look a little peaked."

"I'm fine," Byron said. "I'll be back in the morning."

But once out in the parking lot, sitting in his car, he could think of no place he wanted to go. He hung on to the steering wheel and stared at the Mercedes in front of him, which had a Utah license plate that read IMAQT. A woman, of course.

Well, it's not *my* life, he thought. Nothing has changed for me.

"**I** HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH TROUBLE WITH BREASTS since I was sixteen," he said to Emily as they sat at the kitchen table watching the sunset.

"How big are they?" Emily said.

"Jesus, I don't know," Byron said.

"Bigger than mine?" she said.

Byron looked at Emily's breasts, which were bigger since she'd had Toby. "No," he said. "But I think they've just started."

"You mean he'll keep taking hormones till they're the size he wants?" Emily said. "I should do that."

"You know," Byron said, "what I don't understand is why it bothers me so much. You'd think he's doing it to spite me."

"Going to meetings will be more expensive," she said.

"What do you mean?" Byron said.

"Honey," Emily said, "if Zach's a woman, you won't be sharing a room. Will you?"

"Oh," Byron said. "Do you think it will make that much difference?"

"You're already obsessed with his breasts," Emily said. "Wait till he's fully equipped."

Byron leaned his head on his hand. He hadn't even *thought* about the surgical procedure.

"**I** THINK YOU'RE LETTING THIS COME BETWEEN us," Zach said the next day.

"What?" Byron said.

"We've been friends a long time. I don't want to lose that."

"Zach," Byron said, "I don't see how things can stay the same."

"But I'm still the same person," Zach said.

Byron was not at all sure of that. "Well, how's it going?" he finally said.

Zach seemed pleased to be asked. He sat down on the desk and folded his arms. "Really well," he said. "The surgeon says the physiological changes are right on schedule. I'm scheduled for surgery starting next month."

"Starting?" Byron said.

"I'm going to have a series of operations," Zach said. "Over several months. Cosmetic surgery for the most part."

"Zach," Byron said, "maybe it's none of my business, but don't you feel—" He cast about for the right way to say it. "Won't the operations make you feel, uh, mutilated?"

Zach shook his head. "That's what it's all about," he said. "They won't. To tell you the truth, in the past year or two I've come to feel as if my penis is an alien growth on my body. It's my *enemy*, Byron. This surgery's going to liberate me."

Byron crossed his legs. "I don't think I can relate to that," he said.

"I know," Zach said. "My support group says nobody really understands."

"Your support group?" Byron said.

"Women who've had the operation," Zach said, "or are in the process. We meet every week."

"How many are there?"

"More than you'd think," Zach said.

"So," Byron said. "Are you—I mean, should I call you 'she' now?"

Zach grinned. "I've been calling myself 'she' for a while. But so far nobody outside my group has."

"Well," Byron said. He tried to look at Zach and smile, but he couldn't do both at once. He smiled first, and then looked. "I'll work on it," he said. "But it's not exactly easy for me either, you know."

"I know," Zach said. "I really appreciate your trying to understand." He stood up. "Back to work," he said. "Oh." He turned around with his hand on the doorknob. "I'm changing my name, too. As of next month I'll be Zoe."

"Zoe," Byron said.

"It means 'life,'" Zach said. "Mine is finally beginning."

"IT MEANS 'LIFE,'" BYRON SAID MINCINGLY TO Toby as he pulled the soggy diaper out from under him. "Life," for Christ's sake."

Toby smiled.

"What's he been for thirty-eight years—dead?" Byron said. He dried Toby and sprinkled him with powder, smoothing it into the soft creases. As he lifted Toby's feet to slide a clean diaper underneath him, a stream of pee arced gracefully into the air and hit Byron in the chest, leaving a trail of droplets across Toby's powdered thighs.

"Oh, geez," Byron said. "Couldn't you wait ten seconds?" He reached for the washcloth and wiped the baby off. Then he wiggled the little penis between his thumb and forefinger. "You know what you are, don't you?" he said, leaning over and peering into Toby's face. "A little man. No question about that."

Toby laughed.

After he'd put Toby into the crib, Byron went into the bathroom, pulling his T-shirt off. He caught sight of himself in the mirror and stood still. With the neckband of the shirt stuck on his head, framing his face, the shirt hung from his head like a wig of green hair.

He took his glasses off to blur the details and moved close to the mirror, looking at the line of his jaw. Was his jaw strong? Some women who had what were called "strong features" were quite attractive. Byron's mother used to say that Emily was built like a football player, but Byron had always thought she was sexy.

He put his glasses on and stepped back, bending his knees so that only his shoulders showed in the glass. With long hair around his face, and a few hormones to change his shape a little, he'd make a terrific woman.

He opened the medicine cabinet and took out one of Emily's lipsticks. He leaned forward and spread it on his mouth, and as he pressed his lips together, a woman's face materialized in the mirror. Byron's heart came to a standstill.

It was his mother.

"IT WAS THE WEIRDEST THING," HE SAID. "I NEVER looked like her before. Never."

"You never cross-dressed before," Zach said, continuing to stare at the computer screen. "What's going on with this data?"

"Of course I never cross-dressed," Byron said. "I still don't cross-dress. I just happened to look in the mirror when my shirt was on my head."

Zach looked up at him and grinned. "And there she was," he said. "You would be amazed what we find out about ourselves when we come to terms with our sexuality."

"Oh, for God's sake," Byron said. "I was taking my shirt off. I wasn't coming to terms with anything."

"That's fairly obvious," Zach said, tapping at the keyboard.

"Jesus!" Byron said. "Do those hormones come complete with bitchiness? Or is your period starting?"

Zach stared at him. "I can't believe you said that," he said.

Byron couldn't believe he'd said it either, but he went on. "Everything's sexuality with you these days," he said crossly. "I'm trying to tell you about my mother and you tell me it's my goddamn sexuality."

Zach stood up and stepped away from the desk. "Look," he said, folding his arms, "it's called the Tiresias

syndrome. You're jealous because I understand both sexes. By cross-dressing—whether you go around in Emily's underwear or just pretend you've got a wig on—you're trying to identify with me."

For a long moment Byron was unable to move. "What?" he finally said.

"You can't handle talking about the things that really matter, can you?" Zach said. "As soon as we get close to personal feelings, you back off."

"Feelings," Byron said.

"You're a typical man when it comes to emotions," Zach said.

"And you're a typical woman," Byron said.

Zach shook his head. "You are in trouble, boy."

"I'm in trouble?" Byron said. "Looks to me like you're the one with the problem."

"That's the difference between us," Zach said. "I'm taking steps to correct my problem. You won't even admit yours."

"My problem is you," Byron said. "You are a fucking prick."

"Not for long," Zach said.

"Once a prick, always a prick," Byron shouted.

AFTER ZACH WALKED OUT THE DOOR, BYRON sat down at his desk and stared at the data Zach had pulled up on the screen, but its sense eluded him. Finally he spun his chair around and put his feet up on the bookcase behind him, and reached for a legal pad.

He always wrote his poetry on long yellow legal pads. He had once tried to jot down some poetic thoughts on the computer, but they had slipped out of his poem and insinuated themselves into a new idea for a research project, which in fact developed into a grant proposal that was later funded. The experience had scared him.

He stared up at the slice of sky that was visible from where he sat, and held the legal pad on his lap for more than an hour, during which time he wrote down thirteen words. When Sarah stuck her head into the office and said, "See you tomorrow," he put the pad down and left work for the day.

Driving home, he thought about his dead mother, Melba Glass. She had never liked Emily, but once Byron was married, his mother stopped saying snide things about her. She asked them instead. "Honey," she'd say, "isn't Emily a little *strident*?"

"What do you mean, 'strident'?" Byron would snarl, and she would say she'd meant nothing at all, really, young women were just *different* these days. Byron would narrow his eyes at her, but later, when he'd driven his mother to the train station and waved her off, the idea would come back to him. Emily *was* vociferous in her opinions. And not particularly tolerant of her mother-in-law's old-fashioned tendencies.

"Why doesn't your mother *drive*?" she'd say.

"Why should she?" he'd say. "She never needed to."

"She needs to now, doesn't she?" Emily would say.

"Why should she?" Byron would repeat, and for a couple of days he would react to everything Emily said as if she were being highly unreasonable, and *strident*.

What would Emily say if he told her that his dead mother had appeared to him? Worse, that he had appeared to himself as his dead mother?

Emily would lean over Toby's crib in the dark. "I'll be Don Ameche in a taxi, honey," she'd sing. "Better be ready 'bout half past eight."

"HOW ARE YOU? THREE OF YOU NOW. HA!" Terry Wu said.

"Three of me?" Byron said.

"You have a little baby?" Terry said.

"Oh! Toby! Terrific! And Emily. I see. Sure, we're fine. Really. Everything's terrific."

A concerned look seized Terry Wu's face. "Do you protest too much?" he said, and he leaned forward, pressing his fingertips together.

"Protest?" Byron said. "That's not why I'm here."

"Maybe no, maybe yes," Terry said, but he leaned back again.

"No, it's my, uh, colleague. You know, Zach."

"Ah," Terry said.

"I seem obsessed," Byron said weakly.

"You are obsessed with your colleague?"

"With his sex," Byron said.

"His sex?" Terry said.

Byron felt himself blushing. "I can't get used to the idea that he's a woman."

Terry nodded again. "Each one is a mystery."

"No, it's just—why didn't I know?"

"Did you know your wife was pregnant when she conceived?"

"What does that have to do with it?" Byron said.

"Well," Terry said, "you were there when it happened, in fact you did the deed, and yet you didn't know about it."

"Terry, I think that's something else."

Terry shrugged. "Are you in love with your colleague?"

"Of course not." He was becoming angry. "What are you getting at?"

"I am trying to elicit a coherent statement from you," Terry said. "So far all you have managed to tell me is that you are obsessed with your colleague and are not in love with her. I am having trouble following your flight of ideas."

"Look." Byron stared down at his feet. "Someone whom I have known for more than twenty years has overnight turned into a woman. It's shaken my understanding of reality. I can no longer trust what I see before my eyes."

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"Yet you call yourself a scientist," Terry said thoughtfully. "It is simply a matter of surgery and hormonal therapy, isn't it? Changing one form into another by a well-documented protocol?"

Byron stared at him. "That's not what I mean," he said.

Terry clasped his hands together happily. "Yet a magical process is involved as well! An invisible and powerful force! Something that is beyond our understanding! But"—he put his hands on his desk and stared into Byron's eyes—"even your poetic license will not allow you to accept it?"

"My poetic license?" Byron said.

"Are man and woman so different, so unrelated, that no transformation is possible? It's this Western culture," Terry said in disgust. "In my country, people exchange sexes every day."

Byron wondered if he had understood Terry correctly.

"Suppose your little baby comes to you in twenty years and says, 'Daddy, I am now Chinese.' Will you disown the child, after twenty years of paternity? No! He will still be the son you love."

"Chinese?" Byron said.

"I fear our time is up," Terry said. He stood up and held his hand out. Byron stood too, and shook it. "Good to see you again. Would you like to resume these discussions on a regular basis? I can see you at this time every week."

"I don't think so," Byron said. "I just wanted this one consultation."

"Glad to be of service," Terry said. "No charge, no charge. Professional courtesy. Someday I may need an experiment!" He chuckled. "Or a poem."

"A SHOWER?" BYRON SAID.
"Isn't it a kick?" Emily said. "Gifts like garter belts and strawberry douches."

"That's sick," he said.

"Oh, come on, honey. His men friends are invited too." She put down the screwdriver she'd been using to put together Toby's Baby Bouncer and leaned over to kiss Byron's knee. "It'll be fun."

"Why don't we just play red rover?" Byron said. "All the girls can stand on one side and yell, 'Let Zach come on over.'"

"You act as if you've lost your best friend," Emily said. "I *am* losing him. I've known him for twenty years and suddenly I find out he's the opposite of what I thought he was."

"Ah," Emily said, and she sat back against the sofa. "Here we go. Men and women are the exact opposite."

"Don't you start," he said. "I don't need an attack on the home front."

"I'm supposed to comfort you, I suppose," Emily said. "Sympathize with you because your good buddy's going over to the enemy."

"Well?" Byron said. "Aren't you secretly glad? Having a celebration? Letting him in on all your girlish secrets?"

Emily shook her head. "We're talking about a human

being who has suffered for forty years, and you're jealous because we're giving him some lacy underpants? You're welcome to some of mine, if that's what you want." She smiled at him.

"Suffered?" Byron said. "The dire fate of living in a male body? A fate worse than death, clearly."

"Why are you attacking *me*?" Emily said.

"I'm not attacking you," he said. "I'm just upset." He scooted closer to her and put his arms around her, laying his head against her breasts. "What if I lost you, too?"

"Sweetheart," Emily said, "you're stuck with me for the duration."

"I hope so," Byron said.

He turned his head and pressed his face against her. "I certainly hope so." His voice, caught in her cleavage, sounded very far away.



"NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO," BYRON SAID softly, holding Toby in his arms as he rocked in the dark, "when Daddy and Uncle Zach were very young—"

Toby, who was gazing at his eyes as he spoke, flung out a fist.

"He was still Uncle Zach at the time," Byron said. He tucked the fist into his armpit. "Anyway, we used to ride out to the quarries outside Bloomington to go swimming. You've never been swimming, but it's a lot like bobbing around in Mummy's uterus."

Toby's eyes closed.

"We used to ride our bikes out there after we'd fin-

ished our lab work," Byron said. "Riding a bike in the summertime in southern Indiana is a lot like swimming too. The air is so full of humidity you can hardly push the sweat out your pores.

"So we would ride out there in the late afternoon, and hide our bikes in the trees, and go out to our favorite jumping-off place," Byron said. "And Daddy and Uncle Zach would take off all their clothes, and get a running start, and jump right off the edge of the cliff into space!"

Toby made a sound.

"Yes, the final frontier," Byron said. "And we would hit the water at the same instant, and sink nearly to the bottom of the bottomless pit, and bob up without any breath. It was so cold."

He frowned. What kind of story was this to tell his son? Toby was asleep now, but in a few years he'd complain. He'd want plot, and character development.

"That was poetry, son," Byron whispered. He stood up and laid the sleeping baby on his stomach in the crib. Tomorrow morning Emily would put Toby in his new Baby Bouncer, and Toby Glass would begin to move through the world on his own.

"WHAT ARE YOU GIVING HER?" SARAH SAID. "Who?" Byron said, looking up from his calculations. "Zoe," Sarah said. "We're giving her silk underwear from Frederick's of Hollywood. Do you know her bra size?"

"Sarah," Byron said, pushing his chair back and crossing his arms, "why on earth would I know Zach's bra size?"

"Oooh," Sarah said. "Touchy, aren't we? You *are* friends." She stood there watching him as if, Byron thought, she was daring him to deny it.

"There are some things you just don't discuss in the locker room," he said.

"Oh," Sarah said. "Well, what are you getting her?"

"I haven't thought about it," Byron said.

"DON'T YOU THINK YOU *OUGHT* TO THINK ABOUT it?" It was his mother's voice, and for a moment Byron thought his mother had spoken, there in his office. It was just what she would have said. She would look at him over her glasses, a long, questioning look. "Why not something personal? Intimate? You two have known each other a long time."

"Mom, you don't get something intimate for another guy," he would say.

"Oh, Byron, Byron. You should be more flexible, dear. You sound like your father." Every time she had said it she meant it as a reproach, but Byron was always rather pleased.

He wished sadly that he *could* talk to his mother. She never even knew that he had a son of his own. He looked at the picture of Toby on the desk and thought, she would be disappointed to see how much he looks like Emily's father.

He pictured her sitting in the chair beside his desk, her legs crossed. She had had very nice legs. She always insisted on buying expensive stockings at Dellekamps'. "When I worked at Du Pont," she told him more than once, holding out her foot and gazing at her delicately pointed toes, "they gave us all the stockings we wanted, but they were nylon."

"Mom," Byron said aloud, "I don't want to give him anything."

And as if he had disappointed her again, he saw her sadly pick up her purse from the floor and stand up.

"Just let me tell you this, Byron," she said. "If you don't support Zoe at this time in her life, you'll regret it forever."

She stepped toward him, shaking her finger at him.

"Forever, Byron."

He sighed, and looked at the legal pad lying in wait on the desk. His mother had once told him she used to write poetry, but he had never read any of it.

"I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL MY MOTHER'S poems," Byron said.

Emily looked up from the paper she was reading and stared at him thoughtfully, chewing on the end of her red pencil. "It wasn't very *good* poetry," she said.

"How do you know?" he said.

She frowned. "Byron, sometimes I think you live in a cocoon."

"You read it?" Byron said in amazement.

"Sure," she said. "You know, little poems about love, flowers, the moon." She shook her head, looking at the paper in her lap. "This guy should try poetry," she said.

"Why didn't she let me read it?" Byron said. He glanced at the television screen, where a woman was talking about teenage reproductive strategies in abusive households. "Em. What happened to it?"

"She threw it away," Emily said. "She thought it was too embarrassing to keep."

"Why did she talk to *you* about it?" Byron said.

"We had to talk about something," Emily said.

"MAYBE YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT," BYRON SAID. "Maybe I have no idea what's going on in the world." He peered into the rearview mirror at Toby, who was snoring softly in his car seat and paying no attention.

Byron had thought in the beginning that being a scientist would increase his understanding of the world, and

the world's understanding of itself. But instead, as his work grew more specialized over the years and his expertise became narrower, his brain seemed to be purging its data banks of extraneous information and shutting down, one after another, his receptors for external stimuli. He had been so caught up in chronicling the minuscule changes taking place in the gels and tubes of his laboratory that the universe had changed its very nature without his even noticing. The world had a new arrangement that everyone else seemed to understand very well; even his poetry had simply served to keep him self-absorbed, oblivious of what must be reality.

Actually, he rather liked the idea of living in a cocoon while the world became a wilder and more exotic place. Sirens wailed, cars throbbing with bass notes roared past him with mere children at the wheel, dead women ap-

peared in mirrors, and men changed into women; but Byron and Toby Glass putted across town safe and snug inside a cocoon.

"What do *I* know?" Byron thought. "What *do* I know?"

"CAN I HELP YOU?" SAID A HEAVILY SCENTED woman with beige hair. Her lips were a carnivorous shade of red, and her eyelids were a remarkable magenta.

"I'm looking for a gift," Byron said.

"For Baby's mother?" the woman said.

"Who?" Byron said.

"Baby's mother," she said, and with a long scarlet fingernail she poked at the Snugli where Toby Glass was sleeping peacefully against Byron's stomach.

THE SEA MOUSE

What lay this morning
on the wet sand
was so ugly
I sighed with a kind of horror as I lifted it

into my hand
and looked under the soaked mat of what was almost fur,
but wasn't, and found
the face that has no eyes, and recognized

the sea mouse—
toothless, legless, earless too,
it had been flung out of the stormy sea
and dropped

into the world's outer weather, and clearly it was
done for. I studied
what was not even a fist
of gray corduroy;

I looked in vain
for elbows and wrists;
I counted
the thirty segments, with which

it had rippled its mouselike dance
over the sea's black floor—not on
feet, which it did not have, but on
tiny buds tipped with bristles,

like paint brushes—
to find and swallow
the least pulse, and so stay alive, and feel—
however a worm feels it—satisfaction.

Before me
the sea still heaved, and the heavens were dark,
the storm unfinished,
and whatever was still alive

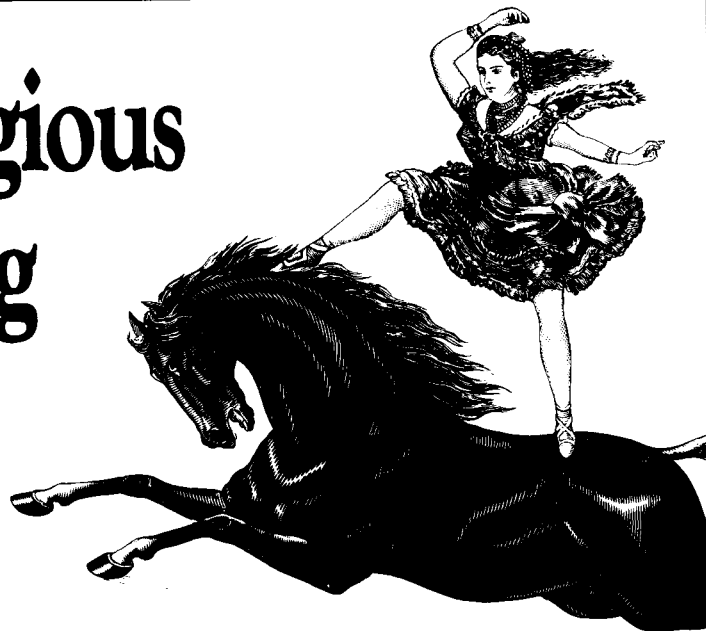
stirred in the awful cup of its power,
though it breathe like fire, though it love
the lung of its own life.
Little mat, little blot, little crawler,

it lay in my hand
all delicate and revolting.
With the tip of my finger
I stroked it,

tenderly, little darling, little dancer,
little pilgrim,
gray pouch slowly
filling with death.

—Mary Oliver

How to Be Religious Without Losing Your Mental Balance



The myth persists that religion is the preserve of the gullible, irrational, and fanatical. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in traditional religion. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all. Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply an indifference to peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the sacred. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Niebuhr, Gandhi, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Merton, Schumacher, Maritain, Mauriac, Weil, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S.

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"Oh," Byron said. "No. This is for a shower."

"Oh, I love showers!" the woman said. "What kind?"

"Sort of a coming-out shower."

"We don't see many of those," she said. She turned to survey her wares. "Are you close to the young lady?"

"I used to be," Byron said. "But she's changed."

"*Plus ça change*," the woman said. "Something to remember you by. Something in leather?"

"Well, I don't know," Byron said, nervously stroking the warm curve of Toby's back. "I thought maybe stockings?"

The woman frowned. "You mean like pantyhose?"

"I guess not," he said.

"I know." The woman tapped Byron's lower lip with the red fingernail. "Follow me." She led him to the back of the store and leaned down to pull open a drawer. "For our discerning customers. A Merry Widow." She held up a lacy black item covered with ribbons and zippers.

"Wow," Byron said. "I didn't know they still made those."

"They are *hot*," the saleswoman said. She held it up against her body. "Imagine your friend in this!"

"I can't," Byron said.

"Do you know her bra size?" the woman asked.

"I'm not sure it's final yet," Byron said.

"Oh," the woman said. "Well. Maybe some perfume."

Byron followed her back to the front of the store, where she waved her hand grandly at a locked glass cabinet. "These are very fine perfumes, from the perfume capitals of the world. Paris, Hong Kong, Aspen. This one is very popular—*La Différence*."

"That's good," Byron said. "I'll take some of that."

"Oh, excellent choice!" The woman patted his cheek before she reached into her cleavage and drew out a golden key to unlock the perfume cabinet.

"While Ginny rings that up, would you like to try on some of our makeup?" said another salesperson.

"No, thanks," Byron said.

The woman pouted at him. "You *should*," she said. "Lots of men wear it. Girls go crazy for it." She patted a stool in front of the counter. "Sit down."

Byron sat, and she removed his glasses. "You'll look *terrific*," she said. She leaned toward him, her lips parted, and gently massaged his eyelid with a colorful finger. "'Scuse me while I kiss the sky," she sang softly, stroking the other one. Then she drew on his eyelid with a long black instrument. "This is Creem-So-Soft," she told him. "It is *so* easy to put on." She drew it across the other eyelid, and finally she brushed his eyelashes with a little brush and stood back. "There," she said. "You are a *killer*."

Toby began to gasp into Byron's shirt. The makeup woman swooped down. "Oooh," she said. "Little booper's making hungry noises." She lifted her eyes to Byron. "Bet I can stall him."

"You can?" Byron said.

"Babies *love* this," she said. She maneuvered Toby out of the Snugli and sat him down facing her on Byron's lap. She began to sketch on his face with the Creem-So-Soft while Toby stared silently at her nose. "There!" She picked Toby up and held him for Byron to examine.

Toby beamed and waved his limbs. He was adorned with a black moustache and a pointy black goatee.

"Oh, how darling," Ginny said, coming back from the cash register. "Will this be cash or charge?"

Byron looked at the bill she handed him. "Charge," he said. "I thought this store went out of business a long time ago."

"Lots of people say that," Ginny said.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE BABY?" Emily said when Byron walked in the door. "Babies like this," Byron said. "It's a preview of what he'll look like in twenty years."

"He's going to be a beatnik?" Emily said. She took Toby from Byron's arms. "Don't you think you're rushing things a little?"

Byron sighed. "They grow up so fast," he said. He kissed the top of Toby's head, and then kissed Emily. "How do you like the new me?"

Emily looked at him. "Did you get your hair cut?" she said.

"Em, I'm wearing makeup," Byron said.

"Oh," she said. "So you are." She held Toby up and sniffed at his bottom. "Daddy didn't change your dipes," she said, and she carried him off to his room.

Byron went into the bathroom to look at himself. His eyelids were a very bright purple. He picked up Emily's Barn Red lipstick and carefully covered his lips with it. Then he took off his glasses.

"You know who you look like?" Emily said, appearing beside him in the mirror. "Your mother. Honest to God. If you had one of those curly little perms, you could pass for your own mother." She peered into the mirror, stretching her upper lip with her forefinger. "Do you think I should shave my moustache?"

"No," Byron said. "It's sexy." He slid his hands under her arms and over her breasts. "Let's go to bed."

"No, thanks," Emily said. She picked up her Creem-So-Soft and started to outline her eyes. "I have no desire to sleep with your mother."

"You never did like my mother," Byron said.

"Not a lot," Emily said.

"I think I'll go over to the lab," Byron said. He kissed her cheek, leaving a large red lip print.

"Hold still," Emily said. She wet a washcloth, and as she scrubbed his lips he had a sudden vision of his mother scrubbing at grape juice the same way thirty-five years ago. "There. Now you look like my husband again."

He looked in the mirror. His stinging lips were still

pinker than normal. "Is wearing makeup always so painful?"

"Always," she said. "We do it for love."

BYRON LIKED WEEKENDS AT THE LAB. HE LIKED weekdays, too, when students and technicians wandered in and out of one another's labs borrowing chemicals, and all the world seemed engaged in analyzing the structures and chemical interactions of various tissues. But weekends, when the offices were empty and the halls were quiet, and only the odd student padded back and forth from the bathroom, had a cozy, private feeling. Byron could think better in the silence, and he felt close to other scientists, who had given up time in the outside world to bend lovingly over their benches and peer into microscopes, hoping to add to the world's slim store of truth. Both the lab work he did and the poetry he wrote on weekends seemed to spring from a deeper level: a place of intuition and hope that was inaccessible when he was distracted by bustle. On weekends he caught glimpses of the world he hoped to find, where poetry and science were one, and could explain the meaning of life.

"The meaning of life," he said aloud, and wrote it down on his legal pad. Then he turned and typed it on the keyboard, and it appeared in amber letters on the screen in front of him. He smiled and pushed back in his chair, and put his feet on the desk. Poem or experiment? Either one!

He felt that he was on the threshold of an important discovery.

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?" Byron opened his eyes. It was Zoe, leaning against the doorjamb. It was definitely and absolutely Zoe; she could no longer be mistaken for a man. He stared at her; what *was* it? The hair, the clothes, the jaw, the way the arms were folded: all were utterly familiar. What had happened?

"The makeup," Zoe said. She shook her head. "You're trying to be something you're not."

He had forgotten about the purple eye shadow and the mascara, but he said, "How do you know what I'm not?"

"It's just that you're so conservative," Zoe said.

"No," he said. "I'm really quite wild. I'm just handicapped by my many fears."

"You?" Zoe said.

He nodded. "But you're wild through and through."

Zoe shook her head. "I'm conservative at the core. That's always been my major problem." She gazed out the window at the white hills. "You know the only thing I regret? I'll never have any children now."

"You could adopt."

She shook her head. "They won't have my genes."

"You never really know your children anyway," Byron said.

Zoe sighed. "Tell me honestly. Did Emily teach you how to put that eyeliner on?"

Byron smiled. "No," he said. "In fact she learned from me."

Zoe narrowed her eyes and stared at him for a moment, and then sat down on a stool. "I'm thinking of going to law school."

"Are you serious?" he said. "You'd leave the lab?"

"Sure. Patents is the way to go."

"You'd leave me?"

Zoe reached over and seized the tablet. "Poetry, poetry, poetry," she said. "Always with you it's the poetry. Anyone would think you're too distracted to work."

"You think any of this is easy?" Byron said.

"None of it," she said, and they sat together for a while without talking. "Are you coming to my shower?"

"Aren't showers supposed to be a surprise?" Byron said.

Zoe shrugged. "I hate surprises. I told Sarah she could give me a shower only if she invited men, too."

"I got you a gift." Byron was surprised to feel suddenly shy. "But is there anything you'd really like?"

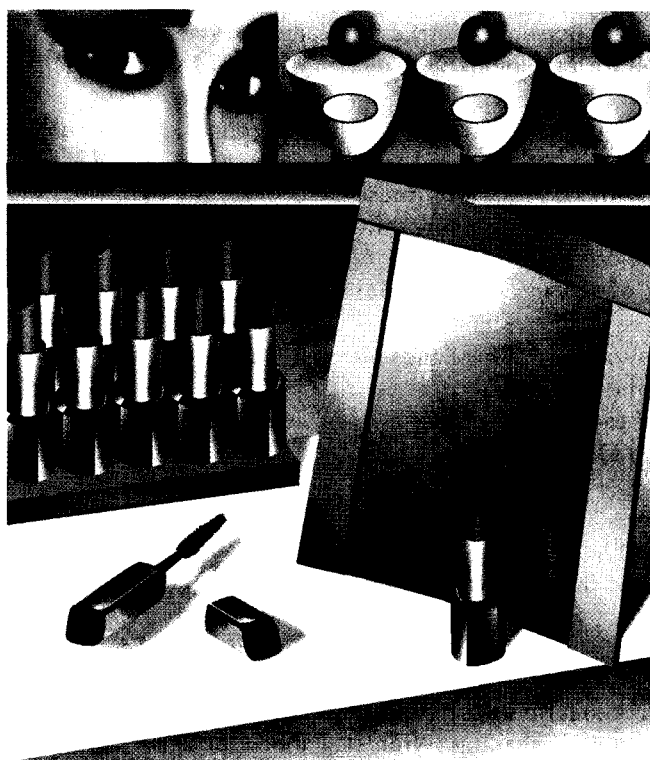
"Will you come see me in the hospital?"

Byron nodded.

Zoe smiled. "Actually, you look good in makeup," she said. "It redefines your features. You look stronger."

"It's the same old me, though," Byron said. "I'm not any stronger than before."

"I really am thinking of law school," Zoe said. "I need to change my life."



"Changing your sex isn't enough?"

"No. That's who I've been all along."

"Oh," Byron said, and all at once he felt very sad, and exhausted. He put his feet up on the desk, and they sat there in silence, gazing at the part of the world they could see through the window.

After a while he told Zoe about Toby's trip to Dellekamps'. "And then," he said, "I'm sitting on a bench in the mall giving him his bottle, and I look up and these two old ladies are staring at him. 'That is disgusting,' one of them says. And then the other one gasps and grabs her arm and points at me. And they both back away looking horrified."

Zoe began to laugh.

"And then a man and a little girl walk by, and the little girl says, 'Daddy, is that a homeless person?' And the father says, 'No, dear, that's a man with problems.'"

"Oh," Zoe gasped, holding her ribs.

Byron wiped the tears from his own cheeks, and when he looked at his hand, he saw that it was smeared with mascara. "I had no idea," he said, "no idea why these people were saying these things. I'd forgotten about my makeup. And Toby just looked normal to me."

"Stop," Zoe said, bending over and clutching her stomach.

"And finally a man comes up to me with his hands on his hips and says, 'You ought to be ashamed.'"

"I'm dying," Zoe croaked. "I can't breathe. Oh." She jumped from the stool and ran through the door. "I have to pee."

"You," Byron called after her, "should be ashamed." He listened to the squeegeeing of her sneakers as she ran down the empty hall, and to the familiar creak of the hinges as she pushed open the door to the men's room.

"GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, GLAD YOU COULD make it," Terry Wu said, shaking Byron's hand vigorously.

"Did you doubt that I would?" Byron said.

"You're a busy man," Terry said. "So often the cells can't wait." He leaned forward and whispered, "I am giving her a vibrator." Aloud, he said, "The muscles of the calves ache when one first wears high heels."

"That is so true," Emily said. She smiled at Terry Wu and pulled Byron away. "That guy gives me the creeps," she said.

"Honey, you're being xenophobic," Byron said. "Things are different in his country."

They pushed their way through the crowd, Byron cupping one hand protectively around Toby's head to keep him from being squashed in his Snuggli.

"There you are!" Sarah appeared in front of them. "Isn't the turnout great?" She waved her arm at the crowd.

Emily hugged her. "Did you get it?" she said.

Sarah nodded. "I never spent that much on a bra in my life."

"How did you know what size to get?" Byron asked.

"I asked her," Sarah said. She led them over to where Zoe stood beside a gift-covered table. "Here are the Glasses!"

"I'm so glad you could come," Zoe said. She kissed Emily on the cheek and prodded Toby's bottom with a glistening red-tipped forefinger. "How's my little beatnik godbaby?"

"Zoe, you look gorgeous," Emily said. "Really. You look so—you."

"Next I'm going to have electrolysis on my facial hair," Zoe said.

"You look pretty good as you are," Byron said. He wondered when the time would come that Zoe would kiss *his* cheek. "I bought you some perfume, but I ended up giving it to Emily."

"Thank goodness," Zoe said. "I'm allergic to everything but La Différence, anyway."

"One of these days," Byron said, "I'll write you a poem."

"He's never done that for me." Emily waved her hand at the table in front of them. "Look at all this loot."

They stared at the pile of presents. "I can't wait to open them," Zoe said. "I've always wanted a shower."

"Isn't it wonderful to get what you always wanted?" Byron put his arm through hers and squeezed it, and he could feel her breast against his triceps as she squeezed back, her muscles hardening briefly against his own.

He felt a rush of pleasure. On his left Emily reached for a bacon-wrapped chicken liver; on his right his oldest friend in the world gently disengaged her arm from his to touch the hands of the dozens of people who had come to wish her well; and from his shoulders, like a newly discovered organ of delight, hung the little bag full of Toby Glass.

Toby Glass, who could grow up to be anything!

The musicians in the string quartet hired for the occasion began to tune their instruments, leaning toward each other, listening, nodding gravely. The cellist moved her stool a little closer to the violinist; the violinist held her instrument away from her neck as she shook back her long red hair, and then replaced it firmly under her chin. Suddenly, as if spontaneously, each player lifted her bow and held it poised in the air for a long moment, until at some prearranged and invisible signal they plunged their bows toward the strings of their various instruments and began to play. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

J. EDGAR HOOVER AND EMMA GOLDMAN

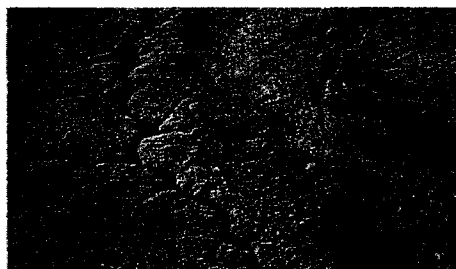
IN THE FALL OF 1919 Emma Goldman—veteran crusader for nonviolent anarchism, freedom of speech, and birth control—was summoned to a hearing to consider her deportation from the United States. Thirty-four years earlier the young émigré from the Russian ghetto had sailed past the rising pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. Now she faced her inquisitors, chief among them John Edgar Hoover, the fledgling head of the General Intelligence Division of the Department of Justice. Fueled by the hysteria of the Red Scare, he had masterminded the case against Goldman and her friend Alexander Berkman—“dangerous anarchists,” he said—while they were in prison for obstruction of the draft. He saw to it that new warrants awaited them on their release, assembled a fat dossier on Goldman’s activities, and, with a feel for publicity, reactivated a long-disproved charge that she had been complicit in President William McKinley’s assassination.

At the hearing Goldman protested the lack of specific

charges against her and denounced the proceedings as “utterly tyrannical.” But Hoover was interested only in technicalities. Did she claim citizenship through her ex-husband, who had been denaturalized since their divorce? Goldman refused to answer. But the judge seized upon that issue to rule against her, rescinding her citizenship.

The resourceful Hoover located an ancient Army transport: its sailing orders were sealed, but it was known to be Russia-bound. Before dawn on the chilly morning of December 21, Goldman, Berkman, and 247 other equally menacing aliens—many of them underfed and ill clad—gathered in the big, brightly lit waiting room on Ellis Island, from where they were loaded onto the “Soviet Ark.” Hoover was there; he had even brought a few congressmen up from Washington to witness his triumph. From the deck of the *Buford*, Goldman glowered at him. She loved America, and would not acknowledge that he had won. But she knew he had.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



The Okavango Delta

Where the elephants roam, and the kudu and the impala play

by Edward Dolnick

GO TO AFRICA'S most famous game parks and you will see glorious animals, but, in Kenya especially, when you see them you may find yourself parked in a phalanx of mini-vans. The effect is as off-putting as having to fight through the summer-time crowds at the Louvre to catch a glimpse of the *Mona Lisa*.

But Africa still has huge tracts of land that are lush with wildlife and almost devoid of tourists. One of the best is the Okavango Delta, a hybrid of desert and marshland in northern Botswana. In a week or two of game viewing the members of your group might not see another person. And the touring itself has an improvised quality that is rarely possible elsewhere. In much of Africa visitors are obliged to stick to the roads. In Botswana if you spot a family of giraffes or a herd of zebras thirty yards away across a field, you can ease your way up to them.

You can ride in open Land Rovers that have no windshields or doors or sides. Sitting on cushioned benches mounted in the rear of the vehicle, you are often closer to the animals than you would be at a zoo, and there is nothing between you and them. (And nothing between you and the sun. Bring a hat with a big brim.) In many countries tourists are ferried about in closed mini-buses or "pop-top" vans, with a hole in the roof to peek out from.

Botswana is a landlocked country just north of South Africa. It is a parched

land (*pula*, the word for "rain," is also the name of the unit of currency), with the exception of a swath across its northern edge. That region is flooded annually by the Okavango River, which rises in Angola and flows southeast into Botswana. One of the few major rivers that never reach the ocean, the Okavango peters out in the Kalahari Desert, forming innumerable channels and lakes. Eighty percent of Botswana is desert, and the Okavango Delta is a beckoning oasis, the largest in Africa.

So the delta and its environs teem with game. Antelopes are everywhere—small, graceful impala and timid kudu and gregarious sassaby—and zebras, and the lions who prey on them, and giraffes and wildebeests and Cape buffalo and elephants. Most of these animals are familiar from zoos and television, but in Africa you are in *their* territory. There's a magical intensity to the experience when you round a corner and happen on two adolescent elephants roughhousing in a river, or come across a sleepy lion eyeing a nearby warthog and deciding whether to attack. The difference between watching wild animals on TV and discovering them by chance is as great as that between watching a love story and falling in love yourself.

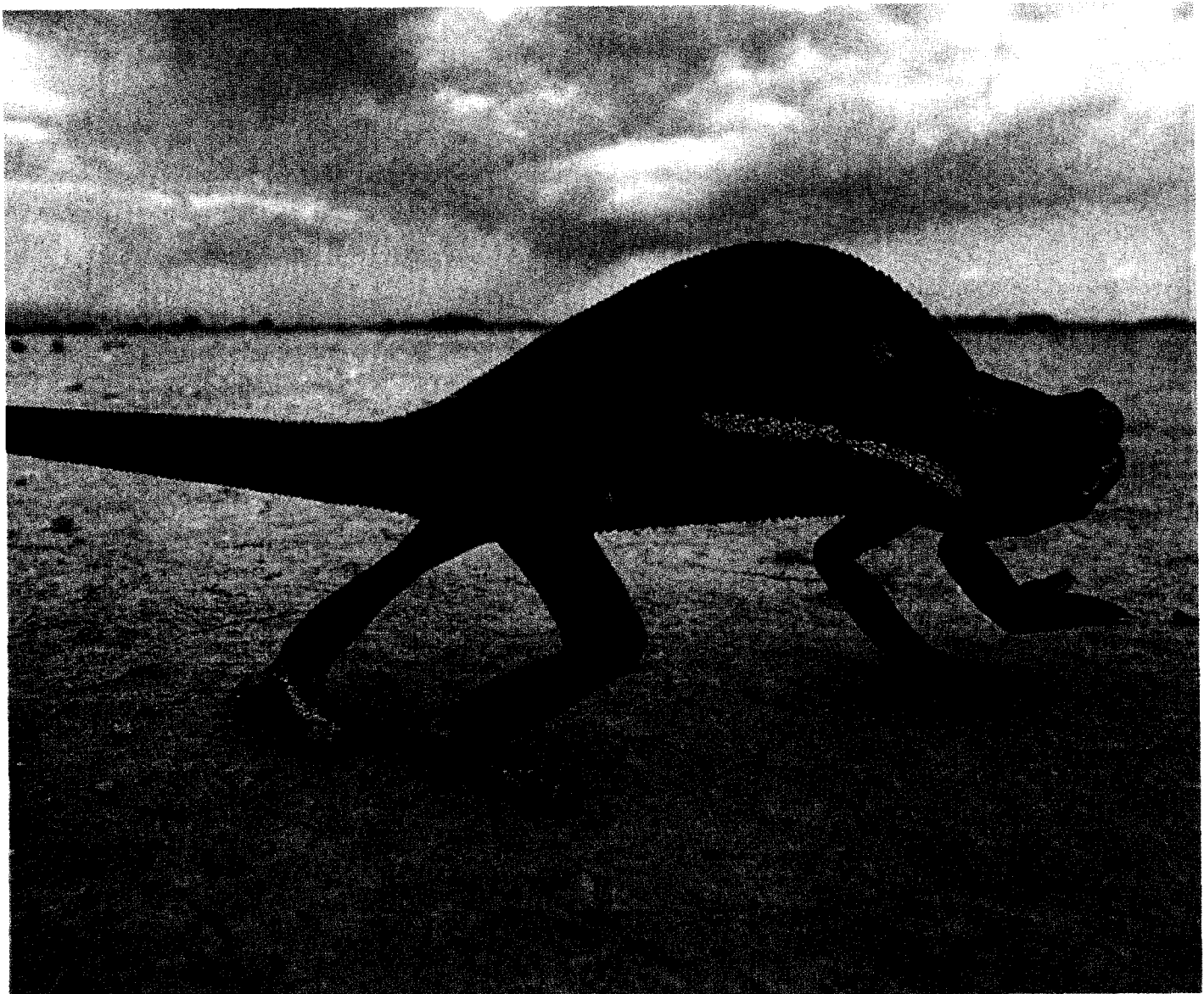
The thrill of never knowing what you will see next comes at a price. There is always a risk that you will not find the animals you're looking for.



During the two weeks I spent in the delta, the group I was with scanned every tree we passed for leopards, but never saw one. The closest we came was an antelope skeleton on a branch about a dozen yards above the ground: leopards like to carry their dinner up a tree so that they can eat in peace.

One of the highlights of our trip came during a slow stretch. Late one afternoon we spotted a giraffe about a hundred yards off, across a field. Veterans of a week in Africa, we were nonchalant until we were about twenty yards away. On the ground lay a baby giraffe, perhaps an hour old, and still wet. It had not yet stood up for the first time. The mother stood guard, impassive and immobile.

The baby barely moved, a compact brown-and-yellow package. Several



At left, the Okavango Delta's Khwai River, in the rainy season. Above, a chameleon crossing the parched Kalahari.

times, at about five-minute intervals, it unfurled its neck and looked around, blinking, at the world. Then it began trying to stand. Half an hour's attempts came to nothing, despite our silent encouragement. At last it managed to heave itself high enough to unfold first front legs and then back ones.

Six feet tall and wobbling like a beginner on stilts, the newborn giraffe tried to maneuver close enough to its mother to nurse. First the newborn stumbled against her side, and then it approached her chest rather than her belly. Finally, frustratingly, just as its target came into view, it tumbled over an unseen branch and took a full-length pratfall back onto the ground.

We would have driven by and missed everything, but for our guide, whose eyes seemed more than a match for our

binoculars. He was Botswanan, as was another of our guides. We also spent time with a grizzled Kenyan guide of fifty or so and a chirpy American of about thirty. The Botswanan guides were black, the other two white. Black guides are surprisingly rare, for safari companies seem to believe that their overwhelmingly white clientele prefers white guides. The Botswanan guides had never traveled outside their country and were full of questions about America. "Are there black people in your country?" one asked.

All the guides were vain about their tracking skills. While they drove, they kept a careful eye on the ground to see what animals had been by. Lions are especially easy to follow, for they prefer sandy tire tracks to thorny fields; our guides speculated that the sand is easier

on their sensitive paws. And when you do get close to lions, their place atop the African hierarchy is clear. Lions sleep in the open, often on conspicuously raised anthills, as if to flaunt their status.

Two of our four guides had been nearly killed by wounded lions while taking clients hunting. Soren, the Kenyan, had been left with a mangled arm. What saved his life, he said, is that the lion didn't know what to make of a two-legged victim. A lion kills a 1,500-pound Cape buffalo, say, by jumping on its back, putting a paw to its mouth, and pulling back sharply, so that the buffalo breaks its neck as it falls. The lion leaped on Soren from behind a



bush, ripping off his left biceps with a swipe of a paw. "He grabbed me by one arm, shaking me in his mouth like a terrier shakes a rat. Then he grabbed the other arm and gave that one the same treatment."

We heard that story round a campfire one evening. Talk spilled out at night, one of the unexpected pleasures of the trip being that days were almost perfectly quiet. Voices spook the animals, so once we had settled in near a herd of elephants, say, and the engine had been turned off, there was no sound but birdsong and the noises the elephants made. But evenings by the campfire were a time for storytelling and brief nature lessons. Hippos bellow like lions with head colds, we learned. Baboons holler "Wahoo! Wahoo!" Reed frogs keep up a steady

chiming that sounds like rainfall on a glass roof.

We needed no lessons to identify a lion's roar. We first heard the sound, which carries a mile or more, just after nightfall, when we were on a drive, equipped with a hand-held searchlight. The guide swept the light back and forth slowly, painting a yellow stripe across a black canvas. Almost at once the light caught eyes gleaming red or blue; the same "eyeshine" turns human eyes red in snapshots.

Within minutes we saw a crocodile, a few Cape buffalo, a fishing owl. Strangely, they seemed oblivious of the light. Then our guide whispered, "Lion!" and veered sharply across a field to get closer. A female was slinking along, a male a few yards behind her. All was blackness outside the

beam of light. These lions, our guide whispered in response to someone's nervous question, were interested not in killing but in mating.

We followed alongside at a distance of about twenty feet. The lions ignored us. Suddenly, still in the blazing spot of light, the female stopped and crouched facing us. We stared anxiously: was she preparing to pounce? No, the guide had been right. While we watched goggle-eyed, the male mounted her. Lions mate for only twenty seconds or so at a time, but do so as often as fifty times in twenty-four hours. These two quickly walked apart, and we followed the male. Annoyed with us now, he stood facing us head-on and snarling. We turned the light away and prepared to drive off. At once the lion was undetectable in the blackness.



At left, camping amid the baobab trees. Below, sassaby on a misty morning in the delta's Moremi Wildlife Reserve.

posed the Okavango to the threat of development. Conservationists hope that well-managed tourism will provide a cash incentive to keep the delta wild.

The Okavango has no paved roads, no telephones, no electricity beyond that provided by the generators at some campsites. Fly overhead and you may well see no man-made landmarks at all. The only "buildings" you are bound to see are termite mounds, some rising as high as thirty feet, dotting the landscape like anthills gone mad. You may pass over an occasional village of a dozen or so thatched huts or glimpse an unused road meandering through the trees, but man has not shaped this region.

It is a strange, flat, wild-looking land. This is not the *Out of Africa* scenery of Kenya, with Kilimanjaro rising majestically to the heavens. The landscape has soothing stretches of green, but yellows and tans and grays predominate. The ground is as often salt or sand as grass. Here and there you may happen on a deer-filled meadow seemingly transplanted from the English countryside, but a closer look will reveal that this meadow is sprinkled with acacia bushes and baobab trees, and the deer are really antelope, and there are zebra just behind them and vultures overhead.

Where elephants have been, enormous fields lie devastated. Working with tusks and trunk, an elephant is a

relentless bulldozer—and we saw a herd of three hundred. Every tree in a field, hundreds upon hundreds, will have had its leaves devoured, its bark stripped, its branches torn off. The underbrush is gone, the ground pocked with platter-sized footprints. If the battles of the First World War had taken place among baobab trees, this is how the aftermath would have looked.

From the Botswanan perspective, the question of whether the sale of ivory should remain banned is confusing. The number of elephants in East Africa is falling sharply, because of poaching, but Botswana is relatively free of poachers and its elephant population has more than doubled in the past decade. With the sale of ivory banned, our guides insisted, in the eyes of the local people elephants are nothing more than destructive pests—moles on a colossal scale. The guides, and many conservationists in southern Africa, argue that elephants will survive only if they bring money to the local economy. They would like to see the elephant population stabilized at some optimal level and ivory from the "surplus" elephants sold.

Elephants live on the outskirts of the delta. The heart of the Okavango is too marshy for them and for most big game. But the delta's floodplain has its own attractions. It is beautiful in a postcard way, with endless vistas of tall yellow-green reeds. Gliding slowly and quietly across the water in a dugout canoe, one begins to sightsee on a smaller, finer scale. There is time to notice the purple underside of a lily pad or the

ALL OF BOTSWANA'S strong points arise from the same source: the country is so sparsely populated that people and animals are not yet in competition. Botswana's population is 1.2 million—one fourteenth that of Texas in an area about the same size.

Tourism is only the fourth largest industry. Diamond mining, cattle ranching, and copper mining are all more important. The greatest threat to wildlife comes from domesticated cattle, which outnumber people three to one and need broad expanses of land to graze. In the past, farmers stayed out of the Okavango Delta, because it was infested with tsetse flies, which carry a parasite lethal to human beings and livestock but harmless to wild animals. A spraying program, however, eliminated the tsetse about a decade ago and ex-



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brown-and-white swirls of a painted reed frog. When a herd of lechwe—water antelope—gallop across a shallow channel, the roar comes out of the stillness like a locomotive.

The countless channels twisting through the delta are cleared by hippos, eating as they go. They spend their days afloat, islands of gleaming brown with beady eyes and gaping mouths. They do all their eating after dark, each night consuming some ninety pounds of grass apiece. Deep in the delta, untold hours from the nearest lawnmower, every riverbank looks as if a team of gardeners has been painstakingly at work.

The birdlife throughout the Okavango may be unsurpassed anywhere. African birds are as strange in comparison with American ones as giraffes and zebras are with horses. Two birds that fascinated me were the tiny, gorgeous malachite kingfishers, which preen like models on a runway, showing first one iridescent side and then the other, and the huge, ugly Marabou storks, with pink bald heads and fleshy necks. Countless others fill all the intervening niches of size and attractiveness.

JULY THROUGH September is the best time to visit. Around November the fickle rainy season begins, and the animals disperse and become hard to find. The weather in the dry season is dependably good, though fiercely hot. The temperature falls into the sixties at night but rises into the nineties at midday. As a result, game viewing is generally scheduled from about eight in the morning to noon and again from three in the afternoon to seven. In the middle of the day it is hard to contemplate doing anything more strenuous than sitting in a beach chair in a shallow lagoon, sipping a beer and watching elephants browse on the far shore.

Botswana has relatively few tourist camps and lodges. Those that exist are small, typically with twelve or sixteen beds, as compared with the fifty to 200 that one might find in East Africa. My group consisted of nine friends and relatives, and we had each of the three camps we visited to ourselves.

The camps were good, more tempting than the lodges, and some were almost luxurious. The best consisted of some eight or ten permanent tents—big ones, fifteen by nineteen feet and about eight feet high at the peak—with attached hot showers and flush toilets,

and beds with sheets and blankets. Laundry was done daily.

The food was plain but good, eaten communally around a large table. Breakfast, at about seven, was simply coffee and toast or cereal. One day lunch, after several hours of game viewing, was sausage and eggs, and another spaghetti and salad. Dinners were substantial affairs, with plenty of beer and wine. Some of my favorite dishes were bream, after someone had been fishing, T-bone steaks, and beef curry. Soups were given a jolt with a splash of chili ho-ho, a fiery homemade sauce of sherry steeped for weeks in a bottle with an inch or two of garlic cloves and hot peppers. The bread, which was excellent, was baked in a metal box set in the ground and smothered in hot ashes.

A safari that involves staying in such camps costs about \$200–\$300 per person per night, depending on how much flying between campsites is included. Those who don't want to pay to be pampered can go on a true tenting safari, pitching camp each night, for about \$175 per person.

Make careful plans in advance. This is not a part of the world where amateurs can improvise. Choose a travel agent who specializes in Africa and knows firsthand the specific places you will visit. Deal with an agent who books trips with several tour companies rather than just one, so that the agent has no vested interest in steering you to a particular itinerary. Two good travel agencies are Into Africa (Lynn Glenn, 203-869-8165) and The Africa Adventure Company (Mark Nolting, 800-882-9453). Nolting's book *African Safari* is the best comparative guide to game viewing across Africa.

Travelers to Botswana typically arrive via South Africa or Zimbabwe. Consider spending a day unwinding at the Victoria Falls Hotel, a short distance across the Botswanan border in Zimbabwe. A masterpiece of colonial self-congratulation, this grand hotel was built with a view not of the waterfall but of a suspension bridge across the Zambezi River. The falls, a mile of thundering glory, are an easy fifteen-minute walk away.

The falls conjure up thoughts of timeless, enduring Africa. Reality is less romantic. In wildlife-conservation circles, starry-eyed optimists are people who believe that things are getting worse slowly rather than quickly. See Africa before it's gone. □



Anticipation

Looking forward to a classic matchup in the fastest game within four walls

by Mark Jenkins

AMID CRIES from the overhead gallery of "Serve up!" and "Have him out!" two superstars of America's most obscure racket sport commence the final point of a grueling match. From the right side of a cavernous indoor court, whose forbidding graphite-and-cement walls accentuate the room's vastness and stony chill, the young world champion, James Male, unleashes a 110-mile-an-hour serve at the front wall. Flying off the tiny head of his long, thin-necked racket, the white ball ricochets back to where Male's opponent crouches, sixty feet away.

His racket cocked, the defending U.S. Open champion, Neil Smith,

watches the ball hurtle off the front and side walls and then skim across the cement floor before he shoots it back to the front wall with a mighty thwack. The ensuing rally sends Male and Smith careening around the court while a referee barks "Play!" after each stroke, to signify that it's safe to hit the potentially lethal ball. Finally a Male cross-court drive leaves Smith flailing at midair.

Game and match, James Male. Applause thunders from the packed gallery in the form of hundreds of feet stomping on weathered oak.

The game is racquets, the centuries-old ancestor of most indoor racket sports. The setting is Philadelphia's venerable

Racquet Club. The match took place in 1989, and Male beat Smith to win the U.S. Open. Male, twenty-eight, and Smith, twenty-nine, meet again in Philadelphia on January 10, when they will play the first leg of the World Racquets Challenge. (The second leg takes place the following weekend at the Queen's Club, in London.) As is required of challengers, Smith has had to prove himself a legitimate contender. He did so by consistently outplaying veterans such as John Prenn and Willie Boone, and then defeating his archrival Shannon Hazell in a play-off match in October. Only then did England's Tennis & Rackets Association and the North American Racquets Association

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grant Smith the opportunity to take on the world champion.

Never mind that there are only eight active racquets courts in North America, that only two hundred people play racquets in the United States and Canada (a thousand play in England, the only other country with courts), and that most Americans have never even heard of racquets, let alone seen a match. As far as the racquets faithful are concerned, on January 10, Philadelphia will become the hub of the universe.

Racquets boosters are quick to point out that this month's Challenge action will be decipherable to anyone familiar with the best-known descendants of racquets, squash and racquetball. As in those sports, the objective is simple—to hit the ball against the front wall so that it bounces twice on the floor before the opposing player can retrieve it. A ball can be played off the back or a side wall ("boasting"), as long as it eventually reaches the front wall. Games are to fifteen points; matches are usually two out of three games, or three out of five in tournament semifinal and final matches.

But, as one convert from squash puts it, racquets is as different from its modern descendants as "swimming the English Channel is different from taking a bath." Start with the balls: tiny missiles made of a plastic core wrapped with nylon twine and then covered with white tape. These carom off court walls at speeds that would put a Roger Clemens fastball to shame. Then there are the "bats," as players call their unwieldy ash rackets: longer than a squash racket but with a similarly small head, possessing a "sweet spot" just two inches wide, they seem expressly designed to discourage players from connecting with the ball. Exponentially magnify the room for error by playing on a court sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty-nine feet high (almost three times the size of a racquetball court), with buffed walls and a floor on which the ball skids rather than bouncing, and there you have it—racquets. Sometimes known as "gentlemen's jai alai," it is a sport that requires extraordinary stamina, strength, and, above all, hand-eye coordination. It is also diabolically difficult to master.

Anticipation is all. Because the ball travels so quickly, the classic racquets

stroke is very short, its trajectory beginning at waist level. Accomplished players put bottom spin on the ball so that it bounces downward off the front wall. The effect of that downward spin makes the ball virtually unplayable off the back wall, and thus it is crucial to prevent the ball from getting that far. Players must cock their bats far ahead of time and begin swinging when the ball is at least ten yards away. Top players often begin their strokes not knowing exactly where the ball is. First-timers on the racquets court can't fathom this urgency, and belatedly wave their bats at thin air as balls whiz past them.

"It's almost impossible to describe how fast this game is," says Jimmy Burke, one of North America's foremost racquets players and the racquets professional at Boston's Tennis and Racquet Club. "Imagine José Canseco and Bo Jackson playing racquetball using their baseball bats and a golf ball."

According to Denis Walsh, the president of the North American Racquets Association, its degree of difficulty explains why racquets has become almost extinct. He says, "The attitude was, Why spend years trying to learn a sport like racquets when I can play a game of squash ten minutes after first stepping onto the court?"

To what depths of obscurity has racquets sunk? Today all the balls—a few thousand a year—are handmade by two Englishmen: Bill Gordon, a retiree who lives in Marlborough, and Peter Ashford, the racquets pro at Winchester College. Only one company, Grays, in England, still makes the bats—2,500 a year, to replace all those that break upon the not-uncommon occurrence of hitting the floor or walls. (Male goes through thirty-five to forty bats annually.) Even traditional racquets courts are difficult to build. It's too expensive in this day and age to give the wall the "Bickley finish," the result of a smoothing process named after an English family masonry company that specialized in racquets courts. The process requires sixteen hours of continuous hand troweling of the dark concrete mixture that forms the surface of the court walls. Newer courts have rarely gotten this labor-intensive treatment, and simply aren't as smooth as their predecessors, purists claim.

However, the same factors that drove the sport into obscurity also explain the fervor it inspires. "There's a certain

masochistic streak you've got to have," Burke says. "The sport attracts people who are willing to suffer incredible frustration while they learn the game. But the first time you hit a great shot, it's all worth it."

Indeed, when asked what attracts them to racquets, players inevitably focus on the sensation that accompanies hitting a perfect shot. Even the best players have a tendency to wax rhapsodic about the experience.

"Imagine a long rally and the rhythm of the ball clicking off the walls and floor," Burke says, setting the scene. "Then suddenly everything comes together, and you play a shot that shoots off your racket like a rocket out of a launcher."

"When you hit a good shot, the closest comparison is hitting a home run," says Male, who harbors a fantasy of playing major-league baseball. (He played high school softball for two years in Cleveland while taking part in an exchange program, and when he's in the United States, he always makes time to visit a batting cage.) "The instant you connect, the sound and feel of the ball on your racket tell you you've got a winner."

HIS BASEBALL aspirations notwithstanding, James Male is a wunderkind whose like has never been seen on a racquets court. His fellow subway commuters wouldn't think it, but this soft-spoken, unassuming fellow of medium height and build played lawn tennis for England and has a world ranking in court tennis (a game played on indoor courts modeled on thirteenth-century monastery courtyards). At twenty-three, when he first became the racquets world champion, he was a stripling compared with the men whose mantles he has appropriated, among them John Prehn and Willie Boone.

"Because it's such a difficult game, it's unheard of that someone James's age could have mastered the sport," says the muscular Boone, whose shots have been clocked at over 165 mph (a golf ball hit by an accomplished amateur comes off the tee at 140 mph).

But it's not just his youth and skill that make Male unique. Unlike any other world-class racket-sport player in recorded history, he is completely ambidextrous. All his shots—backhand and forehand—are played with a two-

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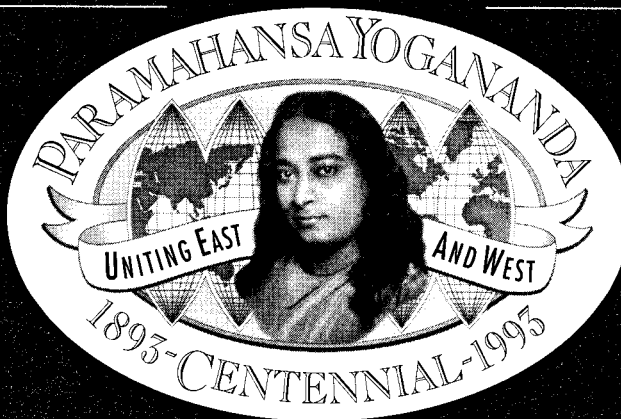
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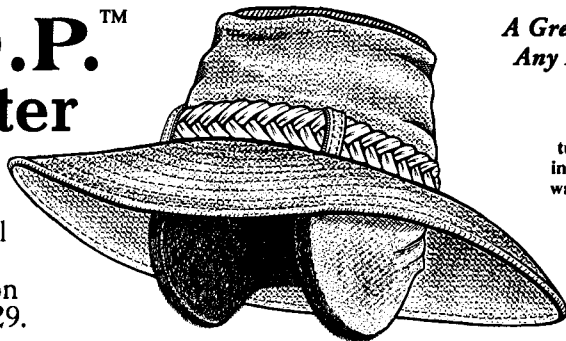
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handed grip, a technique that gives him enormous power and denies his opponents a weak side to aim at. Male's freak style also makes it virtually impossible to judge where his shots are going. He holds the racket with one hand only when he serves, which he does equally powerfully with either hand. Having this option is a critical advantage in a sport where a strong serve—even more so than in tennis—can seal an opponent's fate.

While Male was still a schoolboy, word of his bizarre form reached the upper echelons of English racquets, where it was met with skepticism; few believed that such a technique could prevail in championship play. That was before Male—now a stockbroker at S. G. Warburg Securities in London—started taking on and beating the best opponents the world had to offer. His meteoric rise through the ranks culminated in 1988, when, at twenty-three, Male defeated Willie Boone for the world title. His name was duly recorded in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the youngest racquets world champion ever. Two years later he successfully defended his title against Shannon Hazell. England's racquets cognoscenti predicted that James Male would dominate the game for years to come. But barely had his name been carved into the trophy for the second time when a shocking piece of news was issued from the Male camp: citing career demands and burnout, the twenty-six-year-old champ was hanging up his bat.

ALL EIGHT of North America's existing racquets courts are ensconced in exclusive private clubs (one apiece in Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Montreal; two each in New York and Chicago), but the image of racquets as a sport of the upper-middle class contrasts starkly with its unsavory origins.

Concocted in the 1700s by inmates of English debtors' prisons, racquets really took off after becoming a betting game in British taverns. It gained its first shred of respectability when English public schools began building courts, starting with Harrow in the 1820s. Many of these courts still stand, including the one at Radley School, near Oxford, where James Male first picked up a racket, at age thirteen. Soon racquets caught on at England's swank men's clubs, which to this day remain the

stronghold of the sport. Most of the world's top players associate themselves with such clubs—Male, Boone, and Prensall play at the Queen's Club—but it is because they learn the game in school at such an early age that Englishmen dominate the game.

Racquets was first played in North America during the eighteenth century, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In the 1840s New Yorkers erected a court on Allen Street, and they subsequently built the Broadway Racquet Club (1850) and the Racquet Court Club (1875). Racquets' heyday was the turn of the century, when there were half a dozen courts in New York and Boston alone, including one at Harvard.

The tide turned for the sport when a permutation (or "perversion," as some racquets fanatics unkindly term it) started gaining currency. Called squash racquets, and played on a much smaller, flimsier court with a slow and "squashy" ball, this new sport was contrived as a way to keep fit for racquets itself. But soon the relative ease of learning squash and the economy of building squash courts led to a usurpation of racquets' position. In the United States, as in Britain and its colonies, most racquets courts were demolished or fell into disuse.

Eventually even squash was deemed too daunting for Americans. During the 1950s and 1960s squash was eclipsed by a still callower version of racquets called racquetball, which was originally played on handball courts. With its stubby, big-headed racket and bouncy balls, racquetball little resembles the sport from which it descended. Racquetball's popularity seems to have plateaued, and some racquetball courts have been converted so that they can be used for squash as well. Racquets supporters wonder, Will racquetball undergo a period of decline? Will the fortunes of racquets significantly improve? Unlikely.

THIS MONTH'S Challenge will be the first time James Male has played in the United States since quitting two years ago to focus on his stockbroking career. (There's little prize money in the sport, so, like most top racquets players, Male is an amateur. Indeed, no professional has been a world champion since 1958; the handful of pros are such by virtue of their teaching positions at the various

clubs.) Although his retirement peeved the racquets hierarchy, there was nothing anyone could do. Male has been able to remain world champion until now because of the arcane manner in which the honor is bestowed. After winning the title, world champions have two years before they are required to accept a challenge. The framers of this arrangement—officials of the North American Racquets Association and England's Tennis & Rackets Association—never dreamed that someone would be so ungallant as to snag the trophy and then go home and put it on the shelf for two years while other members of the racquets world twiddled their thumbs.

Male's return has the racquets world abuzz. North America's racquets community is ecstatic that his comeback will begin here. Even though mainstream coverage of the event will be virtually nonexistent, the Philadelphia Racquet Club's gallery will be packed, with spectators bundled against the meat-locker temperatures in the unheated courts. (The tradition of foot stomping would seem to have developed because spectators usually had their hands stuffed into their pockets.) However exciting the proceedings become, spectators will be expected to confine their exhortations to shouting "Points!" or "Serve up!" between points or, if they are supporting the receiver, "Have him out!"

Though Male is tremendously popular, plenty of the assembled in Philadelphia will be rooting for the underdog. Wherever their allegiance lies, the crowd will relish the duel between Male, the shotmaker, and Smith, whose classic strokes are a joy for racquets aficionados to behold.

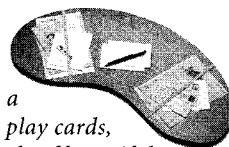
For the opportunity to challenge Male next month, Smith had to prove to England's Tennis & Rackets Association and the North American Racquets Association that he's the world's next-best player. He accomplished this with a surprise victory over Shannon Hazell in a two-leg trans-Atlantic series held at Clifton College, in Bristol, England, on October 24 and at New York City's Racquet & Tennis Club on October 31. Smith easily won the best-out-of-nine series 5-0.

Hazell, the pro at Clifton College, hopes for revenge at the U.S. Open, which will be held in March at the Detroit Racquet Club. However, he'll also have to contend with the presence of

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What are the facts?

A city of many nationalities. Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if ever asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage “jihad” (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times, especially after the Arabs lost the city in the Six-Day War. It now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Temple Mount (sacred to both Moslems and Jews) with its two mosques. It is the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. Mohammed never set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. But never in Moslem history did this mosque compare in significance to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no “infidel” may visit.

A tenuous Moslem claim. It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the

Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their holy site. The Israeli Government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the two mosques entirely under Moslem control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly aston-

ished and would certainly resist such claim. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their “third holiest city”. And it would be an insult to all Moslems and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the “infidel Jews”.

Jerusalem: never an Arab capital. But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never a national or even a provincial or sub-provincial capital of any country since biblical times. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the mosques on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

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the revitalized James Male, along with a legion of aspirants to the title, including the long-shot American Jimmy Burke. Meanwhile, in the week leading up to the first leg of the Challenge he will act as a sparring partner for both Smith and Male.

Jimmy Burke will be watching the proceedings at the Philadelphia Racquet Club with a well-trained eye. It was in Philadelphia that Burke first encountered racquets when, as a fourteen-year-old, he landed a job sweeping floors at the club. Before long he was swapping his broom more and more often for a third-hand racket and a bag of balls. Soon enough the pro was sending Burke on court to play members whose opponents hadn't shown up. Gradually he got the hang of the lightning-fast sport. Today the stocky, spiky-haired Philadelphian is one of North America's best racquets players, the best native-born pro, and certainly a sentimental favorite whenever he plays a tournament at the place where he learned the game.

During Male's absence from the game Smith has been honing his skills and fitness. However, it is generally accepted that Smith scuppered his chances to become world champion when, for personal reasons, he moved to the United States rather than remaining in England, where there are many more high-quality opponents. Recently Smith became a victim of the recession when he lost his job as the racquets professional at Chicago's Racquet Club. Since then he has been practicing both in Chicago and at New York's Racquet and Tennis Club. Smith's unexpected trouncing of Hazell in October gives the challenger's supporters at least some cause for hope.

Still, the smart money is on James Male, who has the irrepressible talent and determination to reaffirm his status as the best player in the world. He has engaged in three-hour training marathons at the Queen's Club in preparation for his comeback, and these indicate that he “isn't messing about,” as he puts it.

Few though the luminaries of racquets may be, once again Male is the odds-on favorite to be master of his universe. □

The painting accompanying this article is based in part on photographs by the late Reginald Thompson (used with permission).

Books

The Talk of Dublin

by Conor Cruise O'Brien

THE GONNE-YEATS LETTERS
1893-1938

edited and with introductions by
Anna MacBride White and
A. Norman Jeffares.
W. W. Norton, \$32.95.

MAUD GONNE was one of the great beauties of the *fin de siècle*. Yeats fell in love with her when they first met, in January of 1889; she was then twenty-two and he twenty-three. The first phase of their long relationship was entirely platonic, although Yeats proposed marriage in 1891 and was refused. They had what both regarded as a mystical marriage from 1898 on, exchanging accounts of visions and possibly telepathic encounters and other occult experiences. This

phase ended in February of 1903 with Gonne's marriage—bitterly resented by Yeats—to Major John MacBride, the Irish Boer War hero.

The second phase opened in 1905, when the MacBride marriage broke up in harrowing circumstances. Yeats became Maud's confidant in the difficult litigation that eventually led to the legal separation of the MacBrides, with Maud having custody of their son, Seán (later to become chief of staff of the Irish Republican Army, and subsequently winner of the Nobel and Lenin peace prizes). The mystical marriage began afresh, was interrupted in 1909 by a very brief period of actual physical union, and then resumed. In the summer of 1916 Yeats again proposed marriage (non-mystical) and Gonne again refused. He then, with Gonne's permission, proposed to Iseult, Gonne's daughter by the French politician Lucien Millevoe. Iseult did not accept. In the following year Yeats married Georgie Hyde Lees, and the mystical marriage was over. Yeats and Maud Gonne remained on generally friendly terms up to his death, in 1938, although they were opposed over Irish politics from 1921 on.

In her autobiography, *Flow-ering Dusk*, the mystical poet Ella Young gives some glimpses of how the pair could appear to admiring eyes in the Dublin of the *fin de siècle*:

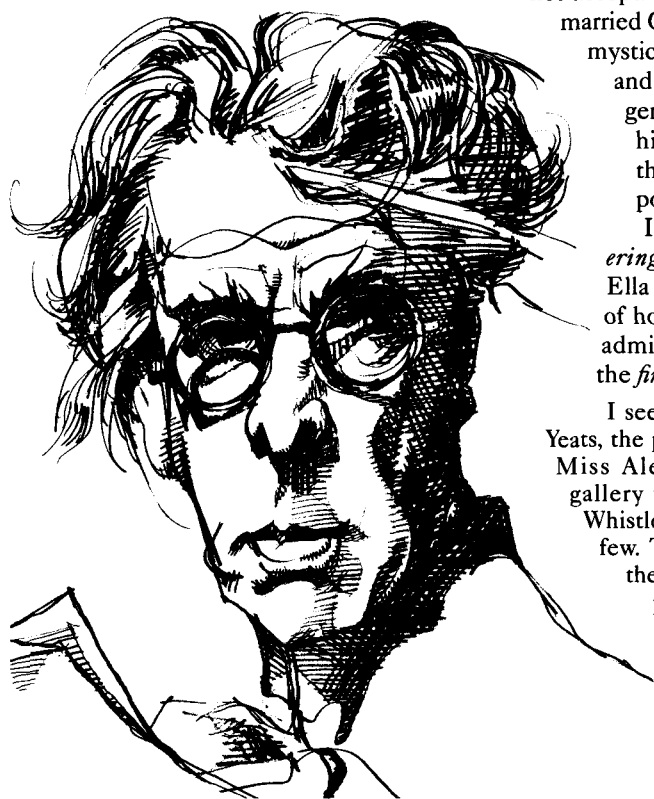
I see her standing with W. B. Yeats, the poet, in front of Whistler's Miss Alexander in the Dublin gallery where some pictures by Whistler are astonishing a select few. These two people delight the bystanders more than the pictures. Everyone stops looking at canvas and manoeuvres himself or herself into a position to watch these two. They are almost of equal height. Yeats has a dark, romantic

cloak about him; Maud Gonne has a dress that changes colour as she moves. They pay no attention to the stir they are creating; they stand there discussing the picture.

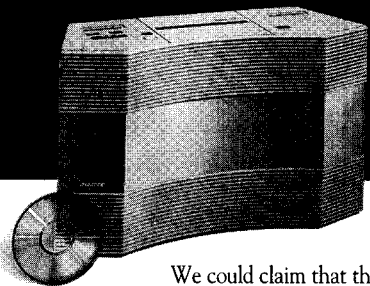
I catch sight of them again in the reading room of the National Library. They have a pile of books between them and are consulting the books and each other. No one else is consulting a book. Everyone is conscious of those two as the denizens of a woodland lake might be conscious of a flamingo, or of a Japanese heron, if it suddenly descended among them.

Later, in the narrow curve of Grafton Street, I notice people are stopping and turning their heads. It is Maud Gonne and the poet. She has a radiance as of sunlight. Yeats, that leopard of the moon, holds back in a leash a huge lion-coloured Great Dane—Maud Gonne's dog, Dagda.

Not all eyes were admiring. Some contemporaries would have smiled at the line "They pay no attention to the stir they are creating." Yeats in his youth was widely regarded as a *poseur*, and Maud Gonne throughout her life was perceived as posturing for effect. I remember her as an old woman in the Dublin of the thirties. She was the most



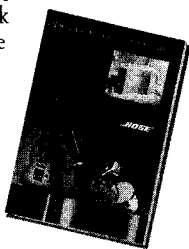
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striking figure I have ever seen, very tall and thin and straight, with a face like an ancient eagle, and dressed entirely in flowing black. The black was for her deceased husband, Major John MacBride, executed for his part in the Easter Rising of 1916. She had become an institution: Widow of a National Hero and Martyr. Dubliners who remembered the circumstances in which Maud Gonne had obtained a legal separation from her husband (Gonne's household claimed, among other things, that MacBride had made indecent overtures to Gonne's daughter, Iseult, then aged ten), eleven years before his death, were a bit cynical about those widow's weeds and about some of the contexts in which she paraded them. She was generally known simply as "Madame," and at all her political meetings she came attended by an elderly proletarian female clique known to Dubliners as "Madame's owl wans."

My mother's sister, Hanna Sheehy Skeffington, was a close ally of Maud Gonne's in various Irish Republican causes (mainly "Release the Prisoners"), but she was impatient with what she regarded as Gonne's histrionics. Hanna's husband had also been shot in 1916, and the Skeffington marriage had been a happy one, but Hanna was not going around in black twenty years after the event, and the spectacle of Maud so appareled, in honor of the husband she had hated in his lifetime, was not calculated to please the less ostentatious widow.

I grew up thinking of Maud Gonne as splendidly picturesque, but absurd and a bit silly: a rather comic figure attired in impossibly tragic robes. This impression was not dissipated by Maud Gonne's autobiography, *A Servant of the Queen* (1938; the "Queen" is Ireland). After reading *The Gonne-Yeats Letters*, however, I would modify that judgment at least to the extent of dropping the word "silly." No person deserving to be so described could have penned, as Maud Gonne did in a letter to Yeats of September 15, 1911, this analysis of her own relation to Yeats's poetry, followed by an analysis of his relation to his theatrical collaborator, in a sense Gonne's rival, Lady Gregory:

Our children were your poems of which I was the Father sowing the unrest & storm which made them possible & you the mother who brought them forth in suffering & in

the highest beauty & our children had wings—

You and Lady Gregory have a child also *the theatre company* & Lady Gregory is the Father who holds you to your duty of motherhood in true marriage style. That child requires much feeding & looking after. I am sometimes jealous for my children.

There is nothing else of comparable intuitive and intellectual power in *The Gonne-Yeats Letters*. But the long series of long letters to Yeats in 1905–1906 describing the painful course of the litigation preceding the separation from MacBride show a capable mind shrewdly and resolutely—and when necessary ruthlessly—confronting and resolving great difficulties.

Maud Gonne was no fool, despite some appearances to the contrary. She was, however, intellectually lazy, and this could sometimes make her sound silly, as when she wrote to Yeats, in the postscript of a letter of Christmas, 1895: "Tell me what is the best and shortest account of the new literary movement in Ireland." Yeats must have winced at the words "and shortest"—with their implication the shorter the better—concerning a movement to which he had devoted most of his energies over the previous five years, and for which Maud Gonne herself had been a kind of flagship from the beginning.

The Gonne-Yeats Letters contains only thirty letters from Yeats, as against 373 from Gonne. The reason for the imbalance is that most of her papers, including most of her letters from Yeats, were seized in the course of a raid on her house in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in January of 1923. The raid was in a late stage of the Irish Civil War, which followed the signing of the Anglo-Irish treaty (December, 1921) that set up the Irish Free State (territorially identical with what is now known as the Republic of Ireland). Yeats supported the Free State, and soon became one of its senators. Gonne supported the irregular forces who had fought against the Free State, and her son Seán was among these. The forces who raided Gonne's house and seized (among other things) Yeats's letters to her were Free State forces. Relations between Yeats and Gonne were therefore difficult during the twenties, although the political strains did not lead to the complete breaking-off of the friendship.

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Gonne-Yeats Letters sheds a lot more light on Gonne than on Yeats. Yet, granted her importance in Yeats's life and work, light on her is also indirect light on him. Her influence over him was greatest in the five years before her marriage to Major MacBride (1898-1903). In those years he publicly danced to her tune of militant Irish nationalism. In 1898 he helped to organize the Fenian-sponsored celebrations of the centennial of the Rising of 1798. In 1900 he joined in the public protests against Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland. Both these activities were socially uncongenial to him, because they were offensive to Protestant Ireland, of which he and his family were part. Maud Gonne came of a Protestant family, but she cared nothing for Irish Protestant feelings. The reason for this is paradoxical: though extremely anglophobic, Gonne was herself British. Her father, Colonel Thomas Gonne, was a British officer, born in England, where his own father had also been born. As she rarely mentioned her mother's people, we can safely assume that there was nothing Irish about them either. Her insistent claim to being Irish rested on the genealogical fact that a Gonne ancestor had taken up in Ireland in the late sixteenth century, coming there from Caithness, in Scotland. It was a pretty tenuous link.

Gonne's conversion to militant Irish nationalism began in France in 1887, through her affair with the right-wing French (and anglophobic) politician Lucien Millevoe. Anna MacBride White, Gonne's granddaughter, tells us in the prologue to these letters, "They made a pact to fight together against England, their joint hereditary enemy, she for Ireland and he for Alsace-Lorraine." There is something odd about that pact, on both sides. Maud Gonne's father (whom she loved) had been part of the garrison in Ireland of her alleged "hereditary enemy." And it was the Germans, after all, not the English, who were in occupation of Alsace-Lorraine. But then the whole story is full of oddities.

It was as leading lady in a theatrical touring company that Gonne first went to France, before her meeting with Millevoe in 1887. I believe that her conversion to militant nationalism was essentially a continuation of her histrionic career. She took on the part of "the Irish Joan of Arc" and found it

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went down a treat—so much so that it took over her personality and later a part of Yeats's personality as well.

The high-water mark of Maud Gonne's influence over Yeats came with the composition and performance of his manically nationalist *Cathleen ni Houlihan* in 1902, with Gonne in the title role. This was the work about which the dying Yeats, thirty-seven years later, was troubled.

*Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot?*

It probably did. A repeat performance of the play was scheduled for Easter Week, 1916, in Dublin, but had to be canceled because of the outbreak of the insurrection that the play had helped to foment. In this whole story the barriers between dramatic fiction and real life are exceptionally flimsy.

After her marriage to MacBride and then the separation, Gonne never fully recovered her political ascendancy over Yeats. Yet the urge to please her surfaced still, occasionally, in propitious conditions. After the Rising he sent her his poem "Easter, 1916," but she rejected it as insufficiently nationalistic; his ambivalence still showed at that time.

Toward the very end of his life, however, in 1938-1939, I believe that Yeats was listening to her siren song and getting ready to jump. Gonne was pro-Hitler. As the editors of these letters write in their epilogue, "At that time many Irish people, in the time-honored tradition, were pro-German. Maud Gonne was one of these, but how much because she was a Fascist or merely anti-British is hard to judge." Hitler's anti-Semitism did not repel her, because she was anti-Semitic herself, as is apparent from some of these letters. Yeats is not on record as being anti-Semitic, but apparently the open anti-Semitism of his friends Ezra Pound and Maud Gonne did not repel him. In the late writings—notably "The Ghost of Roger Casement"—the anti-British feelings are unalloyed, and reach a Gonne-like intensity. His last pamphlet, *On the Boiler*, assumed that the Fascist side would win the coming war and implied that this would be a good thing. In the second-to-last letter to Gonne in this collection, Yeats told her of the impending publication of *On the Boiler*. Remembering her reception of "Easter, 1916" he struck an unnecessarily cautious note:

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Perhaps you will hate me for it. For the first time I am saying what I believe about Irish and European politics. I wonder how many friends I will have left. Some of it may amuse you.

It was in fact the last offering in a long and latterly intermittent courtship that had some sinister aspects as well as some touching and some comic ones. As a poet, Yeats was fortunate in that for so much of his life after 1903 he was distanced by circumstances from that dangerous if stimulating enchantress. Literature owes more than has been generally acknowledged to the contribution made to it by Major John MacBride in marrying Maud Gonne. □

On Borderlines

by James S. Gordon

IMBROGLIO:

Rising to the Challenges of
Borderline Personality Disorder

by Janice M. Cavwels.

W. W. Norton, \$29.95.

START A conversation with a therapist about "borderlines," and feelings and stories pour out—memories of single words that turned a routine psychotherapy session into a nightmare of patient condemnation and therapist self-justification, of long evenings fearing that the phone will jump with news of self-mutilation or suicide.

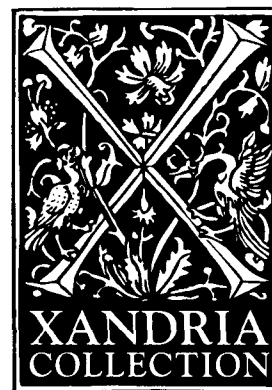
The borderline personality is in great, angry, and baffled pain. According to the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (the DSM-III R) of the American Psychiatric Association, she (women are likely to be labeled borderline two to four times as often as men) is characterized by "a pervasive pattern of instability of mood, interpersonal relationships, and self-image." She is likely to be "impulsive," "self-damaging," and emotionally "unstable." She has "inappropriate, intense anger" and "chronic feelings of emptiness or boredom," and generally makes "frantic efforts to avoid real or imagined abandonment." She often

mutilates herself and may be hospitalized repeatedly. She frequently threatens or attempts suicide and on a number of occasions (the figure hovers around nine percent for previously hospitalized borderlines) succeeds. And she is part of a significant diagnostic minority: demographic studies indicate that as much as two percent of the U.S. population—five million people—may be borderline.

The history of the borderline personality is replete with changes in nomenclature. In 1801 the French psychiatrist Phillipe Pinel described people who suffered from "*mania sans délire*"—women and men who manifested bizarre behavior and exaggerated emotions but were intellectually intact. At the end of the century Emil Kraepelin, the great master of descriptive psychiatry, wrote of "constitutional psychopathic inferiority," a condition that he distinguished from the chronic and crippling major psychoses of manic depression and dementia praecox (soon to be renamed schizophrenia). Kraepelin was the first to use the term "borderline" to describe people with this condition, indicating that they occupied a diagnostic territory somewhere between psychosis and ordinary idiosyncrasy.

During the past century the term "borderline" (sometimes "borderland") has appeared and disappeared—some contemporary scholars maintain that the patients whom Freud described as "hysteric" were in fact borderline—but the conviction that there is such a condition, not exactly psychotic but not altogether different from psychosis, has persisted. Each of its variant names has, like one of the wise men's descriptions of the elephant, highlighted a particular feature of the syndrome. Wilhelm Reich saw it as a character disorder, a fixed, well-defended, and impulsive way of being in the world, rather than a neurosis or a psychosis. Helene Deutsch saw compliant, chameleonlike "as-if" personalities. In the early 1940s Gregory Zilboorg described "ambulatory schizophrenics," and a few years later Paul Hoch and Philip Polatin, evaluating the same kinds of people, found "pseudoneurotic schizophrenics." In time, however, the word "borderline," whose meaning had been carefully described and justified in a 1938 paper by Adolph Stern, emerged as the defining term.

Agreement on the name paved the



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way for a delineation of the diverse and dramatic signs and symptoms it includes, and for investigations into the possible origins of the disorder. "Splitting" is perhaps the most central and enduring concept in these investigations. Otto Kernberg, who is one of the disorder's most thoughtful observers, describes a state in which the borderline person is unable to integrate positive and negative, loving and angry, components of both herself and others. The friend or lover who is idealized and overvalued one day, or one moment, is damned and dismissed the next. Kernberg and many others believe that this splitting of positive and negative feelings has its origins in highly ambivalent and painful relationships between the children who later become borderline and those who care most intimately for them in the first years of life. These caretakers—most often, but not always, the mother is implicated—seem to have been alternately nurturing and distant, affectionate and hateful, toward the children.

To maintain a connection with a person on whom she depends, the child splits her emotions and perceptions: she comes to feel and act as if there were not one but two caretakers, a good one who nurtures and a bad one who deprives and assaults. This defensive psychological maneuver is reinforced by continually confusing behavior and repeated abuse—physical, verbal, emotional, and, quite often, sexual in nature. In time it shapes the child's feelings about herself and colors and deforms all her relations to others. She learns to condemn and abuse herself as she was once condemned and abused. Her sense of self-worth is superficial and fragile and shatters easily when she is attacked or even questioned. Since she cannot conceive of "an other" who is both kind and cruel, she tends to see people as all good or all bad, or sometimes first one and then the other. These internal divisions and this interpersonal Manichaeism make her despair of ever being whole or happy and continually frustrate her attempts to get close to others.

IN *IMBROGLIO*, Janice Cauwels, a former English professor who has previously written about bulimia, sets out to describe the world of the borderline. She reviews the published research, records the opinions of a large

roster of experts (most of whom she has interviewed), and offers a number of first-person accounts by people who have been diagnosed as borderline. As her title suggests, she is particularly interested in the complexities of the condition—the powerfully and painfully mixed feelings of the borderline and also controversies about the diagnosis, etiology, and treatment of the disorder.

Cauwels provides an extended survey of the different theories about the causes of borderline personality disorder (BPD). She conveys the psychoanalytic emphasis on early difficulties with separation and individuation from the mother, but gives considerable weight as well to more recent studies that highlight chronic patterns of abuse, the role of the entire family in alternately isolating and intruding on the child who will become borderline, and the particular vulnerability of girls. A few clinicians believe that there may be as many male as female borderlines, but that boys' and young men's symptoms are overshadowed and masked by such "acting out" behaviors as delinquency and drug abuse. Many more have come to believe that it is the frequency and violence with which girls are sexually abused, combined with our society's encouragement of them in the role of patients, that causes them to experience, and seek help for, the symptoms of BPD with far greater frequency than men.

Though the bulk of *Imbroglia* is devoted to discussions of psychogenic and interpersonal theories of causation, Cauwels also notes the possible evidence for a biological etiology: increased frequency of BPD in relatives of persons already diagnosed as having BPD, and studies that demonstrate alterations in brain chemistry in some borderlines. On the whole, and unexceptionably, she seems to conclude that BPD, though identifiable as an entity, may result from a variety of combinations of biological vulnerability and early and prolonged psychological trauma.

With borderlines, as with other psychiatric patients, treatments of choice are to a great extent dependent on theories of origin. A psychiatrist who believes the condition is precipitated by abnormal serotonin levels in the brain is likely to prescribe a drug that affects these levels. One who is most impressed by the borderline's complex

defense mechanisms may lean toward psychoanalytic therapy. A third, who focuses on early destructive interpersonal dynamics, may work primarily within a support group or even a residential-treatment situation. However, everyone who works with borderlines, regardless of his or her theoretical and therapeutic orientation, recognizes the remarkable and daunting challenge that these people present to those who would help them.

It is here, in the therapeutic encounter, that the "imbroglio" of Cauwels's title is most justified. And it is here, just where she has the opportunity to do more than capably summarize data and treatment rationales, that the author falls short. The rich soil of therapeutic intimacy tends to bring out the full flower of the borderline's personality, but we do not get to see, let alone savor, the blossoms. "Transference" is far too tame a name for the way old hurts and grievances bloom in the consulting room. If she is ordinarily angry and fearful, hypersensitive and impulsive, the borderline will be a whirlwind of emotions during her therapy. Her rage will be towering, her griefs Homeric, and her changing moods dizzying: in a single hour she may be by turns demanding and seclusive, exhilarated and despairing, touching and touchy, engaging and repellent, seductive and punitive.

Unfortunately, the first-person accounts of borderlines that Cauwels presents are fragmentary: they plead for understanding, but do not significantly deepen our appreciation of the complexity of the borderline's thoughts, feelings, and actions. And, equally important, there are no good descriptions of the enormously painstaking therapeutic work that the borderline demands—no *Autobiography of a Schizophrenic Girl* or *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*. Instead, we have ponderous pages of theoretical distinctions that make a difference only to the specialist. In a context of firm but flexible support, great patience, and considerable therapeutic intelligence, the borderline is capable of using the helping relationship to nourish real change. Cauwels tells us this is true, but we want to see and feel it.

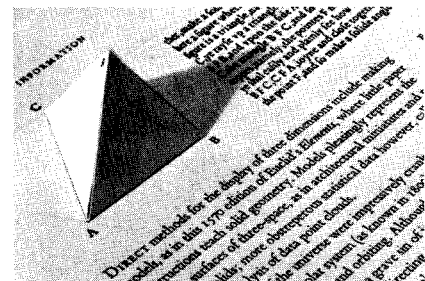
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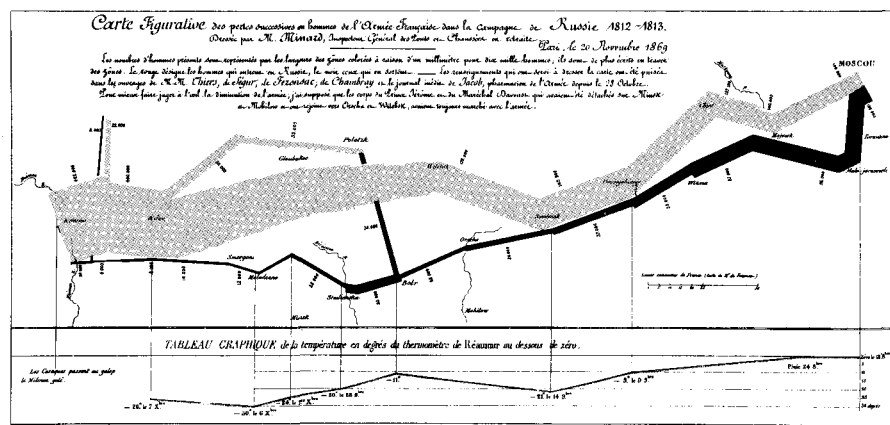
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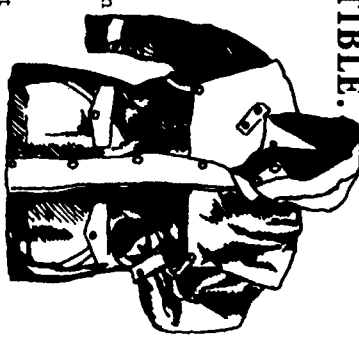
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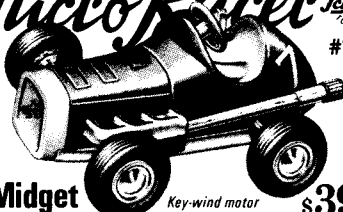
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studying such troubled and troubling people. Their emotional mutability is dazzling. Their inner worlds are ripe with the buried traumas and arcane and terrifying images that fascinated us when we first began to read about psychology and psychiatry. And borderlines represent a great and often rewarding challenge to the abilities of therapists and healers. But working with borderlines engages more than clinical interest and yields more than professional satisfaction.

Borderline people are desperately eager for intimacy, and their attentiveness and, often enough, their love is both flattering and compelling. They are also often exquisitely sensitive to the subtleties of interpersonal relationships, most particularly their relationships with their therapists. If they are sometimes dangerously wrong in their perceptions or grotesquely exaggerated in their responses, they just as often lay bare the psychological truths that their therapists have most assiduously avoided about themselves.

Perhaps it is their early life experience, with its daunting mixture of exploitation and intimacy, that enables or forces borderlines to tune themselves so finely to the moods and words, desires and fears, of others. Certainly it is this early experience that amplifies and distorts their reactions and perceptions. In any case, they seem to have an uncanny knack for diagnosing—seeing through—their therapist's character, and for perceiving the therapist's uncertainties, foibles, and hypocrisies as well as needs, hopes, and virtues. They know exactly what to say or do to engage or enrage, to touch or terrify, the person who would help them—and often enough they say and do it.

It is finally, then, the intensity and quality of intimacy that a therapist has with borderlines, their capacity to reveal truth about the therapist, even as he or she helps them to their truths, that cements the connection to them and sustains the therapist during many troubled hours with them. I think often of one woman whom I treated when I was a psychiatric resident. For many months she called at least one evening a week to threaten some horribly disfiguring suicide. I would, in my best therapeutic manner, try to analyze her repressed rage and trace it to some childhood trauma. But twenty minutes or two hours of impeccable dialogue

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never seemed to do the trick. The knife remained poised, the can of Drãno in hand.

It was only when, in moments of desperate honesty, I was able to recall an inadvertent slight I had given her or an inattentive comment I had made during the day's session that I could feel the tension leave the line. Honest and often painfully humbling self-awareness and self-disclosure re-established the ruptured bond on which, for those evenings at least, her life seemed to depend. She was a great if exacting teacher.

The need and desire and complexity of borderline people draw therapists to them. Their intellectual and emotional gifts and human possibilities sustain us in our often threatened efforts to be of help. Their capacity to hold a bright, relentless mirror to our unconscious captivates us. Working with them, some of us experience the deep, shared, and useful understanding that has always seemed to be the promise of psychotherapeutic work, which we may, with or without knowing it, have craved for ourselves as well as our patients. If we must pay with baffled hours, bruised egos, and anxious days and nights, it seems, at least to some of us, a small price. □

Brief Reviews



THEODORE ROOSEVELT by Nathan Miller. *Morrow*, \$27.50. The outlines of President Roosevelt's life are surely well known—the sickly child who trained himself to robust adulthood, the amateur politician who wound up in the White House by way of well-publicized action in the Spanish-American War, the big-game hunter who established wilderness preservation and national parks. Plus, of course, the Great White Fleet, the Panama Canal, and that sound maxim "Walk softly and carry a big stick." So why do we need another biography? Because brisk, lu-

cid, well-presented biography supported by examples and quotations chosen for dramatic effect and genuine wit is a rarity. Its creation requires a suitably energetic subject and a skillful, appreciative author. Mr. Miller has the former and is the latter. His life of Roosevelt sparkles and crackles in a way that explains the man's remarkable power over his contemporaries.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GODDESS OF COMPLETE BEING by Ted Hughes. *Farrar Straus & Giroux*, \$35.00. Mr. Hughes, who has evidently made considerable study of myth from Babylon to Rome, believes that he has detected a coherent, consciously employed mythical pattern underlying all of Shakespeare's mature works. He discusses the operations of this myth at length in terms of individual plays. Its exact nature, seemingly derived from Great Goddess conjectures supplemented by borrowings from Jung, is finally explained in an appendix. It proves to be quite simple. The author produces no evidence that Shakespeare knew anything about it.

SHAKESPEARE by Dennis Kay. *Morrow*, \$23.00. Mr. Kay's study of "His Life, Work, and Era" is most interesting for its extensive examination of the development and activities of Elizabethan theatrical companies, whose doings are well documented because the civic authorities viewed them with suspicion. There is a certain amusement to be had from the realization that Shakespeare, in effect, headed for the Big Apple and got in on the ground floor of the television industry.

MEMORIES OF THE FORD ADMINISTRATION by John Updike. *Knopf*, \$23.00. The premise of Mr. Updike's novel is that *Retrospect*, a historical journal, has asked Alfred Clayton, a lecherous but otherwise undistinguished history instructor at Wayward Junior College (for girls), to provide his recollections of life during the presidency of Gerald Ford. Clayton obliges with an enthusiasm that even he suspects of being excessive. "[*Retrospect* eds: if too many similes, delete some, much as the heartless mother birds of some species allow the weaker chicks to be pushed from the nest by the stronger.]" One feels for those eds. when "an owl down in the woods by the river issued its sickly interrogative calls like some luminous ec-

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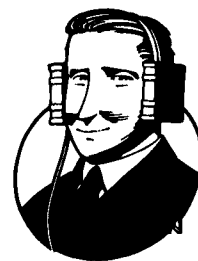
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toplasm lumpily pouring.” Along with coldly physiological details of his own fling at adultery, Clayton throws in the unfinished biography of James Buchanan that he was at the time attempting to write. It is a narrative version of Mr. Updike’s already published play about that President—same sources, same interpretation. The purpose of this strange combination of elements is, presumably, to contrast the sexual habits of the 1970s with those of the pre-Civil War United States, which in Mr. Updike’s view contained neither brothels nor abused female slaves. Aside from some amusing jabs at academic society, the novel offers little beyond a display of the author’s increasingly elaborate prose style.

THE CRYSTAL DESERT by David G. Campbell. Houghton Mifflin, \$21.95. The author is the Henry Luce Professor of Nations and the Global Environment at Grinnell College. This awesome title camouflages abilities in biology, history, geology, general observation, and diving under an ice pack. The author uses all his skills in reporting on his three summers at the Brazilian research station on Admiralty Bay in the warm (translation: less murderously frigid) portion of Antarctica. Professor Campbell writes with equal pleasure of penguins and sea spiders, icebergs and lichens, fine weather (beautiful) and bad weather (horrendous), and makes the reader share his curiosity about and delight in a wild and wonderful place that is also, he fears, endangered by human encroachment. The Brazilians fly their garbage out, but other nations, including our own, have been less scrupulous in avoiding pollution.

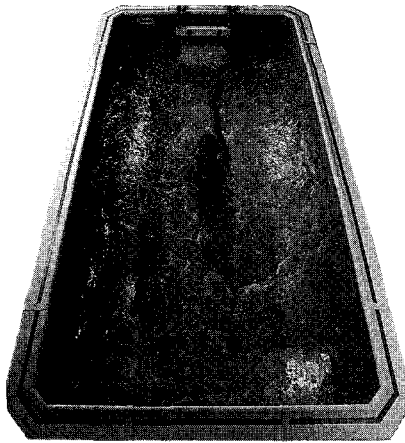
THE GARDEN NEXT DOOR by José Donoso. Grove, \$18.95. Until the last chapter turns inexplicably soft, Mr. Donoso’s novel is a gravely account of the life of Latin American political exiles in Spain. These people are of international origin, but much alike in clinging to memories of their homelands. They get together to play their native music, eat their familiar dishes (never quite right, because some crucial ingredient is not available), and rehash the old political grievances. Most of them are short of money. Those with families worry because their children speak the Spanish of Spain, get their ideas from Paris, and have no wish to return to

Answers to the December Puzzler

S	T	Y	L	I	S	T	S	A	S	T	E	R
C	H	A	I	N	S	E	P	R	O	E	M	A
O	R	A	N	L	F	R	A	I	L	E	S	T
O	O	S	T	A	I	R	S	S	A	N	T	I
P	U	S	S	Y	C	A	T	E	R	A	T	O
S	G	C	K	N	O	W	I	N	G	G	R	B
C	H	E	R	I	C	O	C	H	L	E	A	R
R	O	P	E	T	A	M	P	E	R	E	I	U
O	N	T	A	R	I	A	N	A	O	M	N	I
N	R	E	D	O	N	N	S	T	O	L	E	N
Y	P	R	E	S	E	I	G	H	T	I	E	S

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h. O(RATIO)N i. E(ASTER)N j. T(AMPERE)R k. A(ERATO)R l. P(LINT)H Across. 1. STY-
LISTS 9. CH(A)INS 10. P(R)OEM 11. O-RAN 12. FRA(ILES)T (*lies anag.*) 13. ST(A)IRS
14. PUSSYCAT (hidden rev.) 20. CHERI (anag.) 22. C(O-CH)LEAR 24. ONTARIAN
(anag.) 25. OM-N-I (rev.) 26. RED-ON 27. STO(I)LEN Down. 1. S-COOPS 2. THROUGH
(homophone) 3. IN-LAY 4. T(ERR)A 5. SPA-STIC(k) 6. A-RI-SEN 7. SO(L)AR
8. TEENAGE (anag.) 15. SCEPTER (anag.) 16. CO(CAINE) 17. T(RAIN)EE 18. NI-TROS
(rev.) 19. B-RUINS 21. READE (hidden) 23. ROOT (double def.)



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what they consider a South American backwater. There is also a social hierarchy in which persons who would be shot if they went home outrank those who merely left an uncongenial regime. Julio, Mr. Donoso's narrator, is a Chilean who suffered nothing worse in the Pinochet coup than six nonviolent days in jail, a fact that hardly qualifies him to write the great social-martyrdom novel with which he has struggled for years. His exasperated teenage son has run off to Marrakech. An arrogant literary agent has rejected the great novel with contempt. Julio and his wife subsist on brandy, sleeping pills, and quarrels. When a rich old friend offers the loan of his Madrid flat, the two move in, hoping to pull themselves together. Everything goes wrong, including writer's block and art theft, but exactly how it goes wrong is an intriguing tale—until the prettified irony of that last chapter, which can be forgiven for the ingenuity that has preceded it.

A WALKING TOUR IN SOUTHERN FRANCE by Ezra Pound, edited and with an introduction by Richard Sieburth. *New Directions*, \$22.95. In 1912 Pound tramped around Provence considering the troubadours and the landscape from which their poetry sprang. He intended a book, but when he showed preliminary pages to Ford Madox Ford, he was brutally advised to drop the project. Ford was probably right. The surviving notes, which Mr. Sieburth has painstakingly deciphered and carefully annotated, contain a curious mixture of arcane scholarship (how many people, then or now, share Pound's enthusiasm for Bertran de Born?) and vagueness on practical matters like bridges and battlements. Pound scholars will find the book valuable because the poet used, and modified, memories of his trip throughout his later work. Even with allowance made for note-taking on the rainy road, the casual reader will probably find it—if this is heresy, so be it—a self-indulgent bore.

TITANIC by Dan Lynch, with paintings by Ken Marshall. *Hyperion*, \$60.00. The sinking of the unsinkable *Titanic* is such a striking example of the penalties of hubris that it maintains the status of legend. This illustrated history of the ship contains contemporary photographs as well as Mr. Marshall's able paintings, while the text covers all the

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familiar anecdotes of courage and cowardice, introduces some little-known episodes, leaves in abeyance the question of the near presence of a ship that ignored the *Titanic's* distress calls, and concludes with an excellent account of the discovery of the wreckage in 1985. Dr. Robert D. Ballard, who led the discovery team, has provided a brisk introduction. *Titanic* buffs will find the book irresistible. Nonbuffs risk addiction to this endlessly fascinating disaster.

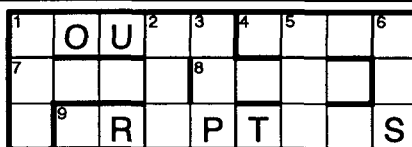
BAH, HUMBUG! edited by William Cole. St. Martin's/Thomas Dunne, \$13.95. Mr. Cole has assembled quotations from various hands, all denouncing the excesses of Christmas, from ear-numbing carols to detestable presents to indigestion, hangovers, and bills. Fine reading for December 26, when all the pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

BLACK DOGS by Ian McEwan. Doubleday/Nan Talese, \$19.50. Mr. McEwan has created a semi-fictional memoir based on the lives of his wife's parents. These people—June and Bernard—were alike in their refusal to compromise their unfortunately incompatible beliefs. Both began as Communists and subsequently left the Party, but he remained a scientific pragmatist while she experienced a religious revelation. They split, and the story of how they reached, and survived, the parting is what Mr. McEwan slowly unravels. The author himself disclaims fixed belief in rationalism, mysticism, or any other set formula. "I am uncertain," he explains, "whether our civilization at this turn of the millennium is cursed by too much or too little belief, whether people like Bernard and June cause the trouble, or people like me." He puts an unanswerable question, but explores it ingeniously.

LOOKING AROUND by Witold Rybczynski. Viking, \$22.00. As an observer and a critic of architecture, Mr. Rybczynski, a frequent contributor to this magazine, is distinguished by his professional expertise, historical knowledge, flexible sympathy, and refusal to succumb to fads and fashions. Whether he is dealing with the evolution of the living room or the ambivalent character of the museum, he is immensely and delightfully sensible.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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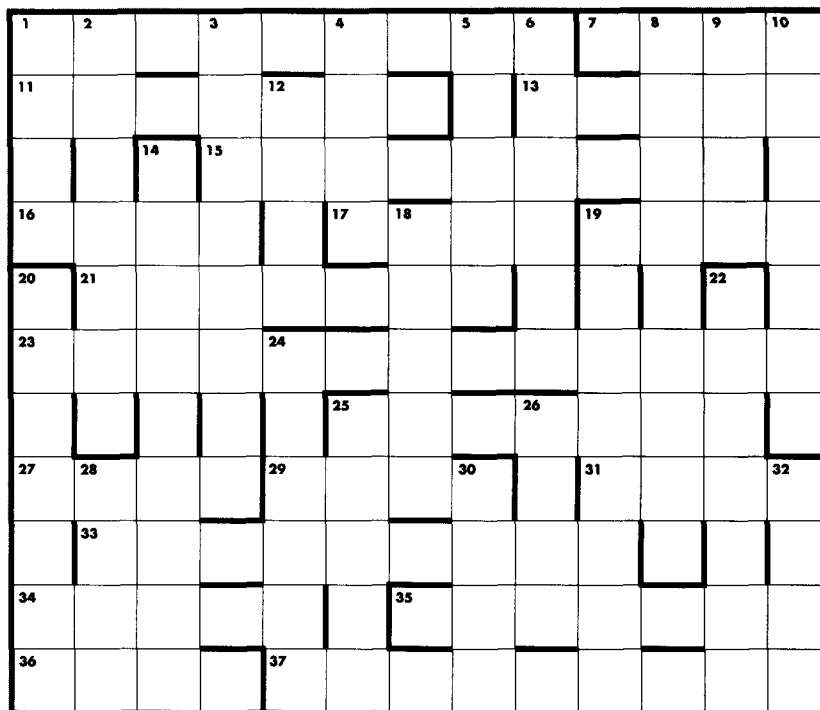
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Ten clue answers must be made different before entry in the diagram. Their corresponding diagram entries could each be connected to a common element, which is suggested by 23 Across. Each resulting combination would offer a cryptic description of its clue's original answer. Original clue answers include 11 capitalized words.

See page 125 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 126.



ACROSS

1. Entertainer is Scot, so he's different (9)
7. Swindle fellows from the East (4)
11. A firearm's given purpose set into action (7)
13. Knowing of a conflict, reschedule at the end (5)
15. Bill Saint was a cannibal tribe's chief (9)
16. Heavy metal star (4)
17. Small band with tenor at resort (4)
19. Keeps timeless remarks (4)
21. Owner of a lamp and a youth racket (7)
25. Funky rap she'd styled in speech (7)
27. Essay about old Phrygian city (4)
29. Take a chance on a sort of VCR (4)
31. Recognized London gardens needing nitrogen (4)
33. Fifty born back in majestic Danish territory (9)

34. Short note about a singer named Frankie (5)
35. Leaves enemy holding Gila monster? (7)
36. Burn some corn after school (4)
37. Students of a famous English school sheltering southern Baltic people (9)

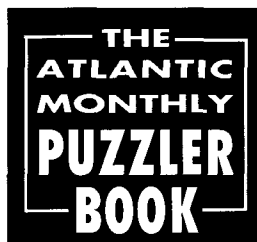
DOWN

1. Clown wheels and deals, principally (4)
2. Solitary sorts audited for banks sometimes (7)
3. Lout bungled crooked crime (8)
4. Returned TV set without volume check (4)
5. Cooking vessel outside is from an Italian city (5)
6. Polynesian beginning to sing a lament (6)
8. Hockey team might answer about pass (9)
9. Pretentious social event after the first (4)
10. Signal meal time (7)
12. Sow observed on *The Beverly Hillbillies*? (4)
14. Lukewarm Los Angeles sea surrounding Di (9)
18. Math class comes back with height and circumference (5)
19. Rat sinks while swimming to tongue of an Asian land (8)
20. With spring, some of the last icicles (7)
22. Experience German and Latin thus (7)
24. Intermediate rabbi blessed official books (6)
25. Quiet gym standout (5)
26. Jump on blades left behind sharp tool (4)
28. Grow stern (4)
30. Commotions pop up (4)
32. Bird watcher ultimately goes in three directions (4)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD HISTORIES

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

scoundrel

Last June, during the trial of a reputed Mafia mobster, defense lawyers characterized the prosecution witnesses, all former associates of the defendant's, as "scurrilous *scoundrels*." According to one source, *scoundrel* (a rascal, villain) has its origin in the Old Scots *scowner* (to shrink back, flinch), which is related to *scun*, the Scots variant of *shun*. This be-



came *scunner*, meaning both "to loathe, get a feeling of disgust" ("Men *scunner* . . . at their Meat, being conveyed to them thro' and in such Vessels"—James Fraser, *The Lawfulness and Duty of Separation*, 1704) and "one who causes disgust" ("Her—a black ugly lookin' *scunner*"—W. D. Latto, *Tammas Bodkin*, 1864). The second meaning was reinforced by the addition of the *-el* suffix. A *d* was then inserted in *scunnerel*, imparting further spoken emphasis (as in *thunder*, from the earlier *thunor*). Most authorities, however, are critical of this theory, because they find the sound changes implausible. They suggest instead that *scoundrel* is from the Latin *ex* (out of) and *condere* (to put away), which yielded the Old French *escondre* (to hide, evade). The word was brought to England by the Normans in the twelfth century. From the Anglo-French *escondre*, presumably, came *escondrel* or *scoundrel*, "one who absconds; a sneaky, untrustworthy person." Although the phonology of this theory is more plausible, it, too, is considered dubious, for *scoundrel* did not appear in English until the late sixteenth century, long after Anglo-French had died out in England.

shambles

After the Republican Party took its uncompromising anti-abortion stand last summer, the former senator and 1964 Republican presidential candidate Barry Goldwater predicted that the Republican convention would "go down in a *shambles*" and that Bush would lose the election. The prehistoric root of *shambles* (a scene of disorder or ruin) is **skabh-*, which, surprisingly, means "to prop up, support." From this came the Latin *scamnum* (bench) and its diminutive *scamellum*, which through the West Germanic languages appeared in Old English as *sceamel* (stool; footstool) and in Middle English as *shamil* ("Heghis [high is] the lord oure god, and loutis [low is] the *shamyll* of his fete: for it is haly"—Richard Hampole, *Psalter*, before 1340). "Stool" was broadened to "table," and then the word came to mean specifically "a table or counter for selling meat." By the fifteenth century *schamil* had become *shambles*, which referred more generally to a meat market ("The vii. day of March [1549] a bucher of sent [Saint] Nicolas *shambulles* was put on the pyllery"—*Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London*, 1556) or



slaughterhouse ("I . . . fat no beasts / To feede the *shambles*" —Ben Jonson, *Volpone*, 1605). *Shambles* then came to be used figuratively for any scene of carnage or wholesale slaughter ("I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured / To make of Lyons one vast human *shambles*" —Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *The Fall of Robespierre*, 1794). It was not until the 1920s that the current, comparatively mild meaning appeared.

gossip

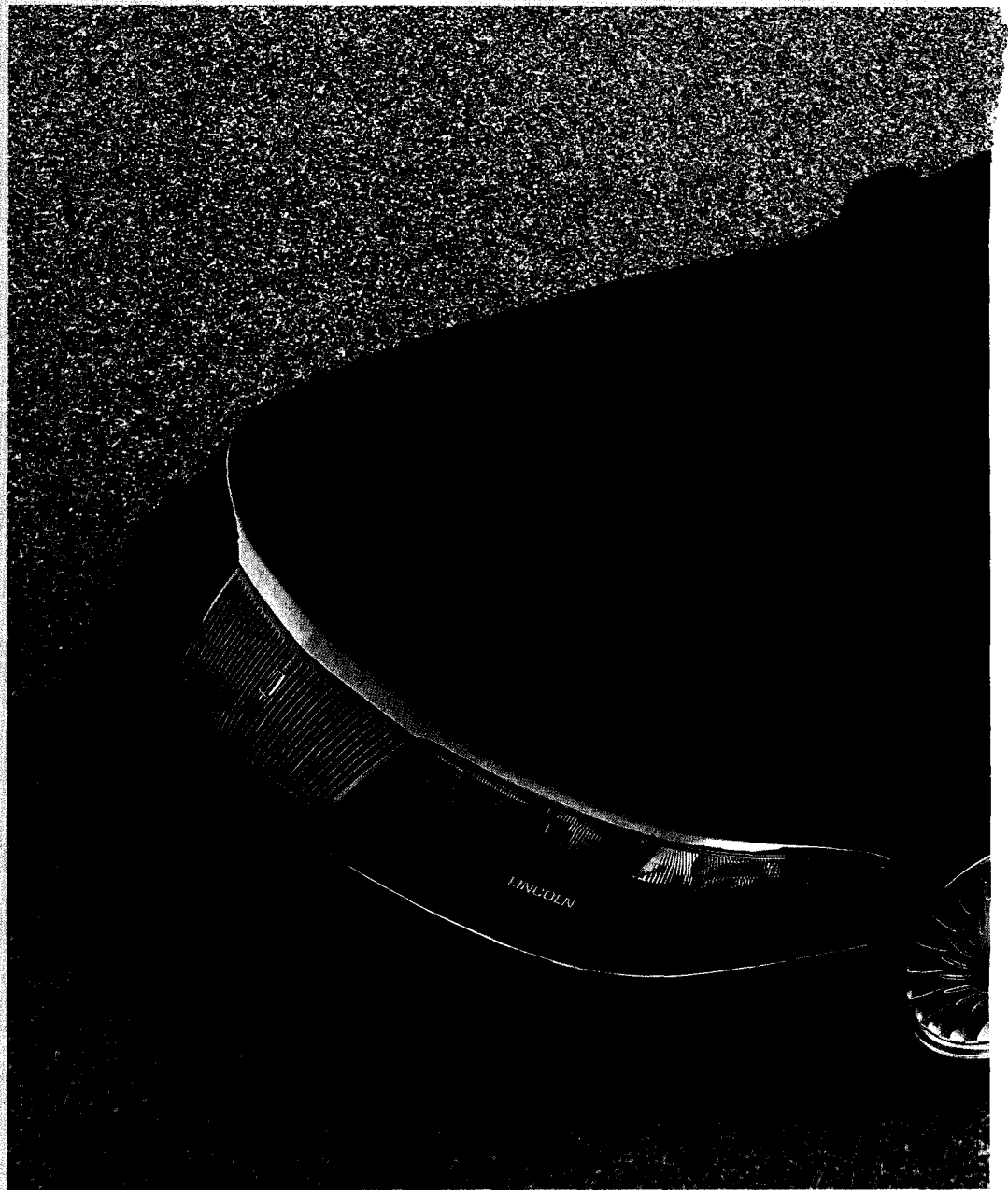
When the news media printed unsubstantiated and unflattering reports about President George Bush's private life last summer, Vice President Dan Quayle attacked "the bad journalists of America" and went on to define "good journalism" as "taking . . . *gossip* and going out and . . . finding out if it's true." *Gossip* (rumor-mongering; one who engages in rumor-mongering) is from the Old English *godsibb*, a compound of *god* (originally from the Indo-European root **gheu-*, "to call, invoke"; the Romance languages, in contrast, derive their words for *god* from the Indo-

European root **deiwo-*, "to shine; sky") and *sib* (related by blood, as in "sibling"; originally from the Indo-European root **seu-*, "we, our, ourselves"). *Godsibb* thus meant "one who is related by spiritual contract"—that is, "a godfather

or godmother" ("He . . . hadde laft scole and wente at hom to bord with my *gossyb* dwellyng in oure toun"—Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, ca. 1395). Altered to *gossip* by the sixteenth century, the word kept this meaning ("Christen *Gossippes* . . .



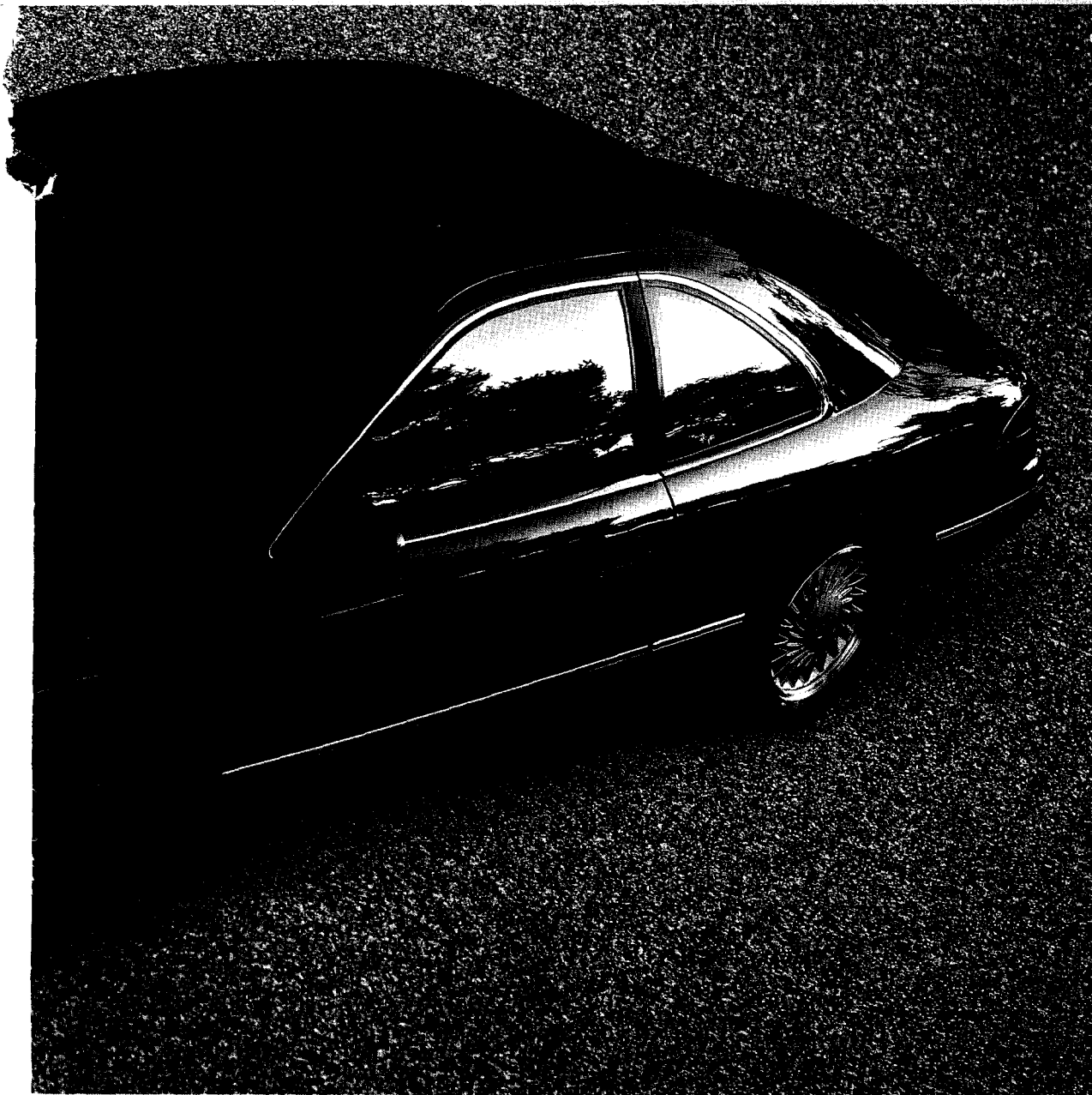
those men and women that have bene Godfathers and Godmothers together of one childe at Baptisme" —Thomas Becon, *Acts of Christ and of Antichrist*, 1563) but also could refer more generally to a friend, usually female ("She is to her *Gossypes* gone to make mery"—Thomas Ingelend, *The Disobedient Child*, ca. 1560), or a person, also usually female, who engages in idle or trifling talk. Much later, in the nineteenth century, it came to mean as well the idle or unrestrained talk itself ("A kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local *gossip* from house to house"—Washington Irving, *Sketch Book*, 1820).



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